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HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

The Nude
MARILYN MONROE

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DEEPAK CHOPRA
JOHN UPDIKE
BILL MAHER
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HAROLD ROBBINS
GEORGE PLIMPTON
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY
JOYCELYN ELDERS

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
WHOOPI GOLDBERG

THE RETURN OF
JAMES BOND

A DAZZLING
PLAYMATE REVIEW

20Q: THE GUY IN CHARGE OF BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD

A RIOTOUS
YEAR IN SEX

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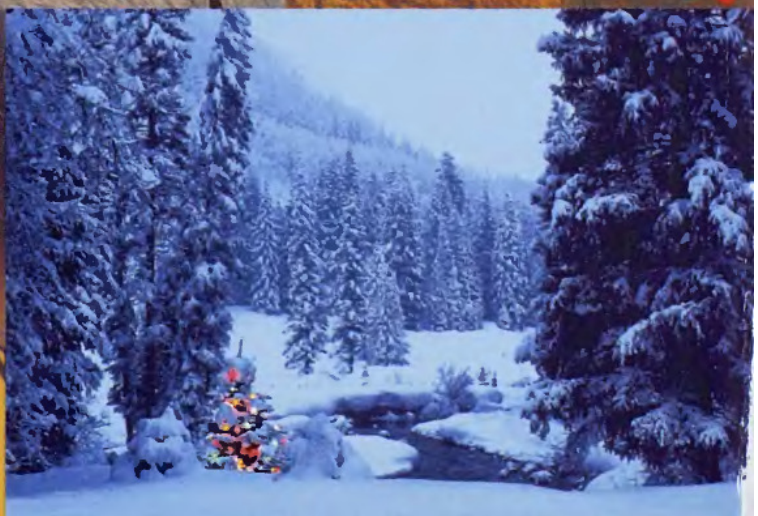

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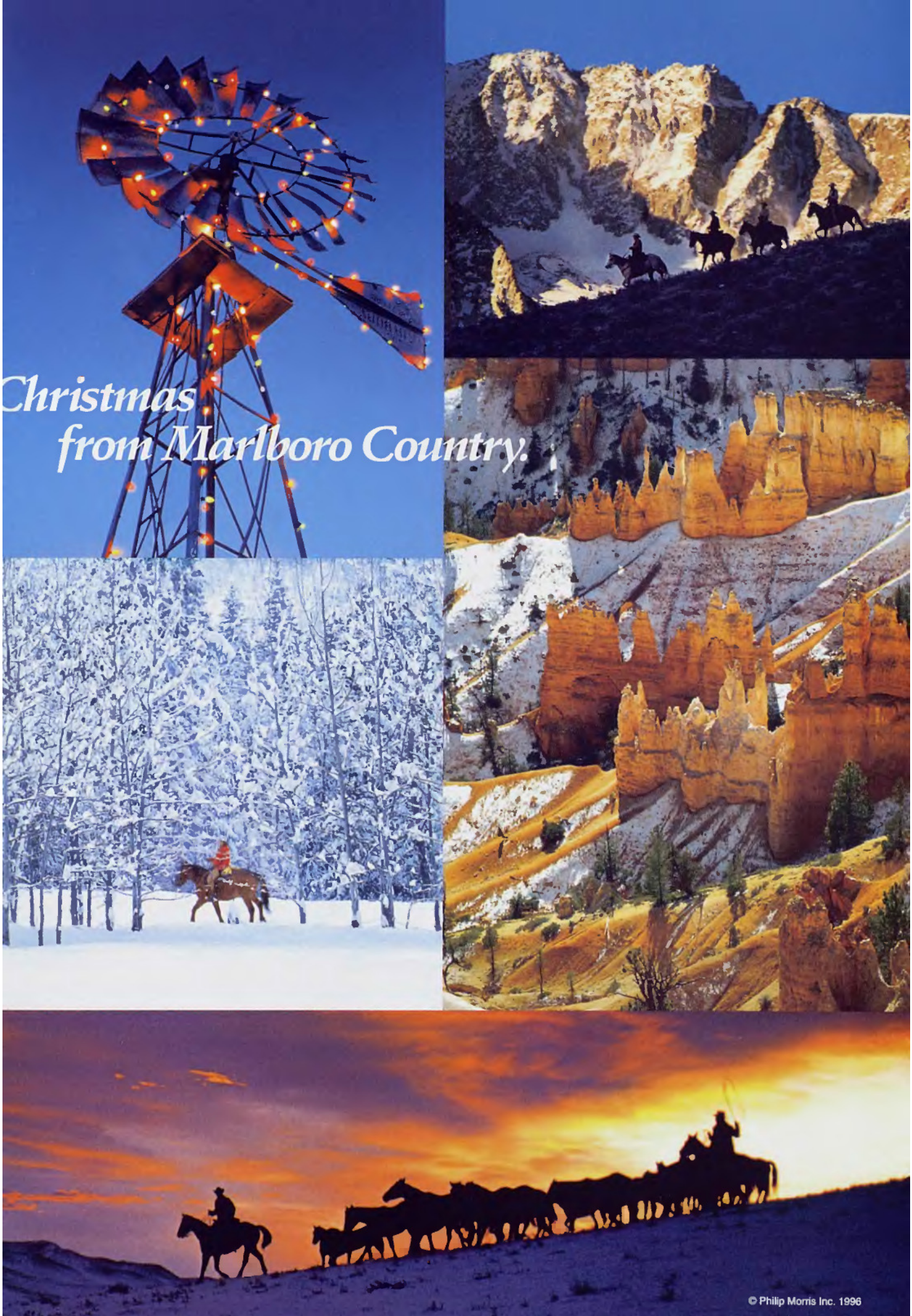
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PLAYBILL

IN ANTHROPOLOGY, New Year's Eve is a liminal event—a threshold that separates the old from the new. Our culture has had its share of liminal moments, and there's no better time than an anniversary issue to celebrate our favorite movers, shakers and stirrers. We start with **Marilyn Monroe,** the most profoundly sexual woman of our era. She was born the same year as Hugh Hefner was and shared the same sense of liberation. "I dreamed I was standing in church without any clothes on," she once said, "and all the people there were lying at my feet." We offer you a chance to worship at her altar with a combination of new and eternal images in this month's tribute, *The Nude Marilyn*. Included in this special pictorial are historically significant photos by **Tom Kelley,** who took the red-velvet calendar shot that appeared in the first issue of PLAYBOY. We have digitally separated a double exposure from that photo session, and the result is an entirely new image of Marilyn. There are colorized Polaroids from the publicity shoot for *Something's Got to Give*—during which Marilyn unexpectedly stripped off her bathing suit—early cheesecake by Earl Moran, pictures from the "black sitting" by Milton Greene, newly enhanced images by Bert Stern and the last nude photo of Marilyn, by Leif-Erik Nygårds. With text by amateur Monrovian **John Updike,** our recast portfolio will undoubtedly fuel your erotic imagination.

From double M to 007: Two years before the theatrical release of *Dr. No* (001 in the movie series), James Bond made his graceful introduction to PLAYBOY in *The Hildebrand Rarity* (March 1960), a novelette by spy master Ian Fleming. Over the years, Fleming continued to showcase his fiction with us. (We even devoted six covers to Bond's women.) Well into our fifth decade of the Bond Age, we have good news: James is back and he's ready to take Manhattan. **Raymond Benson** was recently named to succeed John Gardner as author of the 007 novels and has presented us with his cordite-redolent short story *Blast From the Past*. In it, Bond must slice through the Big Apple in search of his son's killer. The double-barreled artwork is by **Gregory Manchess.**

For a real-life cloak-and-stiletto story, nothing beats the bloody career of Colombo family *caporegime* Gregory Scarpa. There was nothing Scarpa wouldn't do: loan-sharking, hijacking, bribing police, murder—or ratting out his friends and enemies to the FBI. It was Scarpa, in fact, who helped cripple the Mob. But by shielding him from rival law enforcement agencies, the FBI allowed Scarpa free rein to pursue his own bloody agenda. In *Mafia Mole*, reporter **Bob Drury** brings us the latest on what could be the FBI's biggest scandal.

Now for some comic relief: **Whoopi Goldberg** believes in ghosts. She won an Oscar for playing a medium in *Ghost* and says she feels the spirits of Bette Davis, John Garfield and Moms Mabley guiding her. They must be giving her good advice, because she's everywhere: hosting the Academy Awards, emceeing the president's birthday party, selling us long-distance phone service, starring in a wide variety of movies and even serving fluorescent drinks in outer space—all without cutting her braids. She pulled down $8 million for *Sister Act 2* and will star in the drama *Ghosts of Mississippi*. In a far-ranging interview, she tells Contributing Editor **David Sheff** how she and Ted Danson were burned at her Friars Club roast and why she felt Jesse Jackson dissed her.

The author of 17 books—including the forthcoming *The Path to Love: Renewing the Power of Spirit in Your Life* (Crown-Harmony)—and creator of lauded PBS specials, **Deepak Chopra** may be the biggest believer in sexual healing since Marvin Gaye. In *Does God Have Orgasms?* (illustrated by **Frank**

KELLEY

UPDIKE

BENSON

MANCHESS

DRURY

SHEFF

CHOPRA

GALLO

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PLIMPTON

ROTH

MAHER

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GREEN

ROBBINS

NEIMAN

COOK

WIEDER

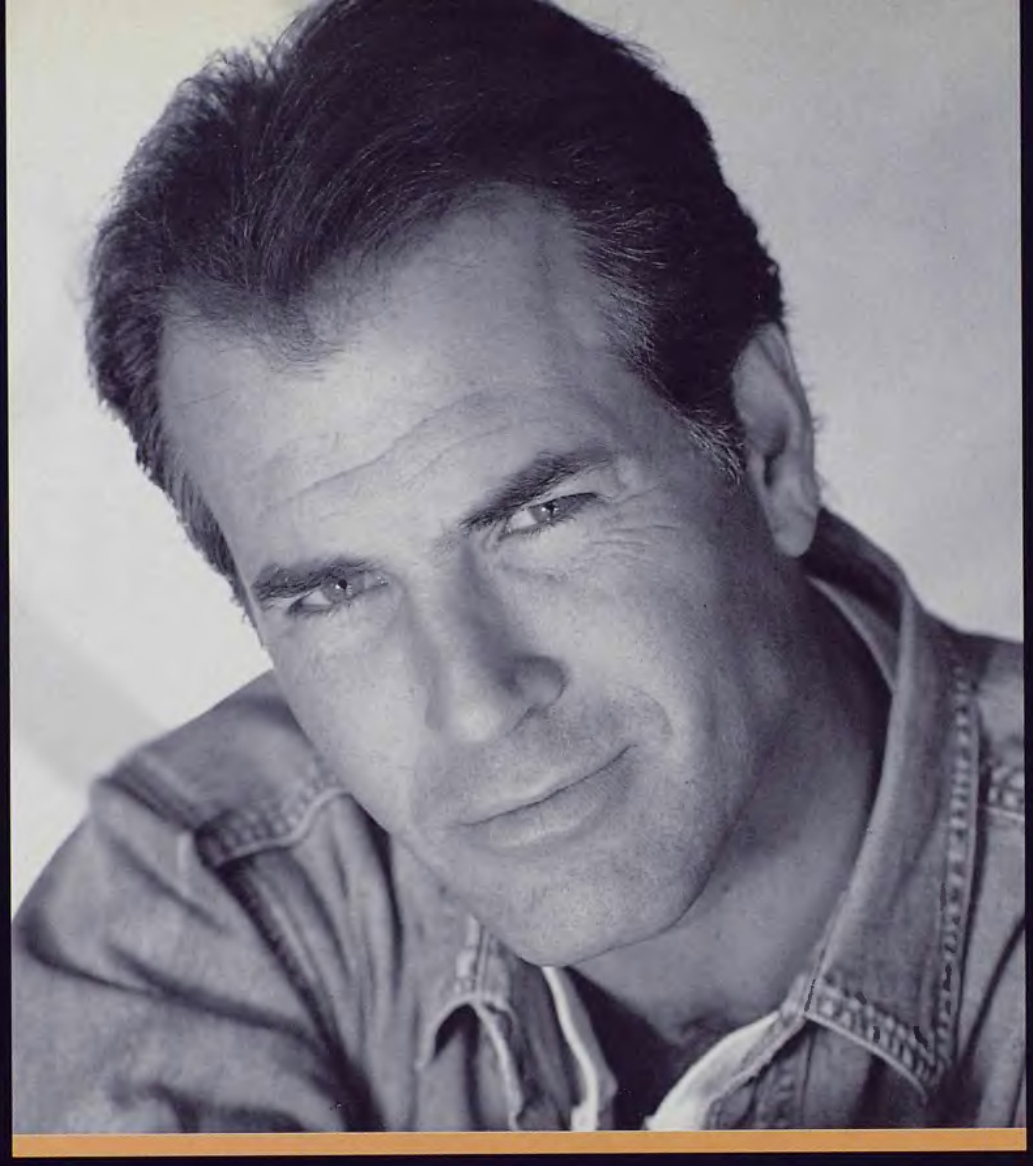
Gallo), he outlines the path to true intimacy and applauds the divinity of an orgasm—with nary a mention of self-help or the sound of one-handed clapping. The article was inspired by a Catholic nun who wondered why repressive religious traditions hold that God is not sexual. "I remembered," Chopra says, "what I had been taught as a child from the great Vedic tradition: The creative energy of the universe is sexual energy." That's good news for **George Plimpton** and **Arnold Roth,** whose creative tanks are full. Plimpton had so much fun last month, he's back for more; illustrator Roth, a longtime contributor, returns with him. Together they have produced an illustrated zoo of love called *A Sex Bestiary*. You'll meet such shy and mysterious creatures as the Foreplay and the French Kiss. For truly strange behavior, check out *The Year in Sex*. You'll find bad Grammer, reckless royals and the wild world of the Worm, Dennis Rodman.

On a more sober note, there's *Save Money, Cut Crime, Get Real*—our symposium on decriminalizing drugs. When they have their thinking caps on, intellectuals of the caliber of **William F. Buckley Jr., Kurt Schmoke** and **M. Joycelyn Elders** find drug reform an appealing proposition. The war on drugs has given the U.S. a higher incarceration rate than the former Soviet Union. But what would making drugs legal mean? We assembled Whigs and Tories alike to argue the point. The solution is as much about individual freedom, medical reform and prevention as it is about rewriting the penal code. To keep things politically incorrect, we turn the podium over to comedian **Bill Maher** to protect us in the event of a right-wing drive-by. In *Bill Maher, P.I.* he defends contrarian views and caustic humor, the hallmarks of his TV show *Politically Incorrect*. We've covered sex, drugs and now rock and roll: Sharpen your pencils and rock the vote. Fill in a ballot from the *Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll* to keep us attuned to your favorite artists and songs.

In the literary world, **Jay McInerney** and **Harold Robbins** are the equivalent of stadium acts. McInerney's *Con Doctor* is a coda to the world he made famous in his novel *Bright Lights, Big City*. The story's hero, McClarty, has left behind the narcotics and vodka of the Eighties and is clinging to his medical degree as a prison physician. He's feeling hopeful. Unfortunately, his dangerous patients are about to change that. (**Elliott Green** did the illustration.) The hero in *The Port of St. Tropez* has a different problem. He's a famous and busy writer named Harold Robbins—but he just can't seem to get any work done. When he retreats to his yacht, Robbins finds himself swept up in a web of feminine intrigue. The choice for an artist was easy: **LeRoy Neiman,** a fellow bon vivant also well acquainted with the Côte d'Azur. He revisited St. Tropez and worked first on a watercolor, then a pastel. "The biggest decision of the day was whether to order rosé, white or champagne with lunch while checking out the great bobbing yachts and the strutting *jeunes filles*," says Neiman. "No wonder Robbins spun off his delightful vignette. *C'est magique! Et incroyable!*"

Let's get stupid. **Mike Judge** did, and now he's a 33-year-old millionaire. The creator of MTV's *Beavis and Butt-head* is responsible for four years' worth of moronic geek chic that he hopes to cap with this month's B&B movie. **Kevin Cook** sat with Judge for a spastic *20 Questions* about frog baseball, hawking on burgers and butt-munching. News flash: Beavis and Butthead will never get laid. Oddly enough, the boys like Prince Charles—you know, that tampon remark—but our resident crank, **Robert S. Wieder,** thinks otherwise. *That Was the Year That Was* is Wieder's rant on everyone from the Unabomber to O.J. and everything from melatonin to bonin'.

For a wrap-up that's easy on the eyes, don't neglect *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a final look at our flirty dozen. There's also a last chance at holiday gifts in our *Eleventh-Hour Santa*. We debut a new page this month, *Health & Fitness*: all you need to stay buff and well. Forward-looking types can turn to fashion for alternatives to traditional tuxedos, and we'll all want to wash behind our ears for Playmate **Jami Ferrell**. Jami hails from the Midwest and was working as a nanny in Malibu when she caught our eye. Hers is the perfect bedtime story.



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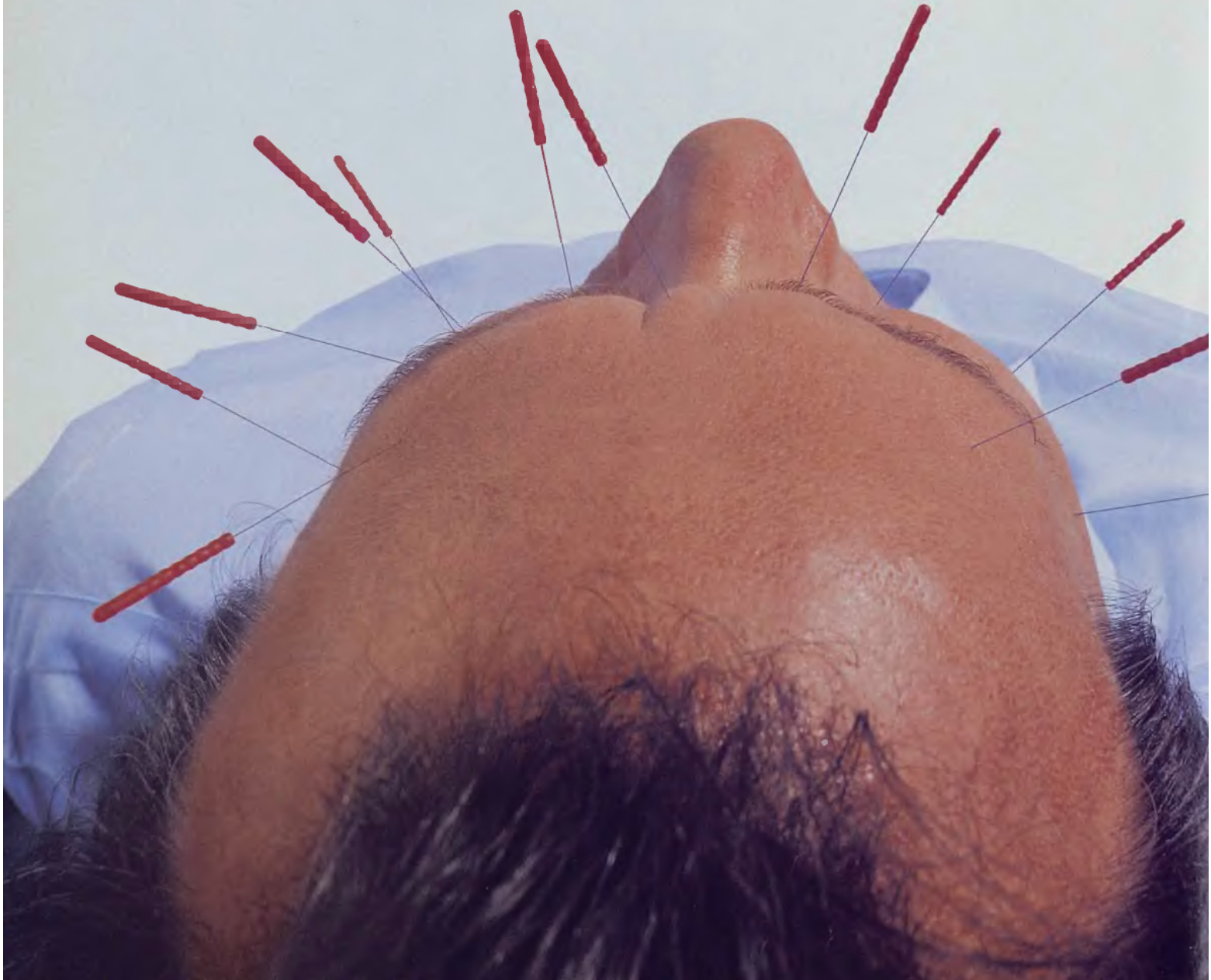
Larry prepares for his New Season on HBO



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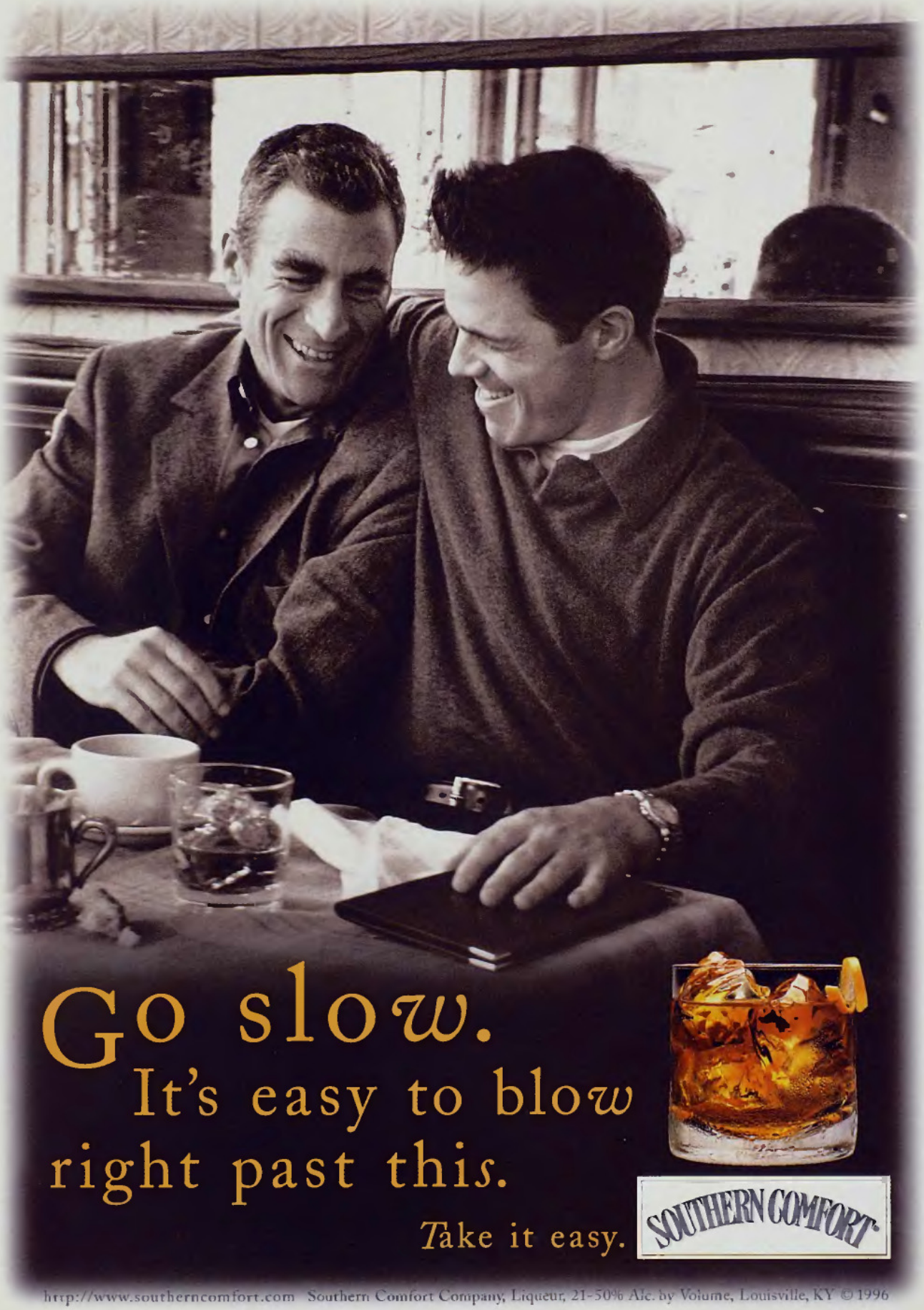

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COVER STORY

Is there a more timeless beouty than Marilyn Monroe? We don't think there is. And John Updike, who wrote the text for this special pictoriol, agrees. Photographer Bert Stern, who shot some of her fomous nudes, labels Marilyn "a living spirit." We'd call that a Monroe doctrine for the 20th century—ond beyond. Our cover was photographed by Milton H. Greene, © 1994 The Archives of Milton H. Greene, L.L.C. Our Rabbit knows there's no hare opponent.

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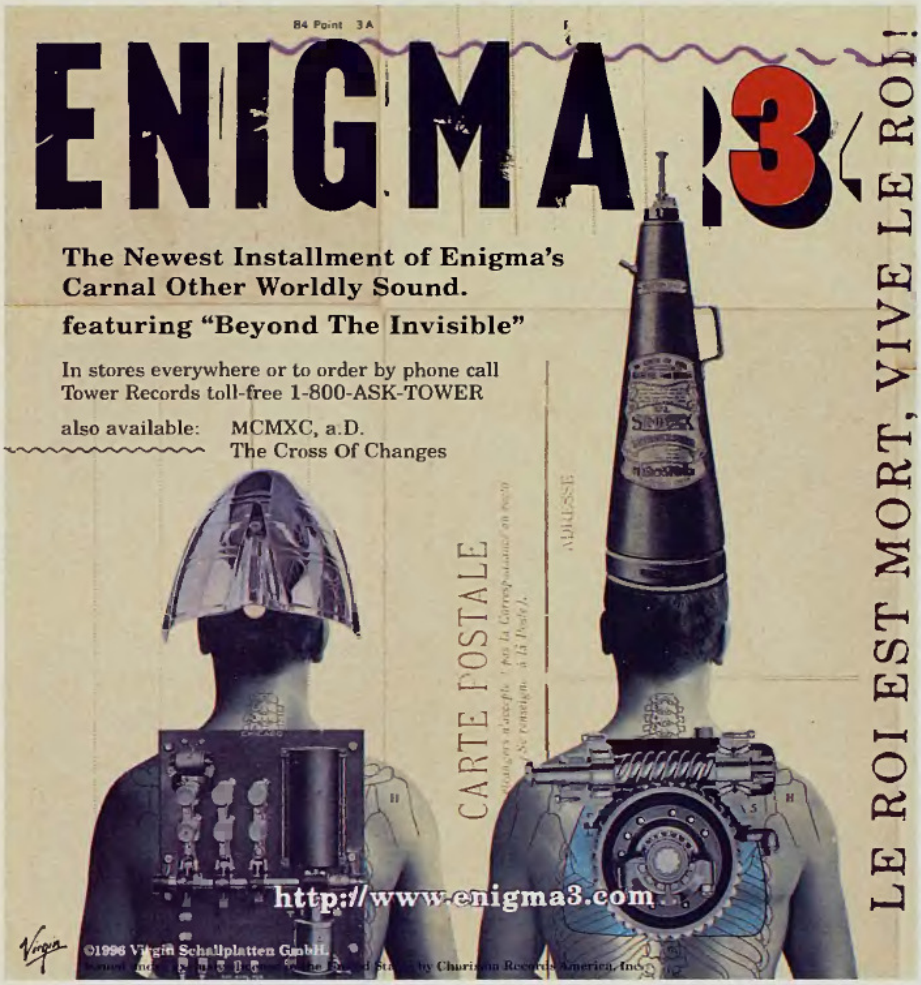
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ASA SCORES

Kudos to Asa Baber ("My Future Centerfolds," *Men*, October) for brilliantly summing up the North American male experience in one glorious and poignant page.

Denis Moquin
Frankford, Ontario

I don't know if a Son's Day exists, but would it be so awful? Any way you look at it, a special day with our kids is a good thing.

David Merrill
Phoenix, Arizona

For years, while the angry, noisy wing of American feminism has bashed us as oppressors and Neanderthals, there has been one voice of reason that has spoken perceptively and eloquently about men in America. PLAYBOY should be commended for giving that voice a forum. Asa Baber isn't only a guy's best friend but also a friend to women who are just as tired of the never-ending battle of gender politics.

Bernard Goldberg
Miami, Florida

CHANZ ENCOUNTER

About a year ago, I saw a special on the E! network about PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Since then, I've scoured every issue for the stunning lady whose photos he was taking during the segment. My search has finally ended. It turns out Miss October, Nadine Chanz, was the subject. I'm willing to wait until next June to see her again as Playmate of the Year.

Bill Roberts
Kansas City, Missouri

BASEBALL REDUX

I'm sure many readers are eagerly awaiting your coverage of Kevin Cook's upcoming meal. We haven't forgotten that in the preseason rundown of the baseball teams (May 1996), Cook said that if Dante Bichette and Vinny Castilla combined again this season for 70 home runs and 200 RBI, he would eat yellow snow. Kevin, I hope you're whetting your appetite.

Ken Bingenheimer
KenDBin@aol.com
Denver, Colorado

Dante Bichette and Vinny Castilla's combined stats are 71 home runs and 254 RBI. Please tell Kevin Cook that December and January are great months here in Colorado to find the needed ingredients for his meal.

Mike Wolford
Aurora, Colorado

I READ IT FOR THE ARTICLES

Eight years ago, I walked into my brother's bedroom and saw an issue of PLAYBOY. The cover line tempted me to read the interview with one of my favorite comedians. When I finished, I flipped through the rest of the magazine and found lots of interesting articles. I subscribed the next day. I'm a heterosexual woman and would like to say that I'm among those who really do read PLAYBOY for the articles.

Amanda Naus
Bana@worldnet.att.net
Cedarburg, Wisconsin

CHIN UP

Nice guys don't always finish last. Jay Leno's fate (*Interview*, October) seemed a little shaky there for a while, but I'm glad he's on solid ground now. I'm so sick of smarmy David Letterman I could puke. Even if Jay isn't to your liking, at least he doesn't expend his energy trying to make his guests look like idiots.

Maria Spring
Chicago, Illinois

NATURAL WOMEN

I want to congratulate you for the positive trend I've noticed in the magazine—featuring Playmates with naturally

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beautiful bodies. Your choice of nonenhanced models sends a healthy signal to countless women who look to PLAYBOY as a standard of beauty.

Scott Donahue
Charlotte, North Carolina

COMPUTER MAGIC

The Compleat Cyberstudent (October) endorses the HP Pavilion 7130P computer, but the monitor shown in the photo is clearly running Netscape Navigator for Macintosh. The photo editors airbrushed the Apple logo in the upper left-corner, but they didn't fool me.

Richard Elet
ricky47@pacbell.net
Lawndale, California

We figured some reader would pick up on our digital trickery. The truth is, PLAYBOY *is created on Macintosh computers and for simplicity's sake, we took a photo of our Web site on a Mac screen, dropped it onto the Hewlett-Packard monitor during production and ran with it. There was no airbrushing involved. We do fess, however, to a little Photoshop manipulation.*

SEX SURVEY

Playboy's College Sex Survey (October) is interesting, informative and fun. It makes me want to quit my job and go back to school.

Richbo Weatherby
Belleville, Illinois

Twice in the *College Sex Survey* article you printed accounts of rape but don't mention that's what they are. While I understood, I'm wondering if everybody else did. Certainly women don't need your readers thinking that there's no difference between consensual sex and rape.

Jaime Shultz
Las Vegas, Nevada

The sex survey says only four percent of the women told lies to get sex. Does that mean the other 96 percent were honest?

Tom Wilanowski
tomasz@rsbs.anu.edu.au
Canberra, Australia

GIRLS OF THE BIG 12

Tear off your helmets and do the Macarena in the end zone. Your *40th Anniversary Pigskin Preview* is great. While Nebraska may be the best football team in the Big 12, the *Girls of the Big 12* (October) are the best anywhere.

Jame Theising
Aaron Conley
James Monson
Brady, Nebraska

I'm not trying to tell you how to do your job, but you should get on down to Texas for another look at Amy Schrader.

Mark McNulty
Hughestown, Pennsylvania

DUELING COVERS

I prefer October's Samantha Fox cover. The Bunny costume still screams PLAYBOY, even after all these years.

Larry Leitner
Westland, Michigan

Your U.S. cover is very creative, but one look at the international cover of Samantha Fox and I feel slighted.

Mark Anderson
Austin, Texas

I'm glad only one version is available in my area. I'd hate to have to choose.

Michael Bath
Tallahassee, Florida

Samantha Fox might be a bigger celebrity in the U.K. and Canada, but a sexy cover is a sexy cover—and her cover beats Jennifer Allan's hands down. There is a moderately sized but hard-

core base of Sam fans here in the States who would kill for a copy of the overseas magazine.

John Clark
johngc@tribeca.ios.com
Houston, Texas

It's great to see September Playmate Jennifer Allan going for extra points on the October cover. She'd look great in any conference jersey.

Spencer Leech
103623.2555@compuserve.com
Annapolis, Maryland

Thank God I live in Canada. The international edition is sure to be a sellout as the Yanks invade to get the better of the two covers.

Mike Kurelicz
mkurelic@mail.direct.ca
North Vancouver, British Columbia

Jennifer Allan is absolutely beautiful, but I think "they" got the better cover. I wish you would offer the Samantha Fox cover to your U.S. subscribers.

Clay Moore
cmoore@cyberport.com
Farmington, New Mexico

U.S. readers can order the issue of Playboy with Samantha Fox on the cover by calling our catalog at 800-345-6066 or 800-423-9494. We have a limited supply, so hurry.

TWICE AS NICE

Playboy Gallery and *Playmate Revisited* are great ways to showcase the beautiful women who have appeared in the magazine over the years as well as the talented artists behind the camera.

Charles Q. Clay III
Long Beach, California

Donna Michelle (*Playmate Revisited*, October) is the most beautiful Playmate ever featured. Did you notice that she and Nicolette Sheridan could be twins?

Jeremiah Daniels
telstar43@msn.com
Miami Beach, Florida

MILITIA JUSTICE REVISITED

I'd like to comment on your September 1996 article *Justice, Militia Style*. Author T.C. Brown confuses militias with the Freemen and their common-law courts. The Freemen sometimes call themselves sovereigns, but the militia groups are constitutional. Freemen have renounced their citizenship and have refused to recognize the federal government. Militias recognize the power given to the federal government by the Constitution and work within the system to bring about change. In Freemen society, women have no authority. Black people are not recognized as citizens. Bank accounts, zip codes and license plates are eschewed. None of these things are true of militias. I hope this helps clarify our differences.

Carolyn Hart, Captain
Missouri 51st Militia
Versailles, Missouri

HELLO FROM THE GULF

This letter comes from the U.S.S. *Enterprise* in the Gulf. There are approximately 225 people in our unit, the majority of whom are PLAYBOY subscribers. Although we've been in a lot of ports, we're convinced that American women are the greatest in the world, and PLAYBOY proves that time and again. The guys from Strike Fighter Squadron 81 want to send a special thanks to Richard Fegley for the photos of the wonderful Miss July, Angel Boris.

Kevin D. Towler
cdurrett@enterprise.navy.mil
VFA-81
USN

Papa's Got A Brand New Bag.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOGGING THE NET

Whether it's on the interstate or on the Internet, bikers will be bikers. At least that's the conclusion we reached after visiting the official Harley-Davidson Web page, which bears the greeting: "Welcome to the Harley-Davidson Worldwide Web site, now go away." Right, we were just leaving.

PSYCHE CHANNELING

Nick-at-Night's resident TV shrink, Will Miller, has assembled his analyses of the psychological twists and turns of popular television shows into a volume you can place right next to *The Interpretation of Dreams*. His book, *Why We Watch: Killing the Gilligan Within* (Fireside/Simon & Schuster), puts such shows as *The Addams Family*, *Batman*, *Beavis & Butt-head* and *Frasier* on the couch to crack their psychic codes. Even better, Miller shows us how to work through our individual and collective issues using "teletherapy." Check the chapter titled "Television and Fear of Death: *Scooby Doo* and the *Flintstones*' Doomsday Scenario" or the enlightening "Television and Codependence: Lassie's Undisturbed Unconscious." In the same way traditional therapy encourages the patient to relive moments of his life, Miller says, "I believe the American television rerun is the path to personal peace."

FOR WHOM THE BELLI TOLLS

We decided not to wait until Father's Day to share how Melia Belli—the 20-ish daughter of flamboyant lawyer Melvin Belli—processed her father's passing. Rather than go to the funeral, which she termed "not necessary," she posted a message on the Hub web site from India: "As far as I am concerned, when the spirit leaves the body, all that is left is a soggy, empty encasing." So she smoked a chillum on the roof and later got "really high" on hash cookies with her boyfriend (a 40-year-old "veterinarian cum body piercer cum astral surfer"). The happy couple also took a two-day trek through the Himalayas—the highlights of which were a "screaming orgasm atop a mountain" (fueled by microdot acid) and the discovery of "the fundamental meaning of tie-dye" after gazing at clouds. However, the trip down was a bit turbulent, largely because the couple was "unable to distinguish the mountain trail from the cerebral one." Belli warns us that she is heading back this way. "Fortunately, I have been blessed with the gift of being able to find the humor in death and human excrement oozing between my toes." Gee, we hope we don't have the seat next to hers on the flight home.

NAMES IN VAIN

Sounds like a good place for a church picnic: A Christian group in Kentucky called Answers in Genesis has applied for permission to build a creationism museum near Big Bone Lick.

ROB ROY

The St. Louis Art Museum, which loaned Roy Lichtenstein's *Curtains* to the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, is suing an independent security company and the man it hired for damage caused by that security guard's felt-tipped marker. In addition to drawing a heart inscribed "Reggie + Crystal" on the canvas, the guard was inspired to write to his sweetie, "I love you, Tushee. Love, Buns." We hope he realizes, in hindsight, that some mysteries of love are better left unexpressed.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

HOMO ERECTUS

For many years, archaeologists have been mystified by prehistoric objects thought to be early tools. Common in Upper Paleolithic art, the Stone Age shafts have been described as ritual objects, batons or even spear straighteners. But British archaeologist Timothy Taylor offers a simpler interpretation of the carved phalluses. "These batons fall within the size range of dildos," Taylor told *The Guardian*. "It seems disingenuous to avoid the most obvious explanation." Taylor suggests other archaeologists are too prudish when they hit the boneyard. "I believe," said Taylor, "that this unease stems from a modern belief that premodern sex was essentially a reproductive activity, and that if it wasn't, it ought to have been."

HUGH, CAD

In a low blow to the much-mocked actor, Jody Tressider—author of *Hugh Grant: The Biography*—claims the stuttering stud was always a randy fellow. Tressider was one of Grant's girlfriends in high school, and she claims he relied on a pack of pick-up lines to woo teen lovelies. The most direct? "You're as clever as you are beautiful. I must kiss you." His other come-ons included: "My girlfriend doesn't understand me"; "Do you have the slightest idea what D.H. Lawrence is going on about? I don't"; "I think you're going to break my heart"; and "You're much cleverer than I am, aren't you?" Well, as they say, one of these lines and $50 will get you a date with Divine Brown.

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

It had to happen. *Things on the Net Newt Wouldn't Want You to See* (Off Color

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I've already been with every fine girl there is in the world. There's no one else. I've even French-kissed Christy Turlington."—MODEL JENNY SHIMIZU

HATS OFF

Average number of beheadings per month in Saudi Arabia in 1995: 20.2. Average number per month in 1996: 1.5.

DAN MCCARTHY

FACT OF THE MONTH

In 1995, computer owners in the U.S. lost about $640 million as a result of stolen laptop computers.

THE WRITE STUFF

Number of screenplays (including scripts for TV) registered with the Writers Guild of America, West in 1995: 32,000. Number of Hollywood movies made: 280.

FLYING TO THE LAND OF NOD

According to a survey commissioned by the British Airline Pilots Association in 1995, percentage of pilots who say they have fallen asleep while at the controls: 40.

CRIMINAL ELEMENTS

According to a recent poll, percentage of Americans watching a trial who assume the defendant can't be trusted: 24. Percentage who assume the defendant's lawyer can't be trusted: 29.

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN-ON?

According to an MCI survey of Americans wired to the Internet, percentage with the astrological sign Taurus: 18. Percentage of Pisceans and Virgos (the signs with the lowest rankings) online: 4 each.

MS. DR.

Percentage of physicians in the U.S. who are women: 20. Percentage of American Medical Association members who are women: 8. Percentage of medical students who are women: 40.

UNHAPPY CRAMPERS

According to Tampax, average number of tampons used by a woman during her lifetime: 7488. Number of days in her lifetime that a typical woman spends menstruating: 2480 (almost seven years).

FIELDS OF GREEN

According to *Financial World*, value of the average major league baseball franchise: $115 million. Value of the average National Football League franchise: $174 million.

LONE STAR PRIDE

Percentage of Texas teenagers who do not know that gasoline comes from oil: 62.

CARTS, WHEELS

Number of children injured annually in falls from shopping carts: 25,000. Number of hospital visits by people with in-line skating injuries in 1995: 100,000.

NEW LEASE ON LIFERS

The number of U.S. prison inmates on death row or serving life sentences who have been exonerated through DNA tests on old evidence: 30.

GAS GUZZLERS

According to a survey conducted for the manufacturers of Axid AR, a heartburn medication, city in the U.S. with the highest incidence of heartburn: Detroit (19.2 percent). Rank of Los Angeles: 6th (14.5 percent). Rank of New York: 9th (10.9 percent).

SINGLED OUT

Number of never-married Americans in 1970: 21.4 million. Number in 1994: 44.2 million. Number of Americans described as currently divorced in 1970: 4.3 million. In 1994: 17.4 million. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

Press) is a collection of Web addresses for the Internet surfer who is thrilled by the art, history and culture sites but keeps asking himself, "Where are all the naked pictures and stuff like that?" This book will help you find such compelling sites as rectal foreign bodies, the roadkill quarterly, the gay hankie code, the inflatable pet page, the virtual sorority party pages, Hoot's best breasts and the catfight pic of the week. Then there are entrées into pro and amateur porn spots. To cover its tail completely, the book also gives advice on how to keep underage cybercitizens from wandering into inappropriate territory.

THE PASSING OF THE SHREW

Let's hope this will serve as a bright spot on his résumé: The *Journal of Archaeological Science* reported the lengths to which an assistant researcher went to help solve a problem that was baffling his boss. The research director wanted to determine whether small bones found at a dig were those of an animal that died there or the remains of an animal that had been eaten by an animal which died there. The assistant researcher was given a boiled shrew—bones and all—to eat, and his bowel movements were monitored for the next three days. It turns out that the shrew bones were so homogenized in the assistant's stool that the director was able to conclude that the bones found were those of an animal that died at the site. Who says historical research is slow-moving?

TIES THAT DINE

A cynical company in Dallas has come up with Tie Cuisine, a line of 15 silk ties in designs that are patterned after food stains. The ties, which address the perennial male problem of spillage, are available in styles including Chinese Food, Wine, Pizza, Buffalo Wings, Cordials, Salad and Dessert and Club Sandwich. The spring line will include Tacos and Quesadillas and, for everyday wear, Soup du Jour.

SIGHT GAG

According to the *Times* of London, Princess Diana has decorated her personal Kensington Palace bathroom in a classic hell-hath-no-fury motif: The walls sport a dozen framed cartoons of her ex's paramour, Camilla Parker-Bowles. And we thought someone prone to bulimia wouldn't need a visual emetic.

BALKAN POLITICS

We're not sure what this means, but a friend who grew up in Yugoslavia explains that "dole" in Serbo-Croatian means down and "gore" means up. We point this out merely as a public service and not as any sort of postelection comment.

RECIPES FOR GOOD DRINKS... AND DRINKERS.

Jerry "The Professor" Thomas invented thousands of cocktails.

He worked behind the bar at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco during the Gold Rush. Legend has it, a miner on his way to Martinez, California, once tossed a gold nugget onto the bar and asked for something special. Jerry stirred him up a glass of gin and vermouth and called the cocktail the "Martinez." It caught on.

Enjoy your Martini with a generous splash of self-restraint.

The name evolved. By the 1920's, it was known as the Martini. It became the drink of choice for sophisticated drinkers from coast to coast and is today the most famous cocktail ever created.

The Martini is a direct link between you, the Gold Rush and Jerry Thomas. Sip your next one. Really taste it. And do right by The Professor — enjoy your Martini with a generous splash of self-restraint. After all, it's hard to taste anything if you've had too much of it. *Cheers!*

Seagram

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When a San Franciscan named Jerry Thomas invented the Martini in 1857, he was not trying to make the town any foggier.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

SMOKIN' JACKETS

Now that guys are puffing on stogies again, smoking jackets are back in style. Worn at home for informal entertaining since the mid-1800s, smoking jackets are traditionally made from luxurious fabrics such as velvet or satin, and feature a buttonless front and a sash that ties at the waist. At Sulka, you can go the luxe route by ordering a handmade silk jacket with a tapestry pattern of birds and flowers ($1500 and up). Background colors are navy or wine (pictured) and details include satin lapels, satin-piped pockets and a sash with hand-crocheted silk tassels. Alfred Dunhill, purveyor of great cigars, also makes a great-looking brown cotton velvet smoking jacket with silk frog closures ($795). Brioni has two shawl-collar looks: a hunter green silk velour version with quilted lapels and a silk satin lining ($1650); and a navy cotton velour model with yellow piping and a paisley silk lining ($1650). Fernando Sanchez' shawl-collar velvet jacket with braid trim is available in black or burgundy, faced in black (about $800). And American designer Robert Talbott, known for his luxurious ties, uses many of his neckwear fabrics to create equally sharp smoking jackets. We like his handmade silk black-and-white houndstooth model, which has shawl lapels in black silk satin or faille ($1300 to $1700).

HOT SHOPPING: KETCHUM, IDAHO

Near Sun Valley's spectacular ski slopes, in the shadow of Bald Mountain, you'll find this vibrant Old West town. Filled with shops, galleries, restaurants and nightspots, it's where some high-profile celebs (do Demi and Bruce ring a bell?) enjoy low-profile holidays. Board Bin (180 Fourth St.): A funky little hangout with a full range of snowboard supplies and cool streetwear in rich, deep colors. • Ketchum Dry Goods (511 E. Sun Valley Rd.): Jeans from around the globe, as well as True Grit shirt jackets and premiere shirts from London's Ted Baker. • Lost River Outfitters (171 N. Main St.): Great gear for winter fly-fishing and adventure travel. • The Casino Club (220 N. Main St.): All paths cross at this 1936 honky-tonk, a former Hemingway haunt that's still the best watering hole in town.

CLOTHES LINE

Academy Award winner **Louis Gossett Jr.** has spent some of his most memorable on-screen moments in uniform. But off-screen, the star of *An Officer and a Gentleman* and Showtime's original movie *Inside* is a less regimented dresser. His favorite jacket is a black wool-and-silk zip-front model by Masatomo that has a purple diamond design across the chest. The actor also loves his Italian leather slip-on shoes, but can't recall who makes them "because I've had them so long the name has worn off." And his most prized possession is a gold ankh given to him by Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak. "It's the original peace sign," he says.

SUITS IN A STRETCH

Spandex, Lycra and other synthetic fabrics that typically add stretch and comfort to gym clothes are now doing the same things for men's suits. Donna Karan has mixed nylon and spandex with wool to create a super-soft, black single-breasted suit jacket ($895) and matching flat-front pants ($395). Richard Tyler offers a slim brown stretch sharkskin jacket ($1795) and matching boot-cut pants ($690) made from acetate and Lycra. There's a slim-fitted wool, nylon and spandex glen-plaid suit in Gianfranco Ferre's lower-priced Gieffeffe line ($725). And Boss–Hugo Boss goes for a subtle stretch by adding a hint of Lycra to its black-and-white four-button mini-houndstooth-check wool suit ($1100).

EASY GREASY

The slicked-back look (à la Nicolas Cage at last year's Oscars) is a sharp way to wear your hair on New Year's Eve. To achieve it, try some pomade—today's version of old-style hair oil. Dax Short and Neat is made the authentic way with petroleum jelly and mineral oil. The Body Shop's Coconut Oil Hair Shine is an aromatic concoction of vegetable oils and carnauba wax. Aveda's oil-based Pure-fume Brilliant Anti-Humectant Pomade is perfect for making wavy or curly hair behave. Adventurous types will love Oribe's tinted pomades in wild colors such as gold, silver and blue. And for a slick look and excellent hold without the greasy feel, try American Crew's water-based pomade.

MARTIN HORTMAN

STYLE METER

SWEATERS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Slim silhouettes; ribbed turtlenecks; ski styles; zip-necks ond V-necks	Cowl necks; elbow patches; horn buttons; Henley- and shawl-collar styles
COLORS AND FABRICS	Color-blocked primary brights; camel; winter white; merino or boiled wool; cashmere	Jewel tones such os emerald green or ruby red; scrotchy acrylics; shoggy bouclés
HOW TO WEAR ONE	Try a fitted turtleneck under a suit jocket or pull o V-neck over a T-shirt	Bag the ultroboggy looks and bulky styles tied around the shoulders

Where & How to Buy on page 184.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FINE LINE'S ***Shine*** is an enchanting movie by writer Jan Sardi and director Scott Hicks. This essentially true story introduces Geoffrey Rush, a splendid Australian stage actor, as classical pianist David Helfgott (portrayed movingly in childhood and young manhood by Alex Rafalowicz and Noah Taylor). Despite a cruel father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) who treats his prodigy's keyboard genius as a personal treasure, young David severs family ties to attend a music school in London, only to fall into the hands of yet another demanding mentor (John Gielgud, compelling as usual). The film is told in flashbacks, beginning with the mature Helfgott's return to Australia as a stammering middle-aged mental case who smokes nonstop and is cautioned by psychiatrists to keep his mind off music. Only when he wanders away to resume his virtuoso piano playing at a neighborhood pub does he begin to reconnect with the real world—redeemed when he wows the blue-collar clientele and catches the eye and ear of an astrologer (Lynn Redgrave). Small-scale but awesome in impact, *Shine* is a musical surprise. ¥¥¥¥

•

As message movies go, ***Citizen Ruth*** (Miramax) is a corrosively funny first feature that treats the abortion issue with satirical spirit. Writer-director Alexander Payne (with co-author Jim Taylor) wrings black comedy from the plight of a pregnant, drug-addicted drifter named Ruth Stoops (played to perfection by Laura Dern), who falls into the hands of four avidly pro-life housewives just back from picketing an abortion clinic. Before the subsequent tug-of-war runs its course, poor Ruth is barricaded in and besieged by zealots on both sides of the argument with offers of moral support and cash compensation. Will she or won't she agree to abort? Either way, she just wants to collect the money and run. Among the baleful influences at work on her is a cast of near-caricatures, taken to the edge by Burt Reynolds, Swoosie Kurtz, Kurtwood Smith, Kelly Preston and Mary Kay Place. *Citizen Ruth* seems likely to irk both pro-life and pro-choice extremists. ¥¥¥

•

The Crucible (Twentieth Century Fox) is sure to be one of the best films of the year. English director Nicholas Hytner's vibrant and compelling version of the Arthur Miller play—adapted for the screen by Miller himself—turns the Salem witch trials of 1692 into an unforgettable statement about sin, rabid fundamentalism and mass hysteria. While

Scofield, Graves: Conflicted in *Crucible*.

Music makers chiming in, courtiers playing royal games and bad girls raising hell.

the play was originally considered a response to the anti-Communist McCarthy madness of 1953, the movie depicts more of the real-life social upheaval caused by a gaggle of foolish teenage girls whose sexual voodoo—dancing naked in the woods and dipping into chicken blood, for a start—is interpreted by Salem's Puritan fathers as the devil's work. Hytner, whose first movie was *The Madness of King George*, scores another cinematic coup here, with matchless performances by Daniel Day-Lewis and Joan Allen as John and Elizabeth Proctor, the farm couple hounded to the gallows by the accusations of a psychotic, sexed-up teenager named Abigail (Winona Ryder, in her flashiest screen work to date). Overall, the cast is masterful, from Paul Scofield as the presiding Judge Danforth to Bruce Davison as the weak-willed Reverend Parris to Karron Graves as Mary, the scared teenager whose testimony about Abigail's treachery comes too late. Slow to build, *The Crucible* achieves hurricane force by its wrenching final scenes. ¥¥¥¥

•

Woody Allen dancing with Goldie Hawn along the Seine is the high point of ***Everyone Says I Love You*** (Miramax), especially beguiling when Hawn seems to levitate ecstatically. Of course, they're spoofing similar fond moments between Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn in *Funny Face*. That's the whole idea—and almost the only idea—behind Allen's slighter-than-air musical comedy. He has slapped it all together with a game company of nonmusical stars who do their own singing and dancing to familiar show tunes while portraying rich New York people on romantic side trips to Venice and Paris. The movie is a stroll down memory lane, with Allen, Hawn, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Drew Barrymore, Alan Alda and lots of good-looking up-and-comers. Few of these actors can really sing or dance, but all appear to relish moonlighting in a Woody Allen movie. Die-hard fans may enjoy themselves, too, but in this movie, Woody's usual genius is a little off-key. ¥¥½

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Impeccable style and stinging wit were the chief requirements for gaining favor in the 1780 Versailles court of Louis XVI as depicted in ***Ridicule*** (Miramax). French director Patrice Leconte paints a rich portrait of 18th century hypocrisy. "Learn to hide your insincerity" is among the rules that are set forth for Ponceludon (Charles Berling), an engineer whose mission at Versailles is to improve life in his native village by getting the swamps drained. He soon learns that such serious purposes are frowned upon unless a gentleman also knows the ins and outs of dancing, dissembling and seduction. Ponceludon gets pointers from a scheming countess (Fanny Ardant), a shrewd marquis (Jean Rochefort) and the marquis' luscious daughter Mathilde (Judith Godreche), who appears to be the only straightforward ally available. An audience favorite at the 1996 Cannes Film Festival, *Ridicule* is a wicked, worldly spectacle. ¥¥¥

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Oscar-winning actor Kevin Spacey makes his directorial debut with ***Albino Alligator*** (Miramax). The title refers to a kind of sacrificial bait, but the film's key question is whether three desperate criminals will aid their escape by killing any or all of the hostages holed up with them in Dino's Last Chance Bar. That's the plot, tightly written with a nice final twist by Christian Forte and executed with fine control by Spacey. All the actors deliver: Matt Dillon, Gary Sinise and William Fichtner as the lawless threesome, plus Faye Dunaway and Viggo Mortensen in pungent bits as two of the five threatened hostages. While the climax seems easy to predict, there's enough tension and menace to keep *Alligator* fairly snappy. ¥¥½

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Chalk up a victory for Albert Brooks as co-author (with Monica Johnson),

Ermey: Been there, done that.

OFF CAMERA

Tough talk is his stock in trade, and **R. Lee Ermey,** at 52, lives up to the reputation he established as a foul-mouthed drill sergeant in Stanley Kubrick's 1987 epic, *Full Metal Jacket*. In 1995 he stood out as the angry, bereaved father of the murdered girl in *Dead Man Walking*. He's now on the verge of full stardom in two new films. As Olympic track-and-field coach Bill Bowerman in *Prefontaine*, he promises to be "a very colorful, off-the-wall character." About his top slot in the imminent *Going West* with Dennis Quaid, he notes: "I'm a Texas sheriff, a grouchy good old boy, a butt-kicker. It's a major role, sure—but I never get the goddamn girl."

What Ermey usually gets are juicy parts as soldiers, in such films as *The Boys in Company C* and *Apocalypse Now*. "Every fucking script with a military man in it gets sent to me." Small wonder. He's an ex-Marine, wounded in Vietnam, who enlisted to keep a judge from sending him to jail when he was a teenager in Washington State.

After serving his country, Ermey drifted around Southeast Asia. He drove a taxi, owned a couple of fishing boats in Singapore and bought a brothel on Okinawa, transforming it into a successful bar. His sidelines included "a little black marketeering—in cigarettes, whiskey and dirty movies. But I had to get out, the FBI was kind of looking at me." Launching his movie career as a technical advisor over there, he came back to the States with "a Filipino wife . . . the best thing that ever happened to me." Currently he kills time between films on a ranch in the desert, raising three kids and some horses. Ermey's acting secrets are pure and simple: "I take a little bit from here, a little bit from there. I've been around the horn—and by the time they put me in front of a camera, I *am* that guy."

director and star of ***Mother*** (Paramount Pictures), a small, engaging comedy about a twice-divorced California writer and his emotional failures with women. He decides to study the problem by moving back to his old room in his widowed mom's home in Sausalito. In the title role, Debbie Reynolds goes toe-to-toe with Brooks in a delightfully low-key performance, clearly convinced that her crazy son needs to blame her for everything that has gone awry in his life. Meanwhile, her second son, played by Rob Morrow, is on his way to Sausalito to resume bettering his brother in sibling rivalry. Brooks reserves for himself a fair share of cryptic one-liners on such diverse topics as home cooking, science fiction, supermarket shopping and sex, but he sensibly keeps Reynolds in the forefront. Durable as ever, she returns the favor with a masterfully assured performance. ¥¥¥

•

Sarah Jessica Parker, Timothy Hutton and Tony Goldwyn portray the three grown children of an obstinate, obsessed Jewish book publisher in ***The Substance of Fire*** (Miramax). As the father, a Holocaust survivor named Isaac Geldhart, Ron Rifkin repeats his prizewinning role in Jon Robin Baitz' play, directed on both stage and screen by Daniel Sullivan. As a movie character, Rifkin's Geldhart often seems excessively cold and harsh—viciously resistant when his offspring join forces against him to save his company from bankruptcy. Their justifiable beef is that he persists in publishing only erudite, unprofitable books, preferably anything relevant to Judaism. They opt for a potential best-seller he considers trash, and the subsequent family feud is *Substance of Fire*'s main drama. After a strong start the movie dwindles, despite impressive performances and literate dialogue. ¥¥¥

•

A simpleton named Karl returns to his hometown after serving 25 years in prison for killing his mother and her bullying lover. In ***Sling Blade*** (Miramax), history seems likely to repeat itself when Karl befriends a boy (Lucas Black), then moves in with him and his mother (Natalie Canerday), whose live-in beau is another abusive brute (played unnervingly well by country-music star Dwight Yoakam). Writer-director Billy Bob Thornton (who co-authored *One False Move* and *A Family Thing*) takes charge with his underplayed but powerful characterization of Karl. As director, Thornton captures the rustic Arkansas milieu perfectly. He also gives a key role to John Ritter, who is almost unrecognizable as a plump, friendly homosexual who knows the pain of being different in a backwoods community. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Albino Alligator (See review) Skintight thriller directed with considerable skill by Kevin Spacey. ¥¥½

American Buffalo (Reviewed 12/96) Mamet machismo co-stars Hoffman and Franz. ¥¥

Breaking the Waves (12/96) He's paralyzed, she compensates with a few other men. ¥¥¥

Citizen Ruth (See review) Abortion debated in a broad black comedy. ¥¥¥

The Crucible (See review) Vivid epic based on drama about the colonial Salem witch trials. ¥¥¥¥

Drunks (12/96) Actors try to summon the spirit of AA angst. ¥¥

Everyone Says I Love You (See review) Woody Allen's sincere but off-key valentine to old-time musicals. ¥¥½

Get on the Bus (Listed only) In a potent topical fiction, Spike Lee hails 1995's Million Man March. ¥¥¥

I'm Not Rappaport (12/96) Geriatric comedy that worked much better as a stage play. ¥¥

Looking for Richard (12/96) Shakespeare's classic vibrantly rehashed by Pacino. ¥¥¥¥

Michael Collins (11/96) Rebellion in Ireland, with an inspiring Neeson leading the way. ¥¥¥½

Mother (See review) Debbie Reynolds does maternal love, aided by Albert Brooks. ¥¥¥

Palookaville (12/96) A trio of crooks can't seem to get anything right. ¥¥¥

Ridicule (See review) Prime wit and pure bitchery courtside during the time of Louis XVI. ¥¥¥

Secrets and Lies (11/96) Cannes prizewinner about a British single mom whose long-lost daughter turns up to spell trouble. ¥¥¥½

Shine (See review) Piano virtuoso falls to pieces in a fine and moving Australian drama. ¥¥¥¥

Sling Blade (See review) The homecoming of a retarded but well-meaning murderer. ¥¥¥

Some Mother's Son (11/96) Hunger strike by wild Irish rebels behind bars. ¥¥¥

The Substance of Fire (See review) Failing book business triggers a literate family feud. ¥¥¥

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday (12/96) It's Michelle Pfeiffer as a deceased wife. ¥¥½

Twelfth Night (12/96) More fun with the Bard in a romantic mix-up. ¥¥¥½

Unhook the Stars (12/96) All aglitter when Rowlands and Tomei take charge. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

Molly Ringwald is all grown up and cracking wise on ABC's *Townies*, but the former *Breakfast Club*ber still finds herself vulnerable to the power of movies. "Whenever I watch *Breathless* by Jean-Luc Godard," she says, "I wind up cutting off all my hair. Then I regret it and don't watch the movie again for a few years." Back in the States after an extended sabbatical in France, the former teen queen rents old French flicks to keep her ear attuned to her second language. She owns only a few videos, among them *Funny Face* and the John Cassavetes library (she made her screen debut with Cassavetes in *The Tempest*). As for her Brat Pack oeuvre—*Sixteen Candles*, *Pretty in Pink*, etc.—Molly is nostalgic. "Those have a big video life. The clothes never went out of style. The dialogue hasn't changed much in terms of how kids talk. Those movies are timeless." —CHARLIE CATES

VIDEO DOOMSDAY

Mars Attacks! hasn't opened, and you can't find a copy of *Independence Day* at the video store? It's not the end of the world. Try a few of these titles for your apocalypse—now.

Miracle Mile (1989): *E.R.*'s Anthony Edwards answers a pay phone only to find out World War Three is on the way. Now he has 70 minutes to get out of town—during rush hour, no less.

Night of the Comet (1984): What would you do if you were one of the last Earthlings left alive? Sexy California girl Catherine Mary Stewart hits the mall for some buy-now, pay-never shopping.

The Day After (1983): This grim, realistic TV movie sparked controversy by depicting the devastation of Lawrence, Kansas after Soviets drop the big one.

War of the Worlds (1953): Mars attacks, but we're not talking microscopic worms in a meteorite. Nukes can't stop these creepy aliens and their death rays, but wait'll you see what can.

Earth vs. the Flying Saucers (1956): Effects master Ray Harryhausen's UFOs destroy Washington landmarks long before the ID4 ships took their shot. In a charming way, Harry's do it better.

Virus (1980): Talk about nuclear winter. Glenn Ford and Olivia Hussey share body heat as atomic blast survivors (858 men and eight women) move to Antarctica. There goes the neighborhood.

Phoenix the Warrior (1988): Who says being the last man on Earth is all bad? Sole surviving dude is grand prize in all-female battle to the death.

The Rats (1982): After the bombs drop in 2225, humans come from underground to recolonize, then discover rats—hungry rats—have taken over. Anyone for Mice-a-roni? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

YULE BOXES

Attention collectors: 'Tis the season to buy gift boxed sets. Here are a few to remind Santa about:

The Beatles Anthology (Turner, $159.98): Paul, George and Ringo—joined by clips of John—recall the long and winding road from Liverpool to Abbey Road. Solid-gold eight-volume set includes five-plus hours of footage not broadcast on ABC. (Also available in a stunning laserdisc package from Pioneer, $230.)

Jim Carrey: The Duh-lux Gift Set (New Line, $24.98): We wish you a Carrey Christmas with two of the $20 million man's biggest box office hits, *Dumb and Dumber* and *The Mask*. Bottom line: low on brains, high on laughs.

The Ed Wood Collection (Rhino, $34.95): What connoisseur of golden turkeys wouldn't want to wake up with Wood on Christmas morning? Includes the transvestite director's best, er, worst efforts—*Plan 9 From Outer Space*, *Glen or Glenda* and *Bride of the Monster*—and comes packaged in a pink angora box.

The John Woo Collection (Fox Lorber, $29.98): Fleck the walls with blood and bullets. A double feature—*The Killer* and *Hard Boiled*—from Hong Kong's action master. Available subtitled or dubbed.

The Matt Helm Collection (Columbia–TriStar, $24.95): Bachelor-pad cinema. Dean Martin has a license to croon as secret agent Matt Helm in *The Silencers* and *The Wrecking Crew*. Co-stars include Stella Stevens, Sharon Tate, Nancy Kwan and Tina "Ginger" Louise.

The X-Files (Fox Video, $39.98): Too new to have a retrospective gift set? Nah. Neatly packaged, six-episode primer of TV's cult hit—including the first season's finale, "The Erlenmeyer Flask." Each tape box contains collector's cards.

The Honeymooners (CBS/Fox, $99.98): A new bang-zoom for die-hard fans—namely, an eight-volume set containing the series' original 39 episodes. Baby, they're the greatest. —DONALD LIEBENSON

LASER FARE

"What hump?" A collector's edition of ***Young Frankenstein*** ("That's Fronk-en-*shteen*!") is due out from Fox, complete with commentary by director Mel Brooks, trailers, outtakes and seven deleted scenes. Marty Feldman still holds up as the flick's stroke of genius ($90). . . . Holiday shopping bulletin: A few copies remain of the Roan Group's ***A Christmas Carol*** Collector's Edition ($49), featuring the best Scrooge of all time, Alastair Sim, in a superb transfer from the 1951 35mm British negative. *The Avengers*' Patrick Macnee (who plays young Marley in the movie) filmed the intro for the disc. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***The Rock*** (mad bomber and hostages on Alcotraz; Connery and Cage lend panache to ultra–*Die Hard* assault), ***Eraser*** (Schwarzenegger is the ultimate witness protectar, Vanessa Williams is the witness; empty but thrilling).
SCIENCE FICTION	***Independence Day*** (übergeek Jeff Goldblum and fly guy Will Smith kick E.T.'s butt; dazzling effects, but dumb plot makes FF a blessing), ***The Arrival*** (research scientist Charlie Sheen probes an alien conspiracy; Fifties-flavored fun).
COMEDY	***The Nutty Professor*** (Eddie Murphy gets first laughs in eons with Dr. Jekyll–Mr. Big-Fat-Behind bit; dinner table scene already classic), ***Multiplicity*** (stressed exec Michael Keaton gets cloned—repeatedly; better on small screen).
DRAMA	***Lone Star*** (Texas sheriff unravels old local murder, unearths personal revelations; sharp storytelling by John Sayles), ***Stealing Beauty*** (sweet, stunning naïf Liv Tyler deflowered in Tuscany; Bertalucci in a light cream sauce).
SLEEPER	***Striptease*** (single mom Demi dances naked to put dinner on the table; more fluff than muff, but still a must-rent), ***The Cable Guy*** (Carrey is a psycho-techie from the dark side, Braderick is a victim on the dork side; some weird laughs).

WIRED

JUST ADD EXHAUST FUMES

If Interactive I/O's Virtual Vehicle JD is good enough for Nascar racer Jeff Gordon and Cart rookie of the year Alex Zanardi, then it's good enough for us. Both professional racers reportedly use the computer-based simulator to keep their driving skills up to speed in the off-season. Compatible with all PC racing games, the VVJD plugs into your computer's joystick port, creating a no-holds-barred cockpit environment similar to the one illustrated below. Sitting in a low-slung, high-backed racing seat, you steer with an authentic-sized leather-bound steering wheel. Accelerator and brake pedals control speed while you shift using steering wheel–mounted buttons. Dampened steering lets you

STEVE DINNINO

use actual force to wrestle your steed through the turns, and new software provides additional feedback in the form of steering-wheel kickback and movement. The price of this realism? About $1300. A $695 tabletop version also is available. If driving isn't your thing, Interactive I/O introduced a souped-up flight simulator at the Blue Angels' demonstration in San Diego last August. No word yet on when you can buy one. We'll keep you posted.

DIGITAL SNAPS

If you're in the market for a digital camera, check out Nikon's new Coolpix 100. Aside from being small enough to fit in your coat pocket, the $500 Coolpix 100 is the first digital point-and-shooter that stores shots on an attached PCMCIA card. Traditional models store images on chips, and thus must be connected to your computer by cables in order to download photos. With the Coolpix, all you do is slip the lower end of the camera into your PCMCIA slot and wait eight to ten seconds while the 40 stored photos transfer to your hard drive. Once the card is empty, you can start snapping again. Using PCMCIA cards for image storage is a smart idea—and is sure to become a trend. Kodak's $700 DC50 digital camera saves photos on removable storage cards, and Sharp, Casio and Canon are expected to introduce their own variations later this year.

JOCK FIX

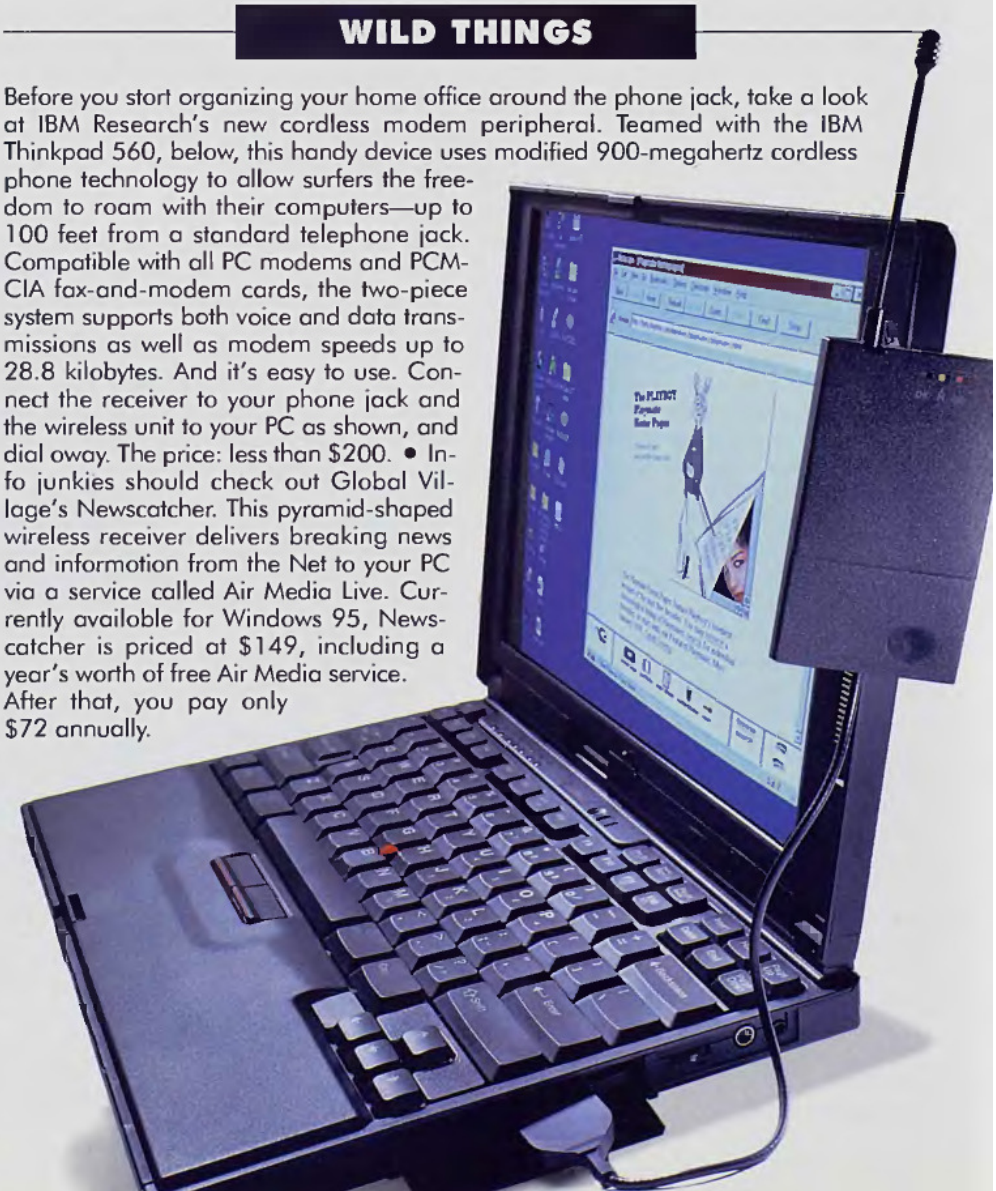
Fantasy leaguers who can't get to the stadium—or to the tube—to follow their team's progress can now stay on top of the game with Sports Trax. Developed by Motorola, Sports Trax is a palm-size receiver that uses paging technology to provide diehard fans with near–real-time, play-by-play coverage of professional sporting events. There are individual Sports Trax devices for baseball and football (illustrated at right), with basketball and hockey in the works. Each has a digital display that identifies the home and visiting team and offers score updates. The display also features a diagram of the playing field. As info is fed from stadium press boxes to the football unit, for example, you can watch the game progress by way of a pigskin that moves back and forth between goalposts. A variety of audio alerts signal when

DAN CLYNE

fumbles, interceptions, touchdowns and other significant events occur. And a single button lets you switch to other games in progress. The price is about $150 each—good for three seasons.

WILD THINGS

Before you stort organizing your home office around the phone jack, take a look at IBM Research's new cordless modem peripheral. Teamed with the IBM Thinkpad 560, below, this handy device uses modified 900-megahertz cordless phone technology to allow surfers the freedom to roam with their computers—up to 100 feet from a standard telephone jack. Compatible with all PC modems and PCMCIA fax-and-modem cards, the two-piece system supports both voice and data transmissions as well as modem speeds up to 28.8 kilobytes. And it's easy to use. Connect the receiver to your phone jack and the wireless unit to your PC as shown, and dial oway. The price: less than $200. • Info junkies should check out Global Village's Newscatcher. This pyramid-shaped wireless receiver delivers breaking news and informotion from the Net to your PC via a service called Air Media Live. Currently availoble for Windows 95, Newscatcher is priced at $149, including a year's worth of free Air Media service. After that, you pay only $72 annually.



MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

Planning to stuff stockings with CD-ROMs? We've reviewed the best.

Robert De Niro must have called in a few favors for his company's first CD-ROM game, ***9***. Besides tapping a host of behind-the-scenes Hollywood talent, the owner of Tribeca Interactive enlisted Cher, James Belushi, Christopher Reeve and Aerosmith rockers Steven Tyler and Joe Perry to lend their voices to the game's offbeat cast of characters. But 9 is more than just a celebrity vehicle. It combines a compelling plot with the most amazing art yet in a CD-ROM adventure. Set at the run-down Last Resort, once a place of rejuvenation for society's artistic elite, 9 looks like a Salvador Dalí painting come to life. You're charged with restoring the place to its former glory. To do so, you must solve puzzles and uncover mysteries in 14 rooms that seem to change each time you enter them. If you like surprises, you'll love this game. (For Mac and Windows, $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

For the lowdown on concerts, celebrity chots ond other live Internet events, point your Web browser to ***Netclock*** (www.netclock.com). This list of reol-time cybergigs is seorchable by more thon 30 subjects, including our three fovorites—sex, sports ond entertainment.

Tired of poying monthly service fees just to send ond receive e-moil? ***Juno Online*** will let you do both for free. There ore two smoll cotches: You hove to be o Windows user ond have to tolerote ods, which run olong the top of your computer screen while you compose messoges.

Fans of glamour photography will enjoy ***Pin-Ups,*** a CD-ROM retrospective that is based on the books *Bernard of Hollywood's Blondes!*, *Brunettes!* and *Redheads!* by Susan Bernard (PLAYBOY's Miss December 1966). The disc, like the books, showcases photographs by Bernard's father, Bruno Bernard, who immortalized Forties and Fifties Hollywood starlets. We especially like Pin-Ups' clever interface, which categorizes the 53 featured females by hair color. (By Corel, for Mac and Windows, $25.)

Hef: A twist of face

Tom Clancy's SSN is a hard-core nuclear submarine simulator that plays like an action game. Developed by the best-selling author with input from former British Royal Navy submarine captain Doug Littlejohns, the two-disc political thriller includes a 45-minute video dialogue with Clancy and Littlejohns, as well as a naval reference guide for military buffs. (By Simon & Schuster Interactive, for Windows 95, $70.)

Cher as fortune-teller in 9

For instant amusement, consider loading ***Kai's Power Goo*** onto your hard drive. A highly entertaining 32-bit graphics manipulator, Power Goo is as sophisticated as it is simple to use. Smudge, stretch, contort and fuse your own images from a digital camera, video capture card or scanner (as we have done with our illustrious leader) or just play with the supplied photo library. You can also try your hand at genetic engineering (imagine a fusion of mother-in-law and rabid dog) or create morphing animations of your digital monstrosities. (By Metatools, for Windows 95 and Mac, $50.)

Virtual Pool is the zenith of PC billiard games. Aside from offering the most realistic three-dimensional simulations to date of eight ball, nine ball, rotation and straight pool, it includes video segments that feature pool master Lou "Machine Gun" Butera performing various trick shots. Even better, Virtual Pool is the only billiards simulation that has the balls, so to speak, to offer you your money back if your real-world game doesn't improve as a result of on-screen practice. (By Interplay, for Mac, Windows and Playstation, $30 to $50.)

Crash Bandicoot, the Playstation's answer to Sonic the Hedgehog and Super Mario, rules the gaming outback with dazzling graphics and complex three-dimensional game play. While guiding the feisty marsupial through 30 levels of the best—and wittiest—action available on a 32-bit system, you must defeat the evil Dr. Neo Cortex in his bid for world domination. Along the way, you'll encounter fiendish levels, surprise power-ups and outrageous challenges that make Crash a sensational console game. (By Sony Computer Entertainment, for Playstation, about $60.)

Doom is doomed now that ***Duke Nukem 3-D*** has hit the gaming scene. This ultra-hip first-person shooter puts its competition to shame with some cool graphics, pulse-pounding action, smirking tough-guy sound bites and a unique adult sensibility that is sure to inspire an army of imitators. As Duke indicates, it's "groovy, baby." (From GT Interactive, for DOS, $40.)

The last several iterations of Quicken added features but veered from the simplicity that made the personal finance software a charm to use. In ***Quicken Deluxe 6,*** the latest version, the program is more powerful than ever and has been reengineered to restore its user-friendliness. Particularly useful are the improvements that ease the way to banking at home, and a new debt-reduction planner that eliminates excuses for not getting your finances in order. (By Intuit, for Mac and Windows, $60.)

DIGITAL DUDS

Cory Everson: Body, Mind and Soul: The six-time Ms. Olympio is in great shape, but we con't soy the some about her CD-ROM, with its stroight-from-o-nutrition-book info ond lome exercise demos.

Treasure Quest: This game with o gimmick offers o million bucks to the ployer who best solves its mysteries. The chollenge: stoying owake long enough to collect.

Slope Style: The only logicol way to moster snowboording is to foll on your butt o few times while doing it. This digitol crosh course won't help.

See whot's hoppening on Ployboy's Home Page ot http://www.ployboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

MUSIC

COUNTRY

IRIS DEMENT'S ***The Way I Should*** (Warner Bros.) is going to surprise a lot of people. Having earned respect for two unfashionably plain albums, the Arkansas-born singer with the enormous voice hired Nashville producer Randy Scruggs and spends musical time protesting immorality. The result is a good change for her. Scruggs' brightly traditional production separates DeMent from her former somberness without gussying her up. Her recollections of childhood in *Walkin' Home* and the love song *This Kind of Happy* sound completely natural. Only a woman as nice as DeMent could make the line "That sounds like crap to me" seem as damning as it ought to be.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

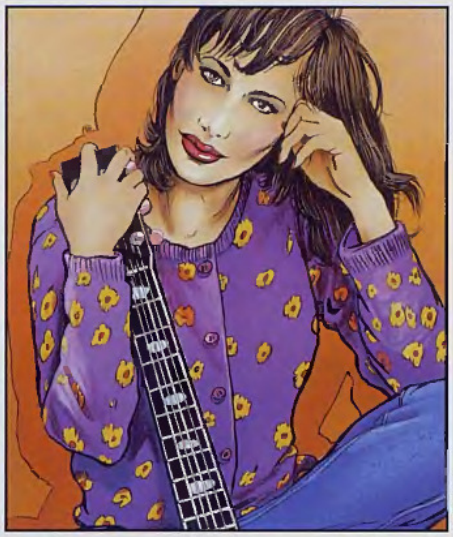
Give Me Some Wheels (Capitol), by Suzy Bogguss, has all the virtues of Seventies southern California rock with better singing. Bogguss co-wrote the best tracks: *Give Me Some Wheels*, a great car song, and *She Said, He Heard*, which is country feminism personified. *Saying Goodbye to a Friend* mixes metaphors of romantic and mortal mourning in a way that would gratify Jackson Browne.

Ray Price was Hank Williams' protégé, and the Cherokee Cowboys originally got together in Williams' band. So it's not surprising that ***Ray Price and the Cherokee Cowboys*** (Bear Family) is a festival of honky-tonk classics from *Crazy Arms* and *Heartaches by the Number* to *My Shoes Keep Walking Back to You*. No wasted moments here. —DAVE MARSH

Mary Chapin Carpenter has built a career by making connections with her own generation, but rarely as directly as on ***A Place in the World*** (Columbia). *I Want to Be Your Girlfriend* is an homage to Sixties radio, replete with cresting Mersey-beat guitar and Benmont Tench's crunchy keyboard work. And Carpenter's Stax-Volt–tinged *Let Me Into Your Heart* (from the *Tin Cup* soundtrack) uses its antecedents well. *A Place in the World* finds her sounding splendid.

Gary Allan has embraced the honky-tonk tradition of Bakersfield, California on ***Used Heart for Sale*** (Decca). In his debut, he covers songs from some of Nashville's edgiest songwriters. Jim Lauderdale's Tex-Mex shuffle, *Forever and a Day*, is a winner, and Faron Young's shot-and-a-beer boogie, *Wine Me Up*, takes Allan back to the early Sixties without sounding retro. A finalist for country lyric of the year comes in the Kent Robbins ballad *Her Man*, where Allan sings, "Been an s.o.b. right down to the letter." *Used Heart* is the way country used to be.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA



PETER PALOMBI

Iris DeMent's *The Way I Should*.

Lots of country, music from the subways and a *Rent* strike.

ROCK

The New York City subway is fertile ground for creativity. As demonstrated by ***Street Dreams New York*** (Clay Dog), musicians work its stairwells and platforms well. Recorded live in the subway system, these 15 songs by ten artists include folk, reggae and soul. This is a surprisingly laid-back record, not nearly so harsh as you'd expect. Paul Clements, an English acoustic guitarist, and Simon 7, an Australian who plays the didgeridoo, perform two gentle instrumentals (*Slide* and *Rolling Dice*). Roger Ridley turns in a sweet version of Gershwin's *Summertime* and a fine duet with Kathleen Mock on *You Should Know*. But this collection's knockout performance is delivered by Alice "Tan" Ridley, who blows a big, womanly gust of soul vocalizing on *My Man*. It's the kind of performance that puts the whiny vocals of most Nineties divas to shame. —NELSON GEORGE

The original appeal of Nirvana has been overwhelmed by imitators. Let us therefore recall why the band was great in the first place. Kurt Cobain had a rare voice that sounded good when screaming. In rock history, maybe only John Lennon sounded better. Cobain also wrote wonderfully mysterious lyrics and equally evocative chord progressions and riffs for his beyond-punk guitar. Bassist Krist Novoselic always found the pocket, and Dave Grohl, now playing guitar with Foo Fighters, was probably the best pure rock-and-roll drummer of his generation. All these virtues are abundantly in evidence on ***From the Muddy Banks of the Wishkah*** (DGC), a live album culled from gigs early and late in the band's trajectory from nowhere to superstardom to tragedy. Play it loud and you'll be happy. There aren't many big revelations and clues here to what might have been. Mostly, you'll find cruder versions of the big hits. But even after listening to this, the ardent fan will still be haunted by the question "Is that all there is?"

Schleprock play a faster, more major-key English-derived version of punk with forays into ska on ***(America's) Dirty Little Secret*** (Warner Bros.). Nothing mysterious here. The dirty little secret is racism, and they want to know, "If I shout for what's right, will you stand by my side?" Tight play and grand anthems make it easy to answer with an emphatic "Yes!" —CHARLES M. YOUNG

The bankruptcy of Broadway musical theater has never been clearer than it is on ***Rent, Original Cast Album*** (Dream Works). The show's "rock" stature is meant to excuse the absence of a single memorable melody, let alone anything reminiscent of Chuck Berry or the Beatles. The follow-the-plot lyrics range from the moronically obvious ("That's what Maureen is protesting!" someone shouts and immediately sings, "Maureen is protesting") to third-rate Gilbert and Sullivan. *Rent* is meant to be *Tommy*'s successor, but the comparison only makes it pathetically clear how skillfully Pete Townshend avoided the clichés of the program song and the tyranny of plummy vocal tones. *Rent* also lacks a single memorable instrumental passage. A song that actually has a rock beat, such as *Out Tonight*, is ruined by the vocalists' inability to slur the lyrics properly. At least *Bye Bye Birdie* owned up to hating rock. *Rent* seems to have been created by people who feel the same way but lack the guts to admit it. —DAVE MARSH

Vic Chesnutt may be the only singer-songwriter who has sold more records to his fellow musicians (including R.E.M., Cracker and Smashing Pumpkins) than to the general public. Chesnutt hails from R.E.M.'s hometown. On his first major release, ***About to Choke*** (Capitol), he can be as enigmatic as his friend Michael Stipe, then suddenly toss in a metaphor that's very much down to earth. *Degenerate* is the album's most haunting song, a paean to the spiritual mulch created as things die and get reborn. Last June, Chesnutt (who has been in a wheelchair since he was in a car accident) was one of the subjects of a remarkable tribute

album, ***Sweet Relief II: Gravity of the Situation*** (Columbia). The album series benefits musicians dealing with hardship, and features moving performances of Chesnutt tunes by Soul Asylum, Madonna, Smashing Pumpkins and Hootie & the Blowfish. You'd swear these songs were long-lost gems from the bands performing them.

Donovan's comeback album, ***Sutras*** (American), is my guilty pleasure. In the Sixties he was touted as the English Dylan, and his early psychedelic material (such as *Sunshine Superman* and *Hurdy Gurdy Man*) were original and fun. When he's anchored by his Celtic roots on *Please Don't Bend* and *Give It All Up*, Donovan proves he can still connect with his childlike sensibility. *Sutras* reminds us that angst isn't everything.

—VIC GARBARINI

REGGAE

Reggae artist Maxi Priest has the skills to marshal both traditional and modern Jamaican styles, as well as R&B. He's R. Kelly one minute and Marvin Gaye the next. On ***Man With the Fun*** (Virgin America), he croons about love (*Won't Let It Slip Away*) and rants against injustice (*Watching the World Go By*). —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

On ***Matapedia*** (Rykodisc) Canadian folkies Kate and Anna McGarrigle show no signs of sweetening with age. But in *Talk About It*, they make it clear that there are still things they'd rather do in bed than die. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD

Few musicians can claim to have invented a style. But when Thomas Mapfumo adapted Zimbabwe's traditional thumb-piano lines to the electric guitar, he became one of them. Two terrific compilations showcase him: ***Chimurenga Forever: The Best of Thomas Mapfumo*** (Hemisphere) and the ***Singles Collection 1977–1986*** (Zimbab, Box 2421, Champaign, Illinois 61825). —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

RAP

Chuck D is rightfully associated with blistering attacks on white supremacy, but he's often at his scornful best talking about African American malfeasance. On his first solo effort, ***Autobiography of Mistachuck*** (Mercury), he finds a juicy target—black record industry moguls known as Big Willies. Some cuts explicitly criticize them and others do so obliquely. Chuck D roars, shouts and orates with righteous vigor.

—NELSON GEORGE

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Suzy Bogguss *Give Me Some Wheels*	5	7	6	8	7
Vic Chesnutt *About to Choke*	6	8	6	6	8
Iris DeMent *The Way I Should*	8	8	5	9	8
Nirvana *Muddy Banks of the Wishkah*	9	9	9	7	8
Various artists *Street Dreams New York*	4	7	7	6	7

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK LIVES DEPARTMENT: Engelbert Humperdinck will be joined on the soundtrack for the new **Beavis and Butt-head** movie by **LL Cool J**, the **Chili Peppers** and **R.E.M.** Can an *MTV Unplugged* be far behind?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Phil Collins** will collaborate on the music for Disney's *Tarzan* with **David Zippel**, the lyricist who won a Tony award for *City of Angels*. . . . An indie film company will produce a bio of **Darby Crash**, the lead singer of the **Germs** whose life ended in suicide when he was only 22. . . . **Madonna** has been offered the leading role in *Shut Up and Dance*, a love story involving a dance instructor. . . . We don't know what will happen now, but **Tupac Shakur** was slated to write the music for a movie about his mother, **Afeni**, a founding member of the Black Panthers. . . . Oscar-winning director **John Schlesinger** just directed his first music video, *Father*, for **Why Store**. It stars **Chris** (*Lone Star*) **Cooper, Beverly D'Angelo** and **Edward Furlong.**

NEWSBREAKS: Hurry up and get your tickets for the 1997 *Ultimate Rhythm & Blues Cruise* on January 19–26, starring **Etta James, Taj Mahal,** the **Fabulous Thunderbirds, Charles Brown** and **Joe Louis Walker,** among others. . . . In the late Seventies *Cle* magazine was a great guide to Cleveland's wide-open music scene. After a 15-year hiatus, it's back. Issue #4 includes a two-CD set of great local bands. Available, while they last, for $12 from P.O. Box 16613, Cleveland, Ohio 44116. . . . Talk show news: Both **Naomi Judd** (who has taped a pilot) and **Patti LaBelle** are being pitched for daytime TV shows. . . . An 18-foot piece of art by **David Bowie** was displayed at the Florence, Italy Biennale. The face in the piece is cast from Bowie's life mask made in 1976. . . . Some collector's-item jazz from a new label, Arkadia Jazz: *Billy Taylor Trio: Born Again (at 75)* and **David Liebman's** enhanced CD of **John Coltrane's** *Meditations Suite*. . . . **Joni Mitchell** is doing three books for Random House. First, a collection of her artwork, then one of lyrics and poetry and another of anecdotal memoirs. . . . **Hootie & the Blowfish** will launch its new label this spring with two bands, **Treadmill Trackstar** and **Treehouse.** . . . **Earth, Wind & Fire** will release a studio album early this year. . . . Look for the seven-hour boxed set of **Grateful Dead** videos. . . . Oh no, not another one: **Me'Shell Ndegéocello** wants to change her name and start a band. Ndegéocello says she's already said as much as she can in her songs and will continue to pursue music by making instrumental records or as a member of a band. . . . **Bob Weir, Tom Waits** and **Arlo Guthrie** are among the artists recording duets with **Ramblin' Jack Elliott.** . . . While everyone sympathizes with the stories of how, in the early days of rock, labels and managers screwed musicians out of their royalties, most people can't believe it still happens. How about **TLC?** The band claims that *Oooooohhh. . . . On the TLC Tip* and *Crazysexycool* sold about 14 million copies worldwide, generating $175 million in retail sales, but that they have received just a small portion of that. According to an item in *Rock & Rap Confidential*, the rest has gone to their management, production and record companies. TLC declared bankruptcy and had to pay its own way to last year's Grammy ceremony, where it won two awards. . . . For the holidays: *Made With Love*, the Grateful Dead cookbook. Try Dead bread. *Bon appétit.* —BARBARA NELLIS

LISTEN TO THE ECO

You might say that John F. Kennedy created ecotourism when he launched the Peace Corps more than 30 years ago. Now "volunteer vacations" are the fastest-growing segment of the tourism industry, a chance to visit exotic places and also give something back to the planet. Earthwatch, the largest organization of this kind, currently offers more than 130 "expeditions" to 50 countries. You can hunt for artifacts in Kentucky's Mammoth Cave ($695), document the behavior of fur seals in Uruguay ($1595) or give checkups to cheetahs in Namibia ($3595). These prices don't include airfare. Another eco-oriented travel business, Wildland Adventures, takes volunteers to Peru every August to help repair the damage done by tourism on the sacred Inca Trail to Machu Picchu. Ground price: $1455. And there's no better way to bond with the environment than by staying at an ecoresort. Maho Bay Campground, in the Virgin Islands National Park on St. John, includes underwater trails for snorkeling and offers four different places to stay: Maho Bay (with tent cottages built on 16′ x 16′ platforms), Harmony (studios made from recycled building materials), Estate Concordia (secluded cottages with wraparound decks) and Concordia Eco-Tents (classy cottages with high-tech amenities). Prices range from $95 to $150 per night. There's even a magazine, *Eco Traveler*, devoted to the pleasure of ecological giving, plus information on tour operators, upcoming projects and ecoresorts. What's Earthwatch's most popular expedition? Going to Hawaii to study dolphin intelligence, said a spokesperson. And while they won't comment on the least popular project, we'll take a pass on spending $1595 to sort cod for three weeks aboard a trawler in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. January is our month to visit the Bahamas.

NIGHT MOVES: PUERTO VALLARTA

When John Huston came here 30 years ago to shoot *The Night of the Iguana*, Puerto Vallarta was a drowsy little beach burg with unreliable telephones. Then Huston's leading man, Richard Burton, arrived with Elizabeth Taylor and a herd of media. Vallarta became a tourist mecca. Despite its international appeal, the rustic town hung on to its Mexican flavor, kept the big hotels out of the center and prospered. For a taste of the funky old days (and splendid Mexican cuisine), stay in one of 16 rooms at Los Cuatro Vientos (Matamoros 520). Take in the view—and PV's most potent margarita—from the inn's rooftop bar, then go for seafood at the Mariscos Tampico Club's interior patio (Galeano 180) or at a sidewalk table at Puerto Nuevo (Basilio Badillo 284). Louisiana gumbo, crayfish and stone crabs are must-trys at N'awlins Oyster Bar (Allende 124), as is the rabbit served oceanside at the new Nanahuatzin (tel.: 20577). Enjoy a surfside meal at La Palapa (tel.: 25225), PV's first beachfront bistro, or board a sunset cruise to the jungle fishing village at Yelapa for a firelit beach barbecue and ceremonial Aztec dancing. Top off the evening at the Zoo (Paseo Diaz Ordaz 630), a great spot for singles.

GREAT ESCAPE

LILI MARLEEN

The *Lili Marleen* is a replica of a 19th century tall ship, but its air-conditioned cabins and richly paneled staterooms are strictly contemporary. You'll be encouraged to join the crew of 25 and help sail the ship before heading to the luxurious dining salon (pictured here) for exceptional cuisine (often featuring the catch of the day). Since there's space for only 50 passengers aboard the 250-foot sailing

vessel, its three bars and library are never crowded. In late spring and early summer the *Lili Marleen* will sail the waters off Málaga and the French coast on one-week or two-week cruises. Then it's on to the Baltic for the summer before cruising to the Red Sea and eventually the Caribbean. A seven-day cruise is about $2200 plus airfare. Call 800-348-8287 for more information.

ROAD STUFF

To tote a cellular phone, eyeglasses or even a trio of cigars in style, slip Louis Vuitton's Etui Grand Model holster from its Taiga Collection onto a matching belt (as pictured here). The holster sells for $165, and the belt with a gold-plated buckle is $270. • Saitek's Sound Asleep is a portable battery-powered gizmo that lulls travelers to sleep by electronically reproducing the lonely sound of a night train, the babble of a mountain stream or the crash of surf on a tropical beach. In the morning you can awake with the birds to an electronic cuckoo. Price: about $80. • Steril-Touch, a hand sanitizer, is a good way to protect yourself against germs when soap and water aren't available. For $3.95 you get a four-ounce bottle containing a citrus-scented liquid that dries on contact with your skin. (A two-ounce size for overnight trips and an eight-ounce pump bottle for at-home use are also available.) • Master Card has introduced its Global Service, which offers holders traveling abroad access to 24-hour assistance in their native tongue. So if you've lost your card, need emergency cash or want access to account information, operators are available no matter where you are. For information on other features and on price, call the toll-free number that's on the back of your card.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

PROFESSOR Hope Devane, author of the best-selling *Wolves and Sheep: Why Men Inevitably Hurt Women and What Women Can Do to Avoid It*, gets stabbed to death in front of her home. Police figure it was a wacko who hated her book. But the murder has them stumped. Enter Alex Delaware, children's shrink and freelance detective, who, as usual, digs up some long-buried secrets. In this case they turn out as nasty and horrific as any in a Stephen King novel.

Jonathan Kellerman's latest book, ***The Clinic*** (Bantam), mines new realms of psychological terror and is the most engrossing mystery story he has written. It's a chilling tale of stalking and murder, set against the usual chic Hollywood background.

In less capable hands, the convolutions of *Clinic*'s plot would send the story off the rails. But Kellerman holds the reader riveted as Delaware and homicide detective Milo Sturgis analyze each new piece of information. Terse, revealing stretches of dialogue—mainly interviews with people who knew Devane—pull the reader deeper into the book. The whodunit cleverly evolves into a whydunit. This is a mystery novel Ross Macdonald would have loved.

GIFT BOOKS

Jackie Robinson: An Intimate Portrait (Abrams), by Rachel Robinson with Lee Daniels: Baseball fans will get a rare look at the great Robinson through his widow's candid memories. The images in this illustrated book are a remarkable portfolio of a man and a time.

Marvel Universe (Abrams), by Peter Sanderson: This follow-up to the successful 50th anniversary history focuses on the "biographies" of Marvel's comic-book legends, including the X-Men, the Hulk, Spider-Man and the Fantastic Four. A terrific tribute to the genius of creator Stan Lee.

The King on the Road: Elvis Live on Tour 1954–1977 (St. Martin's), by Robert Gordon: From the Graceland archives come almost 200 color and black-and-white photographs (many never seen before) of the Memphis phenom on tour. This book charts Elvis' transformation from a novelty to the king of rock and roll.

Crazy Sexy Cool (Little Brown), designed by Fred Woodward: Celebrity photography at its most provocative, with plenty of sex and silliness. More than 100 stars—including Alicia Silverstone, Jennifer Aniston, Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt, Keanu Reeves, Drew Barrymore, Melanie Griffith, Nicole Kidman, Kim Basinger, Sandra Bullock, Michael J. Fox, Madonna, Gwyneth Paltrow and David Schwimmer—shed their clothes and/or inhibitions for the camera.

A holiday feast for the eyes.

Kellerman gives a clinic and Ford takes us to the fights.

The Fights (Chronicle), edited by Richard Ford: Novelist and former Golden Gloves boxer Ford has picked some knockout writers—A.J. Liebling, James Baldwin, Jimmy Cannon and William Nack—to accompany these stark duotone photographs. The photos, taken for the *New York Daily News* by Charles Hoff, depict boxing matches between 1935 and 1966 and serve as a brutal visual complement to Ford's own description of being hit in the face.

The Illustrated Brief History of Time (Bantam), by Stephen Hawking: Admit it. Even with Hawking's lucid explanations, a few fine points of his 1988 science classic escaped you. The expanded, illustrated edition includes new photos from the Hubble telescope, computer-generated images of the fourth dimension and illustrations of how a black hole occurs. This time you might get it.

Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia (DK Publications), by John Clute: If you're not a science fiction buff, this elegant, entertaining book will make you one. It is an excellent reference work that profiles more than 100 sf writers and offers detailed histories of science fiction literature and films. It is also a beautifully designed book, with more than a thousand color illustrations.

Northwest Passage (Aperture), photographs and log by Robert Glenn Ketchum; commentary by Barry Lopez: In 1994 photographer and environmentalist Ketchum set out from Greenland on a journey few have ever completed—a trek through the hazardous Arctic waterways to the Pacific. His ship, the *Itasca*, also transported a small helicopter, which Ketchum used to capture aerial views of ethereal lights and icy landscapes that are forbidding and beautiful.

The Lost Artwork of Hollywood (Billboard Books/Watson-Guptill), by Fred Basten: Prior to 1950, studios wooed theater owners with splashy ads in *Daily Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. It was how Hollywood moguls got their films noticed before publicity campaigns. This collection of movie trade advertising by illustrators such as Al Hirschfeld, Alberto Vargas and Norman Rockwell is commercial art you won't forget.

Fuck You Heroes (Burning Flags Press), photographs by Glen Friedman: These photos, taken between 1976 and 1991, are the perfect gift for your surliest loved one. Skate-boarders, Henry Rollins, the Beastie Boys and Chuck D all make vivid appearances.

Football America Celebrating Our National Pastime (Turner Publishing), text by Phil Barber and Ray Didinger: The companion volume to the TNT TV series asks the annual fall question: What is football fever and how did so many people catch it? This volume answers with a twist, covering Gallaudet University's deaf team, a Pennsylvania prison league and the only female collegiate coach. You'll get your rah-rahs out.

BOOKMARKS

Spike Lee is expected to deliver some controversial observations about the role of basketball in African American life when his *Best Seat in the House* is published next June by Crown. Lee received nearly half a million dollars for his thoughts. . . . **David Hajdu's** *Lush Life: A Biography of Billy Strayhorn* has been optioned for the screen by *Time*'s **Jay Cocks** and producer **Irwin Winkler. Duke Ellington's** musical collaborator was a gay man in the macho world of jazz. . . . **Martin Cruz Smith** has written the screenplay for a TV version of his novel *Red Square*, to be shot in Germany. And veteran screenwriter **Ted Tally** will adapt Smith's latest novel, *Rose*, for a Miramax production. . . . Although the ballyhooed Dreamworks SKG has yet to put a movie on the screen, it is generating books about its famous owners. *Entertainment Weekly* writer **Gregg Kilday** is working on an unauthorized tome about the creation of the studio, and *Dreammaker: A Biography of Steven Spielberg* by **Joseph McBride** is due this spring.

HEALTH & FITNESS

ODE TO SOY

It's well known that a low-fat diet is likely to reduce the risk of heart disease. Turns out it may also impede prostate cancer, especially if the diet is low in animal fat and high in soy.

Asian men, who traditionally eat soy as their main source of protein, are much less likely to develop prostate cancer than meat–eating American men. And the differences don't seem to be genetic: For Asian immigrants the cancer rates shoot up fourfold within one generation. Similarly, African Americans in the U.S. have high rates (75 per 100,000), while men in West Africa (where the typical diet has little fat or meat) have a rate among the world's lowest (4 per 100,000).

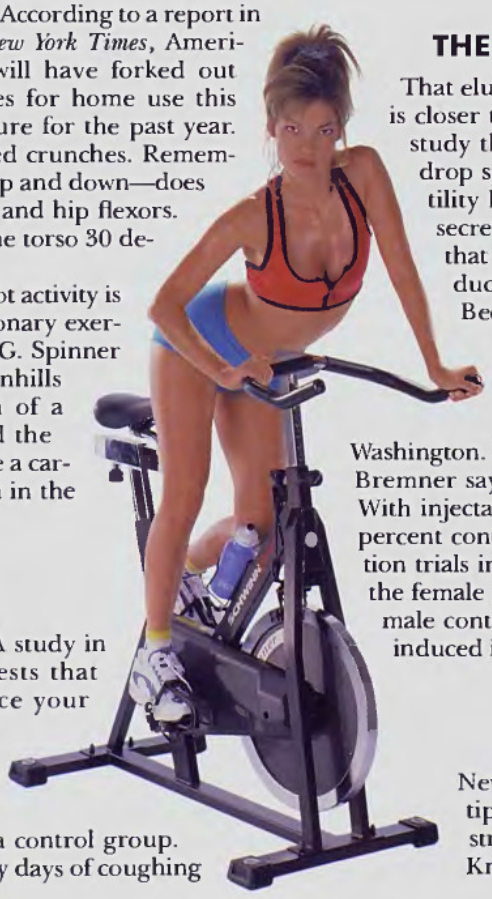
Most American men, of course, don't like the taste of soy foods such as tofu, miso or tempeh, or soy flour or soy protein drinks (sorry, soy sauce doesn't count). But when you consider the other evidence presented at the recent Soy Symposium in Brussels—as little as 25 grams of soy, or two tablespoons of soy powder, can lower "bad" cholesterol, raise "good" cholesterol, strengthen bones and prevent heart disease and stroke—you may learn to love it.

Are you a gut nut? Got an obsession? "Let out the stomach," pleads one fitness maverick. "Push out the tension."

AB FAB OR FAD?

We like good abs as much as anyone. But this is getting ridiculous. Washboards used to be for washing underwear—not selling it. Spare us another $59.95 three-minute-a-day gizmo that looks like two bent pipes. According to a report in *The New York Times*, Americans will have forked out $25 million on ab-building devices for home use this year—more than ten times the figure for the past year. You're just as well off doing inclined crunches. Remember, 200 macho sit-ups—bouncing up and down—does little more than exercise the thighs and hip flexors. Keep your chin straight and raise the torso 30 degrees. Go down slow.

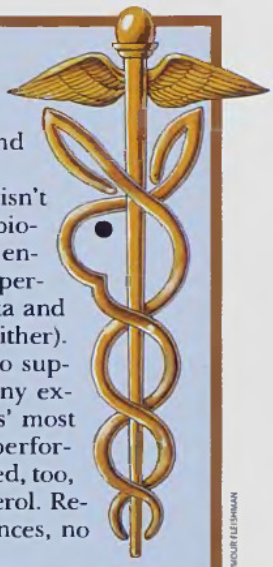
In health clubs, meanwhile, the hot activity is spinning. Soup up a bunch of stationary exercise bikes (that's Schwinn's Johnny G. Spinner at right) to simulate uphills, downhills and straightaways with the touch of a finger. Add a lively trainer to lead the pack through its paces and you have a cardio workout that leaves Jane Fonda in the dust.



AH-AH-AH-ZINC!

Got a winter cold? Think zinc. A study in *Annals of Internal Medicine* suggests that lozenges containing zinc can slice your sniffletime dramatically. Cold sufferers who sucked a lozenge fortified with the essential mineral every two hours got well in 4.4 days, compared with 7.6 days for a control group. The lozenge group had half as many days of coughing and one third as many of sore throat. While you're awaiting confirmation of these findings, you may want to try over-the-counter zinc gluconate lozenges (such as Cold-Eeze). For best results, start taking the lozenges at the first miserable series of sneezes. But stay away from zinc megadose tablets—too much can be toxic.

DR. PLAYBOY



SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

Q.: I just read that best-seller *The Zone*. Is it true that carbs are out and protein is in?

A.: Author Barry Sears says food isn't just food—it's a high-octane mix of biochemicals that will kick you into an enchanted "zone" where all systems are permanently on go. The villains are pasta and grains (primitive man did fine with neither).

There is little empirical evidence to support Sears' complex theory, and many experts dispute the carb bashers. Sears' most impressive data come from high-performance athletes—is that you? Be warned, too, that this diet can lead to high cholesterol. Remember, with all our genetic differences, no diet works for everyone.

By the way, postholiday crash diets are a bad idea. A test at the USDA's human nutrition center in San Francisco cut calories in half for 12 overweight volunteers. Twelve weeks later their natural killer cells—essential for fighting viral infections and tumors—had plunged 35 percent. Do it slow, says the doctor. This month's virtue: patience.

THE PILL—FOR MEN

BUC ROGERS

That elusive male contraceptive pill is closer to reality, thanks to a pilot study that used oral hormones to drop sperm counts below the fertility level. The pill inhibits the secretion of pituitary hormones that prompt the testicles to produce sperm and testosterone. Because the pill replaces testosterone, users should be normal in all ways except in the potential for paternity, according to Dr. William Bremner, professor and vice chairman of the department of medicine at the University of Washington. "In our experimental group of eight men," Dr. Bremner says, "there were no side effects from the pill." With injectable hormones, the same formula achieved 97 percent contraceptive efficacy in World Health Organization trials involving several hundred men. That's close to the female pill and leaves condoms, the most widely used male contraceptive method, far behind. And hormone-induced infertility seems fully reversible, Bremner says.

BODY BITS

New to the gym? Too buff to ask questions? Our tip of the month is *Big Bob's Workout* book—it's straightforward, fun and useful. Order it from the Knowledge Shoppe, only $14.95 at 888-724-0078.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Bill Gates beat me to the punch a few years ago. He made billions by creating Microsoft Corp. while I was making 50 cents an hour as a freelance writer in Chicago. Which leads to a crucial question: How many moneymaking opportunities have I passed by? How many times have other folks invented cash cows for their wealth and glory while I sat around like a motley fool, picking my nose and counting my toes?

Take Steve Jobs, for example. He helped start Apple Computer during the years I was working on my racquetball game. Jobs made a fortune; I hurt my knees and can't run anymore. To add insult to gimpiness, I also lost the remainder of my membership dues when the sports club closed without warning or refund.

It gets worse: The Internet first became popular just about the time I was dating a truly cute woman with a strawberry smile and devious eyes. She loved me in spite of myself, and she is still around, thank goodness. But she will never be able to pay me the millions of dollars I might have made had I tended to business and got in on the ground floor of the Internet. I understand that I can't sue her for distracting me (because love is love and all that sappy stuff). But sometimes I tend to be confused about the subject.

Talk radio grew into a huge business recently. And what was I doing? Watching the O.J. Simpson trial, working out on my treadmill and reading books about aliens.

I knew that, as Marlon Brando said in *On the Waterfront*, I could have been a contender. All I had to do was make a hard right turn in my politics and jump onto the ultraconservative media track. But, as usual, I stayed somewhere in the middle of the road, able to see both sides of too many questions, and I let the other guys make the outrageous bucks. Did it soothe my conscience? Let me put it this way: I now see my conscience as a small furry animal that should be shot at sunrise.

I may be a latecomer for fortune's carnival ride, but I really want to get into an entrepreneurial gig. I want to retire to Maui, lie in a hammock under a palm tree and smoke illegal substances while getting warm-oil massages from beach babes. Such is my dream, anyway. I fantasize that I will think of some dazzling

MITCH O'DONNELL

TITS & ASSETS, INC.

business endeavor today, put it in play tomorrow and take the money and run by the weekend.

My latest idea could make me rich, however, so check it out. What I want to do, with your help, is initiate a series of topless female franchises.

Please don't reject this concept without thinking about it. We live in an age where female toplessness has been relegated to certain isolated locations and professions. You have your strip clubs and table dancers, your massage parlors and nude beaches. There is a meager supply of breastworks and an incredible demand for them, so you know that this one could be a winner. Wouldn't our lives as men be warmer, kinder, gentler and happier if there were more naked female breasts around? I know it's a sensitive subject. But so what? We will let all offended wenches picket us unhindered—we'll need the publicity.

I can see it now. I'll form a national franchising company called Tits & Assets, Inc. I'll think of all the services men employ that could use a little spicing up. I'll be the chief executive officer, which means I will be responsible for taking the measurements and giving the physical exams.

This idea of mine is so hot! We will certainly infiltrate every profession by the year 2002, I promise. Here is my target list, for starters:

Topless female dentists. Had enough of fear and trembling in the dentist's chair? Too much nitrous oxide got you down? Go to a topless dentist and experience the kind of pain relief you never imagined you could find there.

Topless TV anchorwomen, weather forecasters and talk-show hosts. Television is a wasteland today, and this concept of mine would shake up the networks. Let's have some new, uh, faces on-screen. We're all fair-minded guys, so if Diane Sawyer, Kathie Lee Gifford, Joan Lunden, Valerie Voss and Oprah Winfrey want to audition for these slots, we'll let them. But they'd better be good!

Topless tax accountants. I would sure like some nice globes to look at while I try to match contributions with deductions. This could be what a taxpayer's revolt really needs. The IRS usually wins by boring the crap out of us with 10,000 pages of tax code. Throw some sweet nipples in there and let's see what happens.

Topless human resource directors. Personally, I think this one might be the best idea of the lot. Call it knockers for losers or tits for nits. Since men are being laid off at an astonishingly high rate, why shouldn't they have something nice to stare at during those insipid outsourcing interviews? After all, it might be the last time the workplace gives them anything.

Topless beach volleyball players. We see them all the time on the tube. They are tall women, rangy and tough, and they could spike you through the mattress. Don't you sometimes wonder about these amazons? Tits & Assets, Inc. will help you find out!

Topless magazine staffers. How could I ignore the women I work with? Only yesterday, one of them stopped me by the fax machine and charged me with doing nothing but degrading women in my work. I don't buy that sort of accusation for a minute. I told her that she may not realize it, but I feel a lot of pressure producing a *Men* column every month, even at a fun place like PLAYBOY. A guy can get really tense and lonely sometimes, I said, and there's nothing like a happy set of hooters to brighten the day. Then she hit me with a solid right hook to the jaw, which gave me another idea: *Topless female boxers!*

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm not saying, not at all, that this is going to be my last column. I'm sure there are plenty of things I might yet write about. If you don't panic, I won't.

Last year at this time I was in Australia on a book tour. During a million interviews, I had to keep talking about myself, which is somewhat less fun than you may think.

"So, is there a man in your life?" I was asked 42,000 times.

And God help me, I told them all about the man in my life. I made an entire human being into shtick. "Yeah, he's a construction worker. You may not know it, but women are into rough trade now. It's the latest thing." I even made a game attempt to extrapolate and explain this relationship as a bona fide sociological phenomenon:

"Because women are no longer defined by their men, no longer evaluated by the company we keep, we no longer need men who make more money than we do or have superior social standing. We just need someone with a good heart who likes animals." At the time this seemed like a sound theory. Sure, I was flying in the face of the human biological imperative, but what the hell.

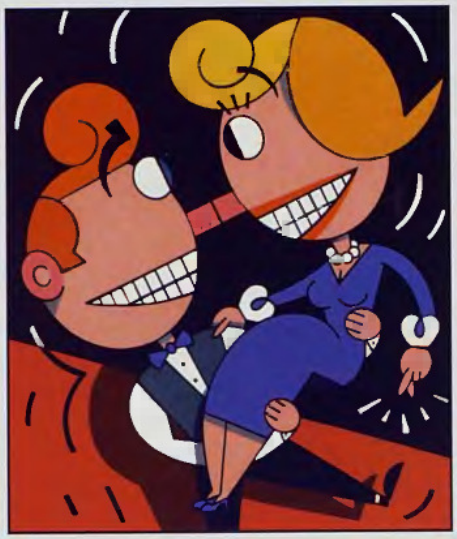
I got home from Australia and broke up with the construction worker and got a good half a dozen columns out of it, plus many delightful hours of postmortem coffee talk with my girlfriends.

Then I met another guy and immediately went to England on a book tour. Again every interviewer wanted not only the broad outlines of my romantic life but every nuance as well. I trotted out my "meet cute" story for radio, TV and print, a story that, trust me, by the third time you hear it will make you just as nauseated as I was.

My English girlfriends were riveted by the new romance, especially since this guy seemed to send e-mail with every third breath. The e-mail was, of course, read, cataloged, cross-indexed and exhaustively analyzed by the girls. Three dinners alone were spent on e-mail number seven, in which the L word reared its ugly head.

"This is so wonderful. I am living through you vicariously," said Gillian. "I don't think my pulse rate has been this high in years. When you're married you don't get to discuss your sex life or the L word or *anything* with your girlfriends."

(Gillian got married five years ago. Before she married Gilbert I was privy to everything. Gilbert couldn't say "Not tonight, poppet, I have a headache" without my hearing of it within 15 minutes. If Gillian had to, she'd call me from the bathroom.)



COMPLICITY, HE SAID

"Well, Gillian, how is married life? Are you two happy?" I asked.

"We're perfectly fine," she said quellingly, giving me the hairy eyeball.

Fortunately for my writing life, my new romantic interest turned out to be, not to put too fine a point on it, an utter creep. Oh, the columns about the fights! The interminable two A.M. conferences with friends!

"I feel like I'm piloting this ship alone," I said to Woodrow, a pal I met on the Well, which is an online BBS for writers and other creative nut jobs. Woodrow writes columns for the alternative press, like I do. When I'd see what he wrote on this BBS, I'd invariably die laughing. We exchanged scads of e-mail, and when my relationship with creepboy started crashing and burning we spent hours on the phone.

"Get out now, leave everything, don't pack even an overnight case!" he would shout. He took to calling at two A.M. (Pacific time) just to make sure that I hadn't overdosed or anything, and I would tell him everything. One night I was sniffling and hiccuping from a recent sobbing frenzy.

"The thing is, pumpkin," Woodrow said, "good relationships should be based on *complicity*, and yours isn't."

Complicity? This was an entirely new concept. Sure, I'd fantasized that someday I'd find someone and it would be the two of us against the world, the dream team taking on all comers. But the only time I'd experienced such a dynamic was as a mother. My son and I constantly watch each other's backs and bring each other chicken soup.

But complicity with a lover? Nah. In my universe, lovers were more like enemies. There were inevitable power struggles, infidelities, those hideous commitment conversations, the withholding of love or sex or both, plus the ever-popular I-don't-care-about-you-as-much-as-you-care-about-me dynamic. To me, complicity meant hanging with my girlfriends, plotting various relationship maneuvers.

Complicity, huh? That must be why married people are so markedly mute. They are involved in something that has nothing to do with these bloody sieges I call romance. Instead of emotional bungee jumping, these people are doing loyalty, compassion and trust. How goofy is *that*?

"You interest me strangely with that complicity word," I told Woodrow, then made arrangements to actually meet him, put a face to the voice, spend an afternoon careening around Acres of Books in Long Beach, California.

We're married now. I took one look at him, gasped and melted into a puddle. After 12 hours together we kissed for the first time. Oh my God. Then I sped home at 90 miles an hour to make the phone call to formally break up with Mr. Wrong.

Woodrow and I drove to Vegas barely a month later, braving the stark consternation of my single friends, who fear that I will lose my touch for determining the precise reason why the latest guy said he would call and then disappeared.

But I won't lose my touch. I've been in the trenches with my gal pals much too long. I just won't be talking about my relationship that way, not anymore, not to anybody.

Not even to you.

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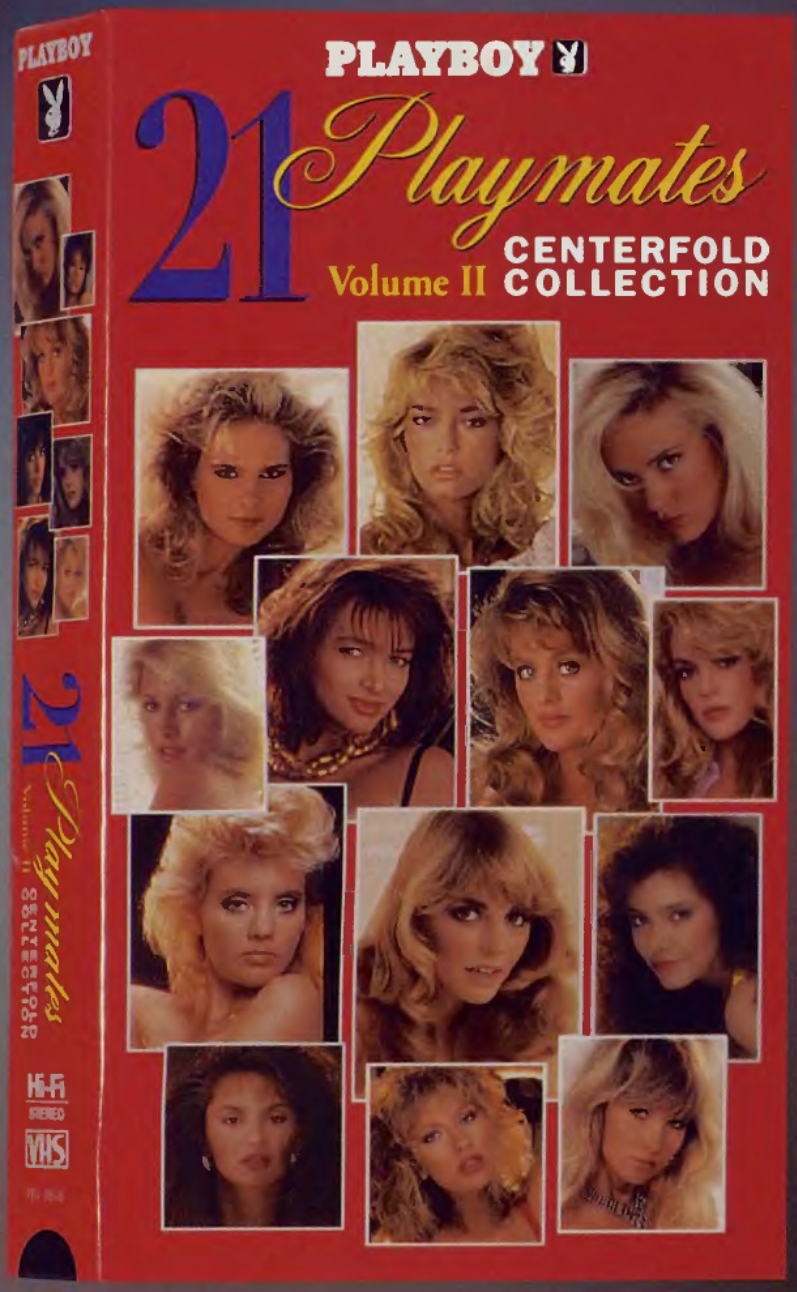

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently a couple wrote the Advisor asking why sex felt better after they shaved their pubic hair. Years ago, my husband shaved his genitals, and lovemaking just wasn't the same until the hair grew back. That's because one of my favorite parts of foreplay is when he slides his erection back and forth on my belly while I wrap my legs around his lower back. His rocking causes the hair on his testicles to tickle my clitoris, vaginal lips and anus. If he lowers his pelvis a bit, the weight of his testicles feels warm and comforting, like a blanket between my legs. He could probably make me come just by swinging his testicles, but I don't think he has the willpower because he always slides inside me after a few minutes. Have you ever heard of this move?—P.K., Baltimore, Maryland

Sure. It's called the clacker or the pendulum fuck. It's not hard, but it does take balls.

When my husband and I heard that Whitehall-Robins was going to stop making the Today contraceptive sponge, we went to Canada and purchased a year's supply. But when we went back a few months ago, the sponge no longer was available there, either. This is truly depressing. The sponge is comfortable, easy to use and reliable, at least as much as the diaphragm, which is what we're stuck with now. I'd go a long way to be able to use it again. How far, you ask? Do they sell the sponge in Asia?—R.S., Detroit, Michigan

No need for that. A Canadian pharmaceutical company, Axcan Ltd., has introduced a sponge that it says works better than Today. Sold over the counter in Canada, Protectaid is made of polyurethane foam and filled with low concentrates of three spermicides. Axcan says this formula causes less vaginal irritation than the nonoxynol 9 used in Today, which, in turn, makes it more efficient at preventing sexually transmitted diseases. According to early tests, the moistened Protectaid sponge is 90 percent effective in preventing pregnancy (compared with a failure rate of up to 28 percent for Today). At the Toronto office of Planned Parenthood, where some of the staff and many clients have used Protectaid, the only complaint so far is that the device can be tricky to remove. The organization recommends using Protectaid with a condom to ensure maximum protection against disease. Axcan hopes to secure FDA approval to sell the sponge in the U.S. within two years.

Years ago I had little or no interest in sex. In the past couple of years I have gradually come out of my shell and started to enjoy it, especially after my husband bought me a vibrator. Now I'm having fantasies about sleeping with another person. I met a woman through a newspaper dating service, and we have talked on the phone several times and plan to meet for lunch soon. We are both new to this and extremely nervous. She seems kind and gentle, but I can't help this incredible feeling of guilt, like I'm cheating on my husband. What should I do?—T.R., Portland, Oregon

You've come a long way, baby. Talk with your husband about the situation; if he's the type of guy who will buy you a vibrator to help you explore your sexuality, he's probably the type who will understand your fantasies. Although nothing has developed beyond a lunch date, you are deceiving him by detouring your sexual life around him. You also need to be clear about your intentions: Are you simply fulfilling a fantasy, or are you looking for something more?

Do you know anything about hiring strippers via the World Wide Web? Apparently there's software that allows you to watch them on your screen and have them do whatever you ask. Is this for real, or just cyberhype?—R.S., San Diego, California

It's called video teleconferencing, and it's the same technology business executives use to participate in faraway meetings. At last count there were more than 125 strip clubs on the Web (for a list, point your browser to www.yahoo.com/Business_and_Economy/Companies/Sex/Conferencing). Before a stripper lands on your screen to respond to your typed instructions or voice commands, you must connect your computer to the club, download its viewing software and provide your credit card number. Like traditional gentlemen's clubs, the online variety are usually overdesigned eyesores with corny names (Babes4U, Cyberpeep, StripperNet) and a gaggle of "eager" women waiting to "serve your every need." A stripper at one site even offers tips on how to be a good customer: "(1) Introduce yourself. It's always nice to know who I'm with. (2) Ask me to do something silly like holding up three fingers to prove this is real. (3) Tell me to take off my clothes. I love working in the nude! (4) Zoom in for a close-up. (5) Tell me what you want me to do. I love hot chat!" The downside, of course, is the price, which starts in the neighborhood of $5 a minute. Don't waste any time playing with your mouse.

My girlfriend and I were watching an adult video when it stated, "This product and all graphical materials associated with it are exempt from the requirements of 18 U.S.C. Section 2257 because all visual depictions of sexually explicit conduct appearing therein were made before July 3, 1995." What gives?—R.R., San Francisco, California

Since that date, the producers of adult books, videos and magazines have been required to record the legal names, birth dates and pseudonyms of their models and performers for inspection by the FBI or Attorney General's office. The producers must also publish the street address of their record keeper. It's part of an amendment to the Child Protection Act championed by Senator Jesse Helms. That any minors are protected by the amendment is unlikely—if you made child pornography, would you be concerned about Uncle Sam's paperwork demands? Publishers such as Brenda Loew of the sex magazine "Eidos" have refused to comply, arguing that the act is an invasion of privacy and that revealing her address would jeopardize her safety. As with most laws designed to control sex, the statute is vague. If a mouth is reaching for an erection but not touching it, is that "actual" sex or "simulated" sex (which is exempted from the act)? Or how about photos that appear with the personals in some adult magazines? Having to send your birth certificate to a stranger kind of kills the appeal of an anonymous ad.

My boyfriend is always asking me to touch myself during sex. He says it really turns him on, but I find it awkward. Why does this excite him so much? About the last thing I'd want to do is watch him beat off.—R.T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Are you sure? Ask him to make himself hard the next time he climbs out of the shower, and then measure your reaction. Besides enjoying the show, guys love watching a woman masturbate, fondle her breasts or run her hands up and down her body because it provides them with a sense of erotic accomplishment. To turn a lover on feels great, but to turn her on so much that she has to touch

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

herself—now there's a reason to notch the bedpost. As one sex expert put it years ago, "A woman who indulges in autoerotism during sex is saying, 'What you're doing to me feels so good that I have to do something to me, too.'" It's like scoring twice on the same play.

I want to get my nipples pierced as an anniversary present to my wife. What's the pain factor? And do the rings have to be worn all the time, or can they be taken out once in a while?—C.K., Phoenix, Arizona

The piercing should take only a second, but it will hurt, though—if not during, then after. One friend who had both nipples pierced said the worst moment was after the first and before the second, because he knew what was coming. Another rated it more painful than a shot in the arm but less than a hand in the car door. For a week after the piercing, your nipples will be especially tender. You will have to wear rings (easier to clean) or barbells (more comfortable for some people) for four to six months during the healing phase. An additional three to six months is necessary before the jewelry can be removed without the holes closing. On the other hand, there are rewards: Piercings can enhance the already sensitive areolae and nipples, or at least entice your partner to play with them more ("pull here, honey"). Your nipples will also probably remain erect. One writer described the procedure as "paving a four-lane expressway between my tit and the pleasure center of my brain." If you decide to travel that route, choose an experienced piercing artist. For more information, visit Anne Greenblatt's Piercing FAQ on the Web at www.cs.ruu.nl/wais/html/nadir/bodyart/.html.

After buying a standard black tuxedo, I decided on a wing-collar shirt. Should the collar be shown in front of or behind the bow tie?—T.R., Cleveland, Ohio

Behind. It looks better, and you could hurt someone with those things.

My girlfriend and I have been together for a year and a half, and lately we've been fighting every day. She has to know where I am, who I'm with, what time I come home and the answers to another 1000 questions that go with it. I tell her to take it easy, but she says she doesn't see any harm in asking questions. The situation has become much tougher in the past couple of months since several other women have piqued my interest. They are as beautiful as and probably more mature than the woman I'm with. What should I do? Keep in mind that I still love my girlfriend.—N.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Have you considered an electronic monitoring system? Or maybe you should just give your girlfriend one of those Magic 8 Balls—the YES, NO, MAYBE *type. We never thought interrogation was the secret to intimacy. On the other hand, your lover's suspicions are not unfounded. Decide what you want and follow your interest.*

I have an unusual problem. Whenever I'm making love and about to climax, I begin to laugh. Sometimes it is a huge belly laugh, sometimes just a chuckle. The more intense the orgasm, the louder I laugh. My reaction makes it difficult to keep partners. No matter how hard I try to explain, they think I'm laughing at them. I've tried everything I know to keep quiet, including pinching myself and stuffing socks in my mouth. I am now seeing a woman I'm crazy about, but I'm hesitant to make love to her. What should I do?—N.N., Sacramento, California

We can understand that your lovers would question your situation, but many people report spontaneous laughter, yawning, sneezing, crying or sighing during orgasm—reactions consistent with the release of tension. Because your laughter is persistent, you may suffer from gelous seizures, which are triggered by the wave of pleasurable impulses that spreads through your nervous system during climax (a related condition is gelasmus, or hysterical laughter). Neurologists typically diagnose the condition after a brain scan and control it with prescription drugs. If you don't expect your current relationship to lead into the bedroom immediately, hold off on sex until you can see a doctor and have the last laugh.

What is the worker's position?—K.A., Oakland, California

We've heard it described as any position in which you're being screwed. But according to Brenda Venus, author of "Seduction Secrets for Women," it's similar to making spoons. Instead of both partners curling together on their sides, only the man does while the woman lies on her back. She lifts the leg closest to her partner and places it over his pelvis. Lying on his side, he puts his top leg between her legs, then slides inside her. If the coordinates are right, he should be able to kiss and suck on one of her breasts as he thrusts. Venus says it's called the worker's position because it allows you to rest after a long day.

I enjoyed your reply to the reader who wondered what makes a great kiss. But what about that old standby, the French kiss? My girlfriend says she hates the feeling of my tongue in her mouth. What am I doing wrong?—T.R., Atlanta, Georgia

A common complaint among women is that men soul-kiss them (as the French call it) by shoving in their tongues unexpectedly, turning what should be a penetrating moment into a sloppy mistake. The tongue kiss should be slow and delicate and should happen naturally rather than being forced. Use the tip of your tongue to gently explore her lips, teeth and tongue. Don't dart in and out, and don't extend so far that you lose control. Circle the tip of her tongue with the tip of your own, then chase it. As the kiss becomes more passionate, lick the sides, underside and top of her tongue. Extend your tongue farther only after she's noticeably aroused—or when she's kissing you back so passionately you have no choice.

A few months back *Time* reported a development in the field of tissue engineering: A mouse with a human ear growing out of its back was used to demonstrate the possibility that ears, pieces of skin and noses could be grown to replace damaged ones. That article got me thinking. Could tissue engineering be used for penis enlargement? If so, it would be the most lucrative medical procedure since heart surgery.—P.F., Tacoma, Washington

If you're having trouble reading the words scientific breakthrough without thinking of your penis, we suggest counseling. We're encouraged, though, by the idea that tissue engineering could someday allow physicians to regenerate penises for boys born with deformities or for men who lose theirs in accidents or unfortunate domestic disputes. You don't frighten us, Lorena.

Occasionally the Advisor will mention people with offbeat sexual tastes, such as the guy who liked watching women smoke. Do fetishes have scientific names, as phobias and medical conditions do? What would a sex scientist call a man who lusts after smokers?—R.T., Seattle, Washington

Inside the lab, he's a capnolagnist. Outside, he's the guy who always has a light. One of our favorite parts of Brenda Love's "Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices" is the glossary, where we learned scientific names for sexual preferences such as acrotomophilia (amputees), actirasy (sunlight), antholagnia (smelling flowers), ecdemolagnia (traveling), gregomulcia (being fondled in a crowd), harpaxophilia (being robbed), hirsutophilia (armpit hair), moriaphilia (telling dirty jokes), odontophilia (dental work), pygotripsis (rubbing someone's buttocks) and tripsolagnia (having your hair shampooed). Scrabble, anyone?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

JAILBAIT

politicians dust off old sex laws to combat teen pregnancy

It takes a statistic.

For decades politicians and fundamentalists have railed against teen pregnancy. Births to unwed mothers are epidemic, they charge, the result of promiscuity, our permissive society, sex, drugs and rock and roll.

Conservatives stare at the reproductive organs of teenage girls, pencil in hand. In 1993, columnist George Will passed along these figures: "This year 10 million teenagers will engage in 126 million acts of sexual intercourse resulting in more than 1 million pregnancies, 406,000 abortions, 134,000 miscarriages and 490,000 births, about 64 percent (313,000) of them illegitimate. In 1988, 11,000 American babies were born to females under 15. In 1990, 32 percent of ninth-grade females (ages 14 and 15) had had sexual intercourse. Seventeen percent of 12th-grade girls had had four or more partners."

It's difficult to tell which number bothered him most. Will and other conservatives bemoan the social cost of teen pregnancy. They see sexually active girls as future welfare queens, but are strangely silent on the role of sexually active males, at most saying that boys are unfit or unready for fatherhood. The typical villains are the philosophy of hedonism and the sexual revolution.

The conservative case is fraught with contradictions. Sex education should focus on abstinence; any other form of birth control condoned sex or was deemed impossible. The two researchers who fed Will his figures declared: "Adolescents who cannot remember to hang up their bath towels may be just as unlikely to use contraceptives." Abortion was never an option.

Last year the debate changed dramatically. A study by the Alan Guttmacher Institute revealed that not all teens were wrestling in the backseat with other teens. More than half of teenage mothers (ages 15 to 17) were impregnated by men over the age of 20.

Suddenly the boy next door, a few years older, was demonized as a sexual predator. Politicians, without taking an objective look, now view teen mothers not as sluts or parasites but as victims.

California governor Pete Wilson saw a way to turn antiwelfare sentiments into a sex-crime crusade. He dusted off California's law against statutory rape and set aside $8.4 million to prosecute men who engage in sex with teenage girls. "I have this message," Wilson said. "It's not just wrong, not just a shame. It's a crime called statutory rape. It's not macho to get a teenager pregnant. But if you lack the decency to understand that yourself, we'll give you a year to think about it in the county jail."

California lawmakers saw a chance to get tough on crime and immediately ratcheted up penalties: a second-time offender can be locked up for nine years and face $25,000 in fines. Other states joined in the stampede. Washington, New York, Georgia and Florida drafted tougher laws or ordered strict enforcement of existing statutes.

Time described the trend with this headline: PUTTING THE JAIL IN JAILBAIT.

The rush to punish allowed politicians to stereotype: Women are helpless victims of male aggression, men are callous seducers who abandon their vulnerable targets. These stock characters are as old as our age-of-consent laws.

Until the end of the last century, the age of consent was ten. Marriage between older, established males and younger females was more than common. No one spoke of predatory males or jailbait. Beginning in the 1880s, feminists fought to raise the age of consent to protect female innocence. The crusade was based on the idea that men were "vicious"—i.e., possessed of depraved sexual appetites—while women were virtuous and asexual. Leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union urged that "the age at which a girl can legally consent to her own ruin be raised to at least 18 years." The campaign was spectacularly successful. The resulting laws currently range from 14 in Hawaii and Pennsylvania to 18 in 14 other states.

The obvious gender bias and stereotyping of women as sexually pure or as helpless victims made these laws objectionable to feminists in the Sixties, Seventies and Eighties who did not see sex as the road to ruin. Many jurisdictions allowed the age-of-consent laws to languish. Females were as capable as males of lust, and they were deemed capable of making sexual choices, even bad ones.

Now the call for protection is heard once again. The justification this time around is that girls can't sufficiently envision the long-range consequences of their actions and can't effectively consent to becoming mothers.

ARBITRARY LAWS

In 1965 researchers at the Institute for Sex Research studied sex offenders. They tried to distinguish between crimes based on violence and

By STEPHANIE GOLDBERG

coercion and those produced by changing standards. Their findings questioned the arbitrariness of age-of-consent laws:

"There is great danger in assuming, as we do, that maturity can be accurately calibrated in years. If we insist that sociosexual activity be restricted to the emotionally and intellectually mature, we should logically withhold permission from vast numbers of individuals aged beyond the magic 21. In our culture, whether a given type of sexual behavior is permissible or not depends largely on the age of the participants: Virginity in a teenager is laudable, whereas in a 40-year-old it is pathological. If John, aged 21, has an affair with the 30-year-old divorcée who works in Joe's Bar, society remains indifferent. But if John has an affair with a 16- or 17-year-old, the picture is quite different: Now society does not look upon him as merely a sower of wild oats or a lucky man. John is now a corrupter of youth, an affront to morality and a statutory rapist."

The Kinsey researchers also warned of the hidden consequences of laws that ignore the past: "Until this century, when we artificially protracted childhood, the 16-year-old female was considered sufficiently mature, intellectually and emotionally, to function as an adult member of society. We forget that in treating teenagers as children we encourage them to behave as children."

Look at the accompanying age-of-consent breakdown. Are girls in Hawaii more responsible at 14 than are 18-year-old girls in Arkansas? Do laws or upbringing accomplish the goal of adulthood? Representatives of the Washington, D.C.–based Progressive Foundation—one of the groups drawing attention to the male-predator blueprint—admitted: "There has been no effort—at either the national or state level—to examine the adequacy and effectiveness of policies and statutes designed to deal with predatory sexual activity directed at young females."

Actually, our nation has had a great deal of experience with sex laws. Not surprisingly, some observers warned that jailbait laws might be used selectively—to punish minority men. Or that a weapon that drew on an old prejudice—against unwed teenage mothers living in poverty—might touch others.

In the wake of Governor Wilson's declaration of war, California prosecutors said that they would file charges only in cases where the accused is an adult and the accuser is 13 years or younger or where there is more than a three-year age difference between the father and the mother. Two San Diego cases showed a distinct double standard: A 19-year-old cabinetmaker was prosecuted for bedding his 13-year-old girlfriend. The girl wanted to get married. The age difference appears shocking, but was he predatory? The attorney pointed out that both came from a rural part of Mexico where such mismatched romances are not uncommon. The cabinetmaker pleaded guilty to a felony.

On the same day in the same court, a 51-year-old lawyer was charged with a misdemeanor for having sex with a 15-year-old.

The sentencing seems arbitrary and discriminatory. Because cooler heads prevailed, the cabinetmaker received a suspended sentence, and the lawyer was sentenced to one year in jail. In San Diego, most of the defendants in statutory rape cases are represented by public defenders (i.e., they are poor). A spokesperson for the district attorney's office revealed that men who impregnate young women had been targeted "because the children resulting from these unions are most likely to wind up later in the juvenile and adult criminal justice system."

But age difference does not produce criminal offspring. Older men have always fathered children with younger women. A story in *The Denver Post* pointed out that in 1920, 93 percent of babies born to underage mothers were fathered by adults. The adults happened to be husbands. Their children were not more likely to end up in the criminal justice system. The overall rate of teen pregnancy has not changed in the past century; what has changed is the rate of illegitimate births. Prosecuting unwed or absentee fathers as predators ignores an important trend: Men have been pushed out of the equation. Feminists who a hundred years ago would have asked for protection have for the past few decades argued that children do not need fathers, that women do not have to put up with "the untidiness and other burdens they associate with married life in order to have children." And publicity that focuses on a few cases of pregnant 13-year-olds—where abuse is clear—taints the real phenomenon of teen pregnancy. Most births to teen mothers are to older teens. In 1993, for example, of 514,000 births in the U.S. to teens, about 13,000 were to girls under the age of 15; 191,000 were to females 15 to 17 years of age; and 311,000 were to women 18 and 19.

Statutory rape laws that bring the father into the equation only as a criminal do not seem the wisest course. Far from being predators, some of the men targeted by this law may be as luckless as their partners.

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Below, a state breakdown, grouped by the respective ages of consent:

14: Hawaii, Pennsylvania

15: Colorado, South Carolina

16: Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming

17: Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, New York, Texas

18: Alaska, Arkansas, Arizona, California, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Mississippi, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Wisconsin

WHAT TEENAGERS WANT

Going All the Way: Teenaged Girls Talk of Sex, Romance and Pregnancy, a book by Sharon Thompson, presents anecdotal evidence that suggests some girls want to get pregnant. Thompson interviewed 400 teenage girls from diverse backgrounds and discovered that those who had the bleakest futures saw love, sex, marriage and pregnancy as intertwined. They sought out older men for security—men who were out in the world, held jobs and theoretically would be the best providers. That fam-

ily and responsibility aren't on the guy's mind may not occur to the girl who wants her "first love, first sex and first pregnancy" to last forever.

Indeed, one reviewer saw the girls in Thompson's survey as calculating: "Girls talk about intercourse (which seems to be the only kind of sex that is meaningful for them) as a means to an end. Some trade virginity for 'true love,' an exchange that generally leads to victimization. Others see sexual initiation as akin to the SATs—something to get out of the way before college. And while the girls with adult male lovers generally reported enjoying sex, they, too, operated on a barter system, often swapping their erotic favors for surrogate fathering."

Peggy Orenstein saw a major irony in Thompson's girls: "In fact, those who push a so-called family-values agenda in Congress might be interested to learn that the more traditional a girl's view of sex—that is, the more she associated it with love and reproduction as opposed to desire, and the more she saw love and reproduction providing central meaning in her life—the less likely she was to protect herself against disease and pregnancy."

Should we create a crime called statutory romance? Felonious family values?

Not everyone joined Pete Wilson's crusade against so-called predatory males. Much to his dismay, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that social workers, rather than turn over unwed fathers to prosecutors, had counseled partners to marry. The governor and feminists were outraged—how could the courts force a victim to live with her abuser? How could they circumvent the age of consent? Perhaps because they saw those involved as people rather than as statistics.

Social workers had uncovered the Nineties equivalent of the shotgun: In California the age of consent is 18—unless a parent or court gives consent to marriage. Prosecutors who had complained that they could never get girls to testify against their so-called abusers—because they were in love with them—had ignored the obvious. Throw away the bombast and you could create families.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING BLUE

But puritan America has always favored punishment over empowerment. A county prosecutor in Idaho used a 76-year-old law to go after the sinful. The law states that "any unmarried person who shall have sex with an unmarried person of the opposite sex shall be found guilty of fornication."

The county prosecutor simply took the list of pregnant teenagers who had applied for welfare benefits and started having them—and their boyfriends—arrested.

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN ©

On the face of it, the action is discriminatory—the "fornicators" who didn't make a baby, or who did but received no welfare, were not nabbed.

William F. Buckley, the archconservative who has long mourned the passing of such shaming invectives as "bastard" and "illegitimate," rose to the defense of such tactics. He applauded the use of prosecutorial discretion, a doctrine that means "you can't defy the cop who stops you for speeding on the grounds that he didn't stop the other guy for speeding."

Surveys suggest that 76 percent of U.S. females have sex while they are in their teens. The average American starts having sex eight years before marriage.

The Idaho prosecutor is going after only the young and the poor. The message: We don't care that you're poor, so long as you don't reproduce.

Columnist Ellen Goodman pointedly remarked that the state was not punishing sin, it was punishing a crime against the public coffers. Conservatives tend to view tax money as theirs alone—to be spent on "traditional" families, namely their families.

"What kind of message would we send if we tolerated sex between children?" the local sheriff asked. "We would be saying, 'We condone your promiscuousness, and if you get pregnant and you're 14 years old, the citizens will pay for your mistake.' That is the wrong message to send. I believe 99 percent of the citizens in Gem County do not condone sexual activity between kids under 18. Personally, I would say 99 percent of the citizens do not condone sexual activity among unmarried people, period. There are high moral standards in Gem County."

What the sheriff fails to realize is that few, if any, of these mothers view their children as mistakes. They embrace motherhood as the one meaningful thing they will do with their lives. Those who don't listen to pleas to put off childrearing until they finish high school won't be swayed by law.

Of course, once you bring a law back from the dead, there's no telling how it will behave. A police chief in Mountain Home, Idaho demanded that one of his officers marry the woman whose child he fathered or face dismissal.

Seventeen states plus the District of Columbia still have fornication laws on the books. Before the dust settles, we may see the resurrection of scarlet letters, stocks and public dunkings.

THE JOY OF (SOLO) SEX

where did we get the idea it's wrong?

By CHIP ROWE

When then Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders suggested in 1994 that masturbation should be taught as part of sex education, one important question was overlooked: What would we use for textbooks?

Elders lost her job before she could answer that question. At the time there were two classic texts on the shelves: Betty Dodson's *Liberating Masturbation: A Meditation on Self-Love* and Harold Litten's *Joy of Solo Sex*. Last year, two more important books were added to the reading list: Paula Bennett and Vernon Rosario's *Solitary Pleasures: The Historical, Literary and Artistic Discourses of Autoeroticism*, which deconstructs traditional myths about masturbation, and Joani Blank's *First Person Sexual: Women and Men Write About Self-Pleasuring*, which offers 45 challenging personal essays.

As millions of people can testify, masturbation is the most important sexual bond in the most important relationship you'll ever have. Reach out and touch yourself: It feels good, and there's no sin in that. "If not acknowledged for the simple pleasure of it, masturbation is meaningless," writes Blank in her introduction to *First Person Sexual*. "That's sufficient reason to do it—with enthusiasm, in any manner and with whatever frequency one chooses."

Like its editor, *First Person Sexual* is unabashed and evangelical. Just listen as M. Christian, one of the contributors, pounds the pulpit:

"Let's get this straight—we all do it. Sure, yeah, right: 'Not me,' you say. Sit the fuck down and shut the fuck up. We *all* do it. Nuns do it, dogs do it, bees do it, Newt Gingrich and Jesse Helms do it. (God, what a thought!) You say you don't do it? Well, then, what leaves the wet spot on the bed, a topless Tinkerbell?

"I masturbate. He masturbates. She masturbates. They masturbate. We all masturbate. I do it often: horny, need to sleep, need to relax, wanna get off quick, got a cold, don't got a cold, at home, driving, sleeping (yeah, Tinkerbell, yeah!), for myself, with others—available for weddings, bar mitzvahs, etc.

"Been doing it for years (first time I think something like 12—late bloomer), will do it for many more. Do it tonight, do it tomorrow, do it with my wife, do it with my playmates, do it for pay (if anyone's interested), do it for free. You can see me do it, you can hear me do it (the movie's out there somewhere—sorry, they never told me what the title was going to be), and I write about doing it. Love thyself, damn it!"

Many people are uncomfortable with

MICHIKO STEHRENBERGER

that idea. Centuries of religious propaganda has taken its toll. But the moral condemnation of masturbation—like so many literal readings of spiritual teachings—doesn't stand up to scrutiny. In *Solitary Pleasures*, editors Bennett and Rosario point out that the biblical verse in Genesis that is often cited to condemn masturbation isn't so cut and dried. Onan was punished by God for spilling his seed on the ground, but was it because he masturbated or because he disobeyed a direct order (he was supposed to be impregnating his widowed sister-in-law)? Theologians can't decide. Onan wasn't beating off into a gourd, after all—he was in bed with a partner.

In his sermon on the self-mount, Christian suggests an alternative: "Masturbation should be prayer. It should be the way we show our love for the God/dess in ourselves (how better to show he/she/it a really good time?). No more of these white-haired old men yelling at us from inside their million-dollar temples about a hateful God that forbids us to yank or rub it. Nah, we should tune in every morning to the right kind of prayer—'Put your hands where they belong, brothers and sisters, and give unto yourselves the pleasure that is God/dess' gift to you. Rub yourselves with me, dear people, feel the rising power of prayer in you'—and remember to clean up afterward."

The schoolboy myth that masturbation is degenerative dates back almost three centuries, to the 1710 publication of *Onania, or the Heinous Sin of Self-Pollution*. Like one or two quacks before him, its author believed that seminal discharge caused humoral disorders. *Onania*, which remained a best-seller for decades to follow, was little more than an advertisement for a "prolifick powder" that its inventor claimed could curb masturbation and prevent the stunted growth, priapism, gonorrhea, cachexia, blindness and insanity it brought on. Physicians began attributing puzzling medical cases to onanism, and for the next two centuries, patients suffered through such treatments as forced diets, cold showers, corsets, electrical alarms, urethral and clitoral cauterizations, clitorectomies and labial sewing.

Despite efforts to put the epidemic down, masturbators multiplied. Because the desire to pleasure yourself is fueled by imagination, moralists turned their crusades to the regulation of the erotic. "Because of the degree to which reading and writing draw on fantasy, both activities were considered dangerous by anti-onanist authors, especially when engaged in to excess or

by those whose imaginations were deemed weak and susceptible (namely, women and children)," write Bennett and Rosario. "In an ironic twist of language, playing with oneself came to be conceptualized not as the healthy engagement of an autonomous and creative imagination but as antisocial 'self-abuse' or the 'sin' of self-pollution."

That legacy is still with us and enables the religious right to create the guilt and shame necessary for "redemption." In *Sex Is Not a Natural Act and Other Essays*, Leonore Tiefer points out that many attacks on porn arise from the knowledge that it promotes masturbation. "Those who go on tirades and legislate against pornography never talk about masturbation. They say that pornography harms people's minds and causes them to do bad things. They never acknowledge that most people use pornography to enhance their masturbation fantasies. A lot of the fuel for the anti-pornography crusades comes from anxiety and awkwardness about admitting that people masturbate."

First Person is notable because it goes beyond admitting people masturbate—it celebrates the fact. Many of its stories are heroic (I am masturbator!), funny (what was Nixon up to during those missing 18 minutes?) and, of course, self-absorbed. Together they seem outrageous only because so few people have written honestly about the topic. One writer shares entries from her journal, noting that "the empty quiet space after masturbating often beckons me to fill it with words." She observes, "If I masturbate when I'm depressed, it's like making love to someone and realizing that I no longer love him." And she offers one of her favorite masturbation fantasies: "I am in a huge Greek amphitheater. The audience of thousands includes everyone I have ever met in my life. I am at the center of the stage, lying naked on an elaborately decorated table. It is laid with the finest floral-embroidered white linen. Gorgeous, fresh-cut pale pink roses are strewn over the sunken stage. A man who looks like a symphony conductor, dressed in a tuxedo, is performing cunnilingus on me while the audience, mesmerized, waits for me to come."

Many of the essays recall the writer's first experiences with masturbation, and how his or her parents reacted upon discovering their child diddling instead of doodling. Early acts of self-pleasure help shape our sexual lives. That's why it's refreshing to read stories such as that of a son whose mother caught him borrowing her vibrator and promptly scolded him—then sent him to the store to get his own. Talk about progressive parenting.

But not all the contributors leap into liberated sex—the guilt most people still feel about masturbation isn't easy to shed. Faced with that, some writers turn the censorious to the sensuous (we do what we can for our sexual survival). In his essay "Stigmata," Thomas Roche offers this:

"When I masturbate nowadays, I close the curtains, check to make sure no one's in the hall outside, double-lock the front door, turn the music on loud, put the TV on mute, get ready to hide the magazines and feel a curious tingling terror in the pit of my stomach. I do all these things because that feeling of absolute privacy, of the anonymity of the closet, of doing something truly evil and nasty that nobody had better find out about, is a delicious something that is rather hard to duplicate in my adult life, where I'm confronted on a daily basis with a world full of civil rights violations, domestic violence, homelessness, nuclear weapons and industrial pollution. Evil and nasty are relative terms, hard to duplicate in the postadolescent mind."

Reading these stories, one has to suspend judgment, which may be what masturbation is all about. Different strokes for different folks. To some, it's an escape; to others, a journey. In "Two Palms Oasis," Will Keen describes an unexpected encounter in the desert:

"I turned to press my body against this earthen creature. I let the warmth penetrate me from behind, as the sun caressed me from the front. I closed my eyes for a moment, and the rock began to shift, lifting from the ground, shaking off the sand, pressing into me. I relaxed into the fantasy . . . awakening a massive goddess from her slumber. I took a handful of sand and rubbed it on my chest. I played with the idea of making love to the clefts in the beautiful sun-glazed rumps bending down before me. As my pelvis thrust forward, I closed my eyes again and saw the native rocks dancing in my head, swaying their rear ends at me, teasing me. I stroked faster, tingling, alive to the rare sensation of having the sun warming my erection. Soon I was shaking the sides of the canyon, making love to the land. I came hard, my white water falling in spurts to the desert floor as I let out a loud howl that bounced off the canyon walls. I laughed at the unexpected echo reminding me that I was making love to myself. When I opened my eyes, my stone lovers held their positions, immutable."

Other contributors describe their own all-natural encounters. A Californian explains how she occasionally makes herself come without a vibrator so she'll be prepared if her home loses power during a natural disaster. Another writer details an erotic moment he shared with a breadfruit: "Aware of the danger of discovery, in a crazed exhibitionist state, and almost hoping for an audience, I proceeded to masturbate furiously. Ah, the pleasure as I rubbed breadfruit juice onto the shaft of my cock. The breadfruit seemed to be breathing and calling to me. I picked up the dripping carcass with both hands and impaled it on my penis. Tearing and grinding, I made love to this ripe breadfruit for several delicious moments. I came, thought I had come, and came again."

Hungry? The best thing about masturbation is that once you discover it, you realize you'll never be alone.

STUDENT BODIES

In October 1995 students at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio won official recognition for a Masturbation Society. After writing a constitution and bylaws, they invited classmates interested in their weekly discussions to "come by yourself."

We of the Miami University Masturbation Society feel that the existence of this group is necessary for the following reasons:
(1) Masturbation is a natural and wonderful thing, but modern society and religion have shunned it and even forbidden it.
(2) The social taboos connected with masturbation are also related to many other problems in society, including sexism and homophobia.
(3) Sexual activity, including masturbation, is rarely discussed or talked about in a healthy manner.
(4) One is not fully able to love and/or appreciate another human being until he/she is comfortable with exploring his/her own body.
(5) It feels good.

READER

NORML BEHAVIOR

R. Keith Stroup's article ("The Smoke-Filled Room," *The Playboy Forum*, October) means a lot to some of us so-called free Americans. My husband lost his job because of the harsh perceptions surrounding marijuana use, despite the fact that using it did not interfere with his performance. Losing his job at his age (50) and after 16 years of service, not the marijuana, is what has ruined our lives. What we choose to engage in for recreation in the privacy of our home shouldn't concern anyone. Congress should stick to more pressing issues.

Irene Briley
La Vergne, Tennessee

Prior to the passage of the Harrison Act in 1914, drugs were legal. For more than 80 years, we have been fighting an unwinnable drug war. We cannot control the morality of the nation through criminal sanctions—that's one of the reasons the war on drugs has been a failure from the start. Let us end this "war" honorably: Release all nonviolent prisoners now so that they may be reunited with their families.

David Cole
Daytona Beach, Florida

HEMP DOWN UNDER

A student-based network called Honest Australians Supporting Hemp (hash@firestorm.scu.edu.au) aims to highlight the many economic, social, ecological and medicinal problems resulting from prohibition. As Gretchen Highfield, environment officer from the National Union of Students, said, "If the federal government can regulate the use and possession of semiautomatic rifles, surely it can regulate the use and possession of a simple plant that has been used for at least 10,000 years."

Honest Australians
Supporting Hemp
East Lismore, Australia

FREEDOM ON TRIAL

I recommend Declan McCullagh's article ("Freedom on Trial," *The Playboy Forum*, October) to anyone who wants to know what a fiasco the Communications Decency Act is. The ignorance on the side of those who supported the CDA is astounding. But McCullagh's statement at the end of the article, "outraged right-wing groups will demand action," erroneously implies that only religious conservatives and the like are advocates for the CDA. Right-wingers such as Newt Gingrich were against the CDA while Senator Jim Exon (D.–Neb.) and the Clinton administration strongly supported it. McCullagh should go after all of those who would like to take away our freedom.

Eric Smith
Raleigh, North Carolina

The CDA is just the latest attempt by the government to repress and censor freedom. What is truly frightening is that both major political parties do this. The Republicans use family values and Bible-thumping to try to censor us. The Democrats are no better—they use political correctness to impose their beliefs on us. The last time I checked, the First Amendment guarantees the freedom of speech, not freedom from offensive material. Here is a simple solution: If you don't like what you see or hear on TV, radio or the Internet, just pull the plug.

Bryan Hampton
Richmond, Virginia

Congratulations to Declan McCullagh on his informative and entertaining article—cute ducks and all. In June, the lower court's decision on the CDA confirmed the ACLU's view that this most democratic communications medium, in the opinion of Judge Stewart Dalzell, "deserves the highest protection from government intrusion."

Notwithstanding this decision, however, many state legislatures have followed Congress' lead in drafting heavy-handed, ill-conceived and, in many cases, unconstitutional laws regulating cyberspace. As of this writing, at least 12 states have enacted cybercensorship laws and another five states contemplate such regulations. Like the federal CDA, the state laws fail to take into account the global nature of the Internet.

In September of last year, the ACLU filed the first legal challenge to a state Internet law in Georgia on behalf of 14 plaintiffs, including the ACLU of Georgia, Electronic Frontiers Georgia and the Electronic Frontier Foundation. As we continue to battle the unconstitutional Internet censorship legislation in both state and federal courts, we applaud PLAYBOY for keeping readers

FOR THE RECORD

BRAINWASHED?

"Today's graduating seniors are the first generation of adolescents exposed to the most massive, consistent and expensive federal antidrug campaign ever launched. They grew up listening to DARE officers in the classroom and to public service announcements from the Partnership for a Drug Free America at home. Yet statistics indicate that they are using drugs at far higher rates than were their predecessors just four and five years ago. In addition, more drug offenders are being arrested and incarcerated for longer periods of time than ever before. Clearly, this problem requires more than the standard Washington rhetoric."

—PAUL ARMENTANO, PUBLICATIONS DIRECTOR FOR NORML, AT A SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE HEARING CONVENED TO EXAMINE THE ISSUE OF DRUG USE AMONG ADOLESCENTS

informed of news from the front lines.

Ann Beeson
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

TO V OR NOT TO V

Thought you would appreciate an update on the V chip debate. I had a chance to attend a session hosted by the Creative Coalition during the Democratic Convention. The panel tackled the question, "Is the responsibility of the entertainment industry not to offend its audience?" The responses were memorable:

"Some people believe that [the entertainment industry] should be dumbed down. I don't. But I do believe that we should give parents the tools they need to block out programming they believe is inappropriate for their children. At the same time, we should offer sophisticated adult fare that parents can watch when they want. This isn't Big Brother. This is Big Father and Big Mother sitting in their living room programming their TV for the day. What's wrong with that?"

—Congressman Edward Markey (D.–Mass.), author of the original V chip legislation, making a case for the television technology

"I exercise the most potent V chip there is on my set—the OFF button."

—Producer Steven Bochco on his opinion of the programming blocker

"Suggesting that if you don't like popular culture, you should just tune it out is like saying if you don't like smog, stop breathing. It can't be done."

—*New York Post* movie critic and V chip advocate Michael Medved commenting on Bochco's V chip alternative

"There is an audience for violence, an audience composed of drooling, subliterate adolescent males—and we know who we are. I don't know the audience for harsh language. I don't know anyone who comes out of a movie theater saying, 'You know, I feel ripped off because I didn't get to hear Michelle Pfeiffer say the F word.'"

—Medved on the unnecessary use of profanity in films and television.

Betty Thompson
Chicago, Illinois

WIEDER'S WORLD

Kudos to "Same-Sex Marriage" (*The Playboy Forum*, October). As a gay man, I agree with Robert S. Wieder's humorous outlook. He has written things that we've been saying for years—e.g., with the legalization of gay marriages, there would be fewer children to feed and house and worry about.

I've known quite a few men who have married and had children only because that's what society says we are supposed to do. Then they spend the rest of their lives unhappy, cruising gay bars and bookstores for a quick piece of ass.

I believe that gay men and lesbians should be entitled to the same rights as heterosexuals in this country. After all, we're taxpayers, right? Thanks to Wieder for giving insight to hetero America.

Randy Smith
Cambridge, Ohio

Wieder's article has some frightening implications for the future because so much of what he writes is true. The problem is, he doesn't tackle the real issue—that homosexuality is not acceptable as a part of the American way of life. Could anyone picture John Wayne or Gary Cooper sucking a cock? Injunctions against the practice of homosexuality are as valid now as they were in biblical times. According to the principles of the Judeo-Christian ethic, the sanctity of marriage should be reserved for the protection of the family.

When the rights of gays come into conflict with the sanctity of the home and family, tradition must be given first precedence. Same-sex marriage must be outlawed.

Nancy Roberts
Providence, Rhode Island

Same-sex marriage is not about threatening the sanctity (a religious reference) of matrimony so much as it is about the right to legal recourse in matters of health and property. The beliefs you embrace are the same ones that for generations have made gays the target of violence and discrimination. Some traditions deserve to be put asunder.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

FROGGY STYLE

Bad Frog Beer, one of the fastest-growing microbrewed beers in the country, recently lost bids for statewide distribution in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio on the grounds that its product labels are obscene. The labels, which depict a frog giving the finger, have been called "insulting and inappropriate" by John Jones, chairman of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board. Bad Frog Brewery president Jim Wauldron responded philosophically: "Many people might consider Mr. Jones noble or self-righteous. Not us. We just feel he could use some help overcoming his fascination with the sexuality of a frog. We suggest counseling."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PAINT JOB

VIENNA—*A body painter claims to have invented a liquid latex condom that is painted on, then allowed to dry before intercourse. Each $8 bottle creates three con-*

doms in black, gray or blue, with lemon or rum scent. After some testers complained the condoms made foreplay as exciting as watching paint dry, the inventor recommended using a hair drier to speed up the seven-minute process. Cute, right? The kid will be too if you miss a spot.

CHEMICAL CUTOFF

SACRAMENTO—*The legislature approved a law that would make California the first state to mandate chemical castration of parolees convicted more than once of child molestation. The released prisoner would receive shots of Depo-Provera, which reduces sexual impulses, until a panel of experts deemed him "rehabilitated" or until his parole ended. Critics argue that a molester must be motivated to change (even a castrated man can molest a child) and that the drug can cause harmful side effects such as high blood pressure and circulatory problems.*

ADULTERY KILLS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A study of 354 Spanish couples by a team including researchers from Johns Hopkins School of Public Health found that women whose lovers have sex with multiple mistresses or prostitutes are more likely to develop cervical cancer. The reason: The more exposure a woman has to human papilloma virus, the more likely she will develop infections that can lead to cervical cancer. The study, reported in the "Journal of the National Cancer Institute," suggests that by infecting their partners with HPV through sex outside the relationship, men bring cancer into the home. But the researchers point out that women who fail to practice safe sex with multiple partners and who don't have regular medical exams also put themselves at risk.*

LATENT EXCUSES

SYDNEY—*Officials in New South Wales announced a legal review of the "homosexual panic defense" after its use in 12 murder trials over the past three years. The defense is based on a theory that some straight men can be "provoked" to kill if they receive or perceive sexual advances from other men. In the U.S., a study by the New York City Gay and Lesbian Antiviolence Project found that defendants had claimed homosexual panic in 14 percent of murder cases in which the victim was gay or believed to be gay. Whatever happened to "No, thank you"?*

CRACK IN THE LAW

GYPSUM, COLORADO—*Concerned that a nudie bar in nearby Aspen might migrate to its bedroom community, the town council banned gentlemen's clubs from operating near residences, schools or churches. The ordinance's definition of nudity includes exposure of the "cleft of the buttocks," prompting the mayor to comment before the vote, "A lot of men will have to pull up their pants around here."*

MAGIC LESSONS

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI—*A federal jury ruled that a school district violated a second-grade teacher's religious freedom when she was fired after handing out "magic rocks" to her students. The teacher sent 20 students home with a smooth glass rock and a note that read, in part, "To make your rock work, close your eyes, rub it and say to yourself three times, 'I am a special and terrific person, with talents of my own!' After you have put your rock away, you will know that the magic has worked." A preacher and some parents complained, and the school board declined to renew the teacher's contract. A lawyer for the district told reporters that the rocks were irrelevant and that the woman had been fired only after three years of poor performance reviews.*

IT'S THE PRINCIPLE

DENVER—*A federal court benched a group of pro baseball players who attempted to stop distribution of a series of parody baseball cards. Cardtoons mock wealthy players such as Jack "Greenback" McDowell, Bobby "Bonus" Bonilla and Barry "Treasury" Bonds, who is shown tipping a batboy for bringing him a gold slugger. The players claimed the cards violated their publicity and licensing rights—and they demanded a share of the profits.*

WILD JUNGLE SEX

NEW YORK—*The family of Edgar Rice Burroughs—author of "Tarzan of the Apes"—filed suit against the makers of a pornographic movie called "Jungle Heat" because it depicts the trademarked Tarzan and Jane characters engaged in "numerous scenes of sexual intercourse, fellatio, sodomy and group sex." While the film's male lead is rarely referred to as Tarzan, he uses Burroughs' other name for his*

character, Ape Man. The actor also (sometimes) wears an extra-large loincloth, emits the famous Tarzan yell, swings from vines, rescues Jane and has an animal friend named Cheeta.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

Vasectomy. Do it yourself?

Lets face it. There are just some things you don't want to try on your own. Vasectomy is probably one of them. One slip and...well...WHO KNOWS???

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WHOOPI GOLDBERG

a candid conversation with the outspoken actress and oscar host about taking on the hollywood establishment and jesse jackson, and why you had better not call her an african american

It wasn't Marilyn Monroe but Whoopi Goldberg, hair tumbling over her forehead, standing on the Radio City Music Hall stage facing the president of the U.S. at his 50th birthday party and threatening to sing "Happy Birthday, Mr. President." "I was going to wear a blonde wig," she joked, "but I see that Jack Kemp already has the wig." The crowd—including Bill Clinton—roared.

Clinton has long been one of Goldberg's biggest and most public fans, especially of her movie "Sister Act." ("I wanted to be in that choir so bad I could spit," he said.) Besides hanging out with the Clintons and roasting Republicans on his behalf (a typical preelection one-liner: "Will someone please introduce Lorena Bobbitt to Bob Dole?"), Goldberg has, for the better part of two decades, been working nonstop. During the past year alone, she released three movies and served a second tour of duty as emcee of the Academy Awards ceremony. Her Oscar night performance was vintage Goldberg—provoking equal parts applause and outrage.

Wearing a black gown that won her top honors in one poll as worst-dressed woman, Goldberg set the tone at the best Academy Awards ceremony in years with a pointed and hilarious monolog. She immediately took aim at some sacred targets. "I want to say something to all the people who sent me ribbons to wear," she said. "You don't ask a black woman to buy an expensive dress and then cover it with ribbons." She then fired off a list of ribbons that she chose not to wear: "I got a red ribbon for AIDS awareness. Done. I got a purple ribbon for breast cancer. Done. I got a yellow ribbon for the troops in Bosnia. Done. I got a green ribbon to free the Chinese dissidents. Done. I got a milky white ribbon for mad-cow disease. Done. Done. Done again."

She also ribbed actor Charlie Sheen, who gained attention for being a frequent ($50,000) customer of Hollywood madam Heidi Fleiss'. Goldberg noted that three actresses who were nominated for Oscars—Sharon Stone, Mira Sorvino and Elisabeth Shue—portrayed hookers in the year's movies, and asked, "How many times did Charlie Sheen get to vote, anyway?"

But the most contentious part of the show came when she took on the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who had called for a protest against the Academy Awards ceremony, complaining that there was only one black nominee. "I had something I wanted to say to Jesse right here, but he's not watching, so why bother?" she said. In fact, she treated him and his protest with such thinly veiled disdain that a political firestorm ensued. She was sharply criticized by minority organizations, as well as by some producers and directors, who said that her remarks marginalized and belittled Jackson and the issue he raised: racism in the motion picture industry. But Goldberg also had her supporters, who thought the protest was inappropriate at an awards ceremony that was hosted by Goldberg, produced by Quincy Jones and featured other prominent African Americans, including Laurence Fishburne and Sidney Poitier.

As always, the attacks rolled off her back. A veteran of controversy, Goldberg has frequented the tabloids since her painful, tumultuous and well-documented affair with Ted Danson. The "tabloid twins," as Goldberg dubbed them, suffered a barrage of bad publicity when Danson left his wife and children for Goldberg. Things began to disintegrate for the couple after Danson made his infamous appearance at a Friars Club roast of Goldberg in 1993. Reciting material he and Goldberg wrote together, Danson, in blackface, told jokes that many denounced as racist. Several guests, including talk-show host Montel Williams, walked out. Others, such as New York mayor David Dinkins, Jackson and Dionne Warwick, attacked Goldberg and Danson in the press. The couple suffered a bitter and highly publicized split soon after.

Goldberg, who is 41, then wed for the third time—there were two brief marriages

"I'm not an African American. I'm purebred, New York–raised. Calling me an African American divides us further. I am as American as baseball. I don't have to excuse the fact that I am black-skinned."

"Maybe I got married a few too many times. It's because I love a good party, but I have recently realized that I can actually just throw a party and not get married. I think I've learned that."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"People seem to forget that the fact that I'm here is a huge statement. In a previous generation, a black actor might have had to fit a mold. But this is me. These are my lips, my nose, my hair, my butt."

before, one in 1973 and the other in 1986—to union organizer Lyle Trachtenberg in 1994. After announcing their engagement, the couple married at her Los Angeles home, where the words FUCK OFF *were painted on the roof to frustrate airborne media. The marriage ended a year later, and Goldberg is now in a relationship with Frank Langella, whom she met while filming the basketball movie "Eddie," one of this past summer's quiet successes. As she has said, "It's been a hell of a time."*

Goldberg was born Caryn Johnson in 1955. Raised by her mother, a nurse and Head Start teacher, Goldberg grew up "poor but never hungry" in the Chelsea neighborhood of New York City. At the age of eight, she acted in children's theater and took the bus to museums, the ballet and plays. Despite her mother's best efforts, Goldberg could not escape the influences of her neighborhood. She admits she did "every drug" and dropped out of high school ("I couldn't pull it off"). At 18, she married her drug counselor and got pregnant soon after—her daughter Alexandrea, age 22, has her own daughter, and Goldberg is the proverbial doting grandmother.

Goldberg made her living at a number of jobs—including doing makeup and fixing hair in a funeral parlor—and survived on welfare after heading to San Diego, without her first husband, in 1974. She then moved to Berkeley and joined the Blake Street Hawkeyes Theater. It was there that she changed her name. (Her first name derived from whoopee-cushion jokes and her last was suggested by her mother to honor Jewish ancestors. The name led to a classic Milton Berle line: "A black woman with a Jewish name. She doesn't do windows because she's got a headache.")

In the early Eighties, Goldberg developed "The Spook Show," a one-woman tour de force with such unforgettable characters as a junkie with a heart of gold and a surfer chick who, in Valley Girlese, tells about her coat-hanger abortion. There were other theater pieces, including a brilliant tribute to one of her heroes, Moms Mabley.

Goldberg was discovered performing in New York by director Mike Nichols, who brought "The Spook Show" to Broadway in 1984. It led to a Grammy-winning comedy album and a private performance for Steven Spielberg and some of his friends, including Michael Jackson. That, in turn, led to Goldberg's first film role as Celie, the abused but ultimately triumphant main character in Spielberg's version of Alice Walker's "The Color Purple." The performance earned Goldberg her first Golden Globe and an Academy Award nomination for best actress.

There have been more than 30 movies since. They have varied widely, from forgettable comedies to poignant dramas, including "Jumpin' Jack Flash," "Burglar," "Fatal Beauty," "Clara's Heart," "The Long Walk Home," "Soapdish," "The Player," "Made in America," "Naked in New York," "Moonlight & Valentino," "Theodore Rex," "Sarafina!," "Boys on the Side," "Corrina, Corrina," "Bogus" and "Eddie," as well as her role as the voice of the head hyena in "The Lion King." There have been blockbusters—"Ghost," for instance, for which she won a Best Supporting Actress Oscar in 1991, and "Sister Act," which led to a record-setting salary of $8 million for the sequel (a box-office disappointment). She also had a recurring role as Guinan, the psychic bartender, on the TV series "Star Trek: The Next Generation" and in the 1994 movie "Star Trek: Generations" and hosted her own syndicated TV talk show, "The Whoopi Goldberg Show." In her most recent movie, "Ghosts of Mississippi," she plays Myrlie Evers, wife of slain civil rights leader Medgar Evers, in a drama directed by Rob Reiner.

Goldberg, who divides her time among a New England farm, a Manhattan apartment and a Hollywood home, was between films when Contributing Editor **David Sheff** *sat down with her to begin the interview. Here's Sheff's report:*

"Because her Manhattan apartment was being renovated, I met Goldberg at a hotel on the Upper East Side where Paul Davis, the artist and photographer, was taking glamour shots of her for a fund-raising performance. Goldberg batted her eyelashes at him and made self-effacing jokes about how she might have broken his camera. Although no one would describe her as a classic beauty, she nonetheless looked gorgeous, with her large brown eyes, crown of hair and smile that could melt ice.

That was my macho period. I had the best time: motorcycles and leather jackets and blue contact lenses!

"Goldberg was in a great mood after hanging out the night before with her pal Bill Clinton at his 50th birthday celebration. After the photo session, when we sat down in a private room at the hotel restaurant (where she indulged herself with bacon and Marlboros), she mused aloud about the unlikely company she now keeps. 'I'm exactly the kind of person the Secret Service is paid to keep away from most presidents,' she said. 'I mean, this is the president we're talking about. Not the president of the PTA, either.'"

PLAYBOY: Does Clinton have a good sense of humor?

GOLDBERG: He has a great sense of humor—he's hysterical. I'm convinced he wants to be a comedian.

PLAYBOY: Could he make it on the circuit?

GOLDBERG: I'd pay money to see him. And the First Lady—she is very funny, too. We laugh a lot when we're together. I genuinely like them. I like them because they are real. I don't care about anybody's skeletons, you know, because I'm so busy holding back my own. But from my limited view, they are people who believe there is a better way. I trust them.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be friends with the president?

GOLDBERG: Shit, I get to talk to the president of the United States and have opinions that people are actually interested in. It is pretty groovy.

PLAYBOY: Groovy?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, I'm a hippie. Can't help it.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

GOLDBERG: Oh, all that good hippie stuff. I mean that I believe one person can make a difference, that we are responsible for other people. You know, peace and love. It's out of fashion, but it's really a great way to live. I believe in peace and brotherhood and all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to communicate these values in the movies you choose?

GOLDBERG: When I can, though I do all kinds of movies.

PLAYBOY: In *Ghosts of Mississippi*, you play the widow of NAACP leader Medgar Evers. Was that a labor of love?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, definitely. It's a true story that many people don't know about. Evers was killed in 1963 by a man named Byron de la Beckwith, who was tried twice by white juries and got off both times. I get to play Evers' widow, Myrlie. She's an incredible woman. She kept the flame of her husband alive for 30 years to make sure that the guy who murdered him—who shot him in the back—went to jail.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it tough to play a living person?

GOLDBERG: Sure is. Myrlie was as much of a stretch for me as anything I've done. I kind of roll along down the street, carrying four bags at one time, a mess, and Myrlie Evers glides into a room. She is a presence. She lives in Oregon now, and I really wanted her to like the movie. She is happy with it, which was like, *whew*. You can't take a whole lot of liberties with people who can knock on your door and tell you how badly you screwed up the whole thing. Her response and the response of their children meant more than that of any others. Evers was murdered in front of those kids. He was shot and crawled to the front door and died in his wife's arms with the children standing there crying, "Daddy, get up. Daddy, please get up."

PLAYBOY: Some people would say that Rob Reiner, who directed the movie, was not the one to tell this story, that stories about black people should be told by black people. Do you disagree?

GOLDBERG: I do. One reason black filmmakers tend to bring black stories to the forefront is that those stories aren't

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often told. But filmmakers should be able to tell whatever story they are inspired to tell.

PLAYBOY: You've been through this before. Steven Spielberg was criticized for making *The Color Purple*.

GOLDBERG: Yeah, and that's just as crazy. The fact is that Steven Spielberg [*she gets a huge smile*]—I think he's the cat's pajamas. He is the best person and he made a beautiful movie. It is not about being black or white, it's about being a good storyteller. He is. So is Rob Reiner. Reiner is a king in my book. He's a joy to work with. I'm very lucky because now I'm working with more directors who know what they're doing.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to?

GOLDBERG: Let's just say that some of the directors I have worked with haven't known much of anything.

PLAYBOY: Can't you pick and choose the directors you work with?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, right. [*Laughs*] Unfortunately, I'm not in that position.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't clout come when you're a big box-office draw?

GOLDBERG: I do get more money, but the attitude becomes, "We're paying you all this money, so shut up and do the work." Which is why it has been said that I'm difficult. The best directors will tell you that I'm a pussycat. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Then what happens?

GOLDBERG: I just have ideas about the way things should work. I've been doing this awhile now, and I occasionally do have a good idea. The fact is, I'm a collaborator. I'm from the theater. The theater is based on collaboration. So I've learned to collaborate a lot more quietly.

PLAYBOY: Do movies suffer when directors don't listen?

GOLDBERG: *Sister Act 2* is an example. I knew that you couldn't make that movie unless you had the nuns from the original movie in it. They were the driving force; people fell in love with them. I fought and fought and fought and fought to have them in the story, which contributed to my bad reputation.

PLAYBOY: Yet for that movie, you set a record for a female actor in Hollywood at that time—making $8 million.

GOLDBERG: Maybe if I were more consistent, making lots of movies that made $100 million, directors would listen. But my movies tend to be great movies that are critically acclaimed and make no money, or movies that aren't so critically acclaimed and make a ton of money, or those that aren't so critically acclaimed and don't make any money. Arnold's movies make a zillion dollars no matter what he does, so he can do what he wants. Sly's movies tend to make a zillion dollars and he can do what he wants. Other people get paid a lot of money sometimes, and then get a lot more leeway than I get. But you can't spend time saying, "She has it and I don't." You just can't.

PLAYBOY: Do you always go for creative control?

GOLDBERG: I always ask. The bottom line is that directors find I really do know a lot in terms of what needs to happen. I know how to fill the holes. I have turned a lot of shit into sterling silver.

PLAYBOY: So you agree with a critic from *Time* magazine who wrote, "She has the ability to turn a routine flick into a pretty good movie entirely on her own."

GOLDBERG: Yeah. And imagine what I can do with a really good flick. But it goes back to how people visualize the world. They may think of me when they need a maid.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that you would never play a maid?

GOLDBERG: No. I never said I wouldn't play a maid. I said that I wouldn't *just* play maids. But in the words of Hattie McDaniel, "Better to play one than to be one." She used to get a lot of shit for the roles she was playing, too, but people don't realize that she wasn't turning down Scarlett O'Hara. Nobody said, "Hey, will you do Stella?" to which she said, "No, I've got to go play this maid!" In my case, I've never played a maid who wasn't a lead in the movie. And the story of these women, who clean other people's houses and take care of their children, is a worthy one to tell. Whether it's *Corrina, Corrina* or others, though, there are people who say, "Oh, she's playing a maid again." I am happy to play a maid if the movie is good. In general, good movies don't always come to me—in fact, I go out and find work. I call people. I say, "I hear you're doing this movie and I want to be in it."

PLAYBOY: Who have you called recently?

GOLDBERG: I've been calling Clint Eastwood. He's getting ready to do a movie of a book that I thought was extraordinary, *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. I would love to play the drag queen, Lady Chablis. He's probably going to end up using the real Lady Chablis, but I called. I said, "I can play a man playing a woman, and I would love to do this. I can pull it off." Whatever he decides, I will continue to actively look for good roles. I want to make a movie about a really bad person. One of my favorite performances was Anthony Hopkins' in *The Silence of the Lambs*. At first you think you might want to get to know this guy, and then he says something that makes you back up and realize he will bite your face if you get close enough. Would I be somebody's first choice for a character like that? No. I wanted to do *Cutthroat Island* because I think I would be a great pirate—I could get real dirty and fight with a sword and still be sort of charming, I think. But I'm not statuesque and beautiful.

PLAYBOY: You mean, like the star of that movie, Geena Davis?

GOLDBERG: [*Smiles*] No, though I *am* very attractive and get cuter the older I get. I'm even getting—well, not statuesque, but I'm growing. [*Laughs*] I'm expanding. That's the best way to put it. But still no calls.

PLAYBOY: You're probably lucky that you didn't do *Cutthroat Island*. It flopped.

GOLDBERG: But it might have been a different movie, you know.

PLAYBOY: When are you thought of for movie roles?

GOLDBERG: I don't know. I've gotten a lot of movies when other actors dropped out. *Burglar* was for Bruce Willis. *Jumpin' Jack Flash* was for Shelley Long. *Fatal Beauty* was for Cher. Most of my career consists of movies that were meant for other people. I mean, thank God Bette Midler didn't want to do *Sister Act*.

PLAYBOY: Was it a letdown to go from serious works such as *The Color Purple* and your one-woman show, which touched on many social problems, to your next movie, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*?

GOLDBERG: No. It is a piece of fluff, but people still tell me how much they loved it. I've done some wild films, you know. Some weren't financially successful, but there are none I would hang my head to. That one and *Fatal Beauty* are mind candy. They're not going to fix the Bosnian problem, but they don't set out to. Also, everybody says, "Well, why aren't you doing more *Color Purples*?" But that's not what people are asking me to do. It's not like somebody handed me another *Color Purple* and *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, and I said, "I choose *Jumpin' Jack Flash*." At the time, however, I was just amazed to be doing what I was doing. It was other people who were criticizing me. I took heat for the movies I did; there were about four or five years of intense heat.

PLAYBOY: The gist of it was what?

GOLDBERG: That I didn't have it. That I was a flash in the pan. But I kept working. I tried to get other movies. When I heard they were making *The Princess Bride* into a movie I said, "Let me audition for that." It was a big lesson for me about how it works and what you're supposed to look like. They laughed. "Is she crazy?" I said, "But the book is about a princess who doesn't look like anybody else, who has a very different attitude. So why not me?" It hurt my feelings because I thought, Are you telling me that because you think I couldn't be a princess that all these other doors are going to slam too? Basically, yes. So I took the stuff that nobody seemed to have a problem with me doing.

PLAYBOY: Like *Burglar*?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, which was fun and silly, too. That was my macho period. I had the best time: motorcycles and leather jackets and blue contact lenses! Though when I did it I was criticized because I didn't turn out to be the female answer to Eddie Murphy.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

GOLDBERG: Meaning the movie didn't do Eddie Murphy business; it didn't

produce tremendous amounts of money at the box office.

PLAYBOY: *Sister Act* did, though. How did that change things?

GOLDBERG: I received lots more money for some of the big movies, but great movies still didn't come flying at me.

PLAYBOY: After that movie, it was reported that you sent Jeffrey Katzenberg, the Disney executive in charge, a hatchet in the mail. Did you?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. Because he and I didn't click immediately. There were things about *Sister Act* that weren't as good as they could have been, and I tried to make them better—and Jeffrey thought I might have overstepped my bounds.

PLAYBOY: By giving ideas to the director?

GOLDBERG: Ideas? Yeah. And they weren't really as open as I hoped they would be. I just wanted to make things better. I don't know what their experience had been with other actors, but we had an antagonistic relationship. I finally said, "This is ridiculous." I sent him a hatchet and said, "Let's bury it," and he sent me back a present. [*Smiles broadly*] A pair of brass balls. And that began our friendship.

PLAYBOY: *Ghost* was another big success. How did that one come to you?

GOLDBERG: I heard about it and said I wanted to try for it, but my agent said they didn't want me. "But why not? What did I do?" I said, "At least let me read for it." "Well, they feel you would bring Whoopi Goldberg baggage." "What is Whoopi Goldberg baggage? What does that mean?" So they wouldn't see me. Eventually I got a call, though. Patrick Swayze insisted they call me. He said he did it because he was a fan. Two weeks later I had the part.

PLAYBOY: The movie launched Demi Moore and brought you an Oscar. Did you expect it?

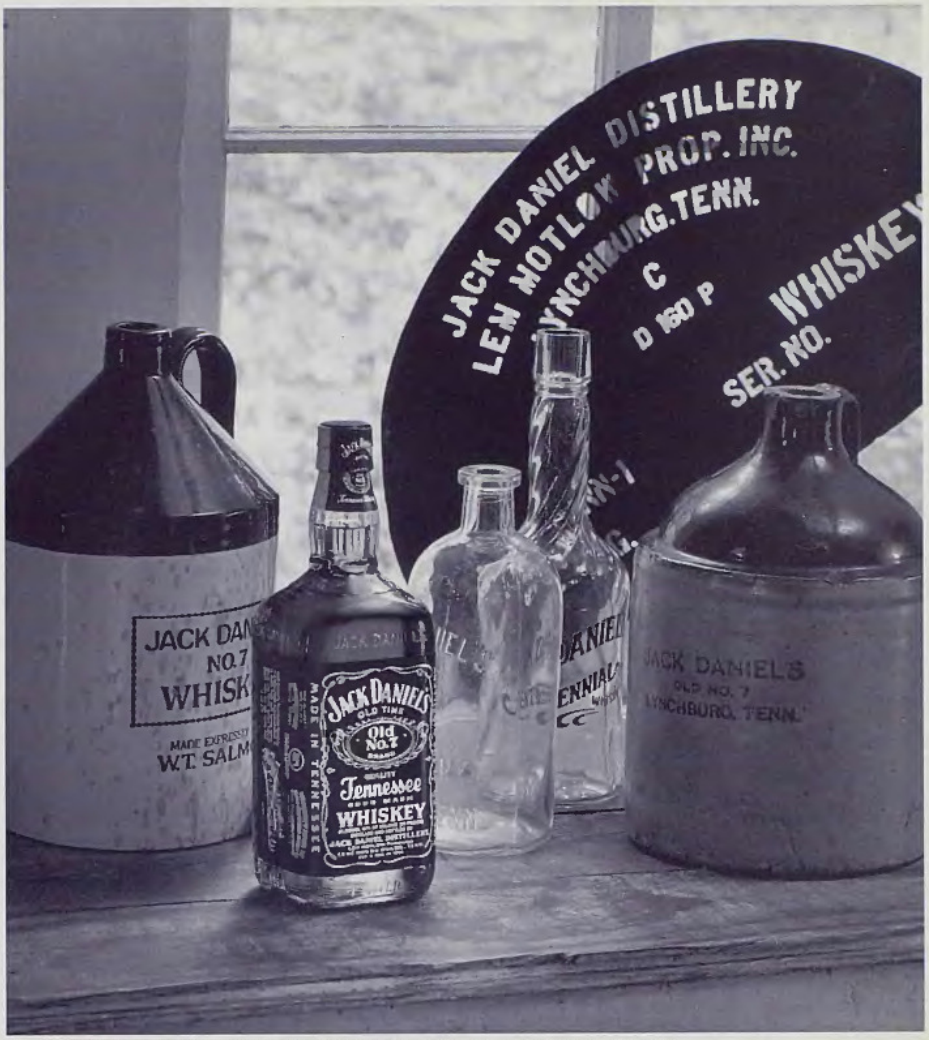
GOLDBERG: No. The statue came and it was pretty groovy, I have to say. Movies I thought would have gotten me nominated just fell by the wayside, such as *The Long Walk Home*, which is some of my best work. But nothing—nothing, nothing, nothing. So you just kind of go, "Oh, well," and move on. But this was nice.

PLAYBOY: You've played more than one psychic. Are you interested in that world?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yeah. I'm a big believer that people are still here. They aren't forced to stay, they're here by choice—they're here just watching. Some people were miserable in life and they're miserable in death, which is why we have loud and angry ghosts—their essence stays. A ghost to me is like perfume. Many people can dab it on and you get different wafts and different smells at different times. People who worked in this profession are with me at times.

PLAYBOY: Who?

GOLDBERG: John Garfield is with me.



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Parts of James Cagney, some Bette Davis. Moms Mabley is with me all the time. A great much of her is on my shoulder. Periodically, I feel wafts of Dorothy Dandridge. I mean, you look at me and think, Why you? My crossover has been pretty big—worldwide, in fact. So you have to believe that a whole lot of folks are behind you, helping you break it out.

PLAYBOY: Is it incomprehensible that you've accomplished what you've accomplished yourself?

GOLDBERG: I've always felt that smatterings of other people have made my path easier. Basically, I've had it laid out on a silver platter; I mean, really. It's been placed in my hand, and I've been ushered into a foreign land and treated rather well, you know. In hindsight, I've done a lot better than a lot of people with a lot more talent, and I didn't self-destruct.

PLAYBOY: But where does talent come in?

GOLDBERG: Jack Nicholson is talented. Brando. De Niro. I'm nothing compared with great actors like that. There are a lot of talented actors out there, but maybe the camera doesn't like their face or, you know, they're not good at auditions, or whatever. I just know I'm one of the luckiest people on earth.

PLAYBOY: Did *The Player* sum up your view of Hollywood?

GOLDBERG: It was Robert Altman's view, but it's about right. It's that silly sometimes. Not quite murder, but you never know.

PLAYBOY: In *Boys on the Side* your character is a lesbian. Was it gratifying that the lesbian community applauded your portrayal?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. I did an interview with Lea DeLaria for *The Advocate*. She said, "You were *in*, girl, you were in. We loved you." That was good to hear. People have asked, "Was it difficult to portray a lesbian?" No. It was just like I portray anybody else. I don't have to walk around in muscle shirts with a pack of Marlboros rolled up in my sleeve. The faces of lesbians have changed. They are no longer only short-haired, cigar-smoking, motorcycle-riding women. These are real women. And I'm an actor. I can become whatever is required.

PLAYBOY: Including an elderly man in *The Associate*.

GOLDBERG: I play a woman who is really, really good on Wall Street—she takes care of all the business and is in a high position. But because she's black and a woman, she ain't going any higher. So she creates this man and suddenly everyone wants her—or him.

PLAYBOY: Though you've made hits and misses, is it still risky to be in a movie that bombs as badly as *Theodore Rex*, which went directly to video?

GOLDBERG: It seems it would be, but my career doesn't make much sense as it is. I should not have had the career I'm having. Normally, two or three box-office flops can murder a career. But I've had a few more of those. Yet despite everything, people seem to know that my potential is long-range. So they put me in movies. And people go to see my movies. *Eddie* opened in the middle of *Twister*, *The Rock* and *Independence Day* and did well. It didn't feature bombs exploding. It didn't have a shot of breasts. Nothing but silly fluff comedy, and it lived. That says something.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Trekkie before you joined the cast of *Star Trek*?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yeah. I love *Star Trek*, always have. I love science fiction, especially horror science fiction. I praised the heavens when the science fiction channel finally came. I love James Whitmore, the giant ants under L.A. I love *Them!* and *Village of the Damned* and *Planet of the Apes* and *The Omega Man*, which is one of my favorites. And *Soylent Green*. I love any of the old Universal horror stuff. I loved *Thriller*, the Boris Karloff TV show.

PLAYBOY: How about *The X-Files*?

GOLDBERG: I love *The X-Files*. I've been on Chris Carter for the past couple of years to do that show. He told me I have to find time. I just love the idea that there is this group in the government that knows all these strange things are happening. You know David Duchovny knows and is trying to find where his sister went in the link. It's just the best. The best.

PLAYBOY: Did *Star Trek* bring you a new type of fan?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yes. I get a lot of mail from Trekkies. They send me pictures of themselves dressed as me. People put down Trekkies because they don't really understand what they are. The thing is, they are people who want this idea of the future to be real, where there's a united front and a future where all types of people hang together and fly through the galaxy and it is very hip.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to the *Independence Day* view of the future, in which aliens attack Earth?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, and this is what I have to say about *Independence Day*, though it is very unchic to say: I didn't care for it at all. It really bugged me. I was glad to see all those actors working, but if you're going to do *War of the Worlds*, then do it. Do it right. Pay attention. Don't put bucket seats with seat belts in an alien craft. Don't have a lady running down a tunnel with a fireball chasing her, and have the fireball pass her by and she doesn't even break a sweat. I mean, come on. Jeff Goldblum comes in drunk—he's throwing stuff around and his father says, "Get up off the floor, you're going to catch a cold." Goldblum gets up and says, "Catch a cold?" and he's sober as all get out. Wait a minute, you were drunk as a skunk a second ago! I want to know where all the clothing came from that the women were changing into once they got into the bunker. Was there a Gap down there? When Bill Pullman comes back and his little daughter is waiting, there is a woman holding her, and she gently thrusts the little girl toward Bill. The woman is wearing pearls—double-stranded pearls. And her outfit is newly pressed. I'm looking at this woman thinking, Where the fuck did you come from? I was very bummed.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to travel in space?

GOLDBERG: Ooh, yeah. But I have to do more to prepare. Right now I can barely operate a computer. I'm very slow. I just play *Jeopardy*.

PLAYBOY: Have you been on the Internet?

GOLDBERG: The Internet is one of those things I'm not sure about. I just don't get it. And technology is moving at such a rate that I can't really keep up with it. I was in London recently, reading about these chips they want to put into little children. I'm not sure. I'm just not sure. I don't trust bar codes. Why can't I read them? Why can't I know what that bar code says? It's a secret code and we're kept out of the loop. Scary.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen any of the sites on the Web that cover you?

GOLDBERG: No, though I've heard it's all over the place, especially *Star Trek* stuff. And let me remind everybody who does those things that my birth date is November 13, 1955. For some reason, everybody has my birthday wrong in every biography. Let's get it right, y'all.

PLAYBOY: What was it like turning 40?

GOLDBERG: If you read stuff about me, I've been 40 for ten years. I'm almost 60 in some circles.

PLAYBOY: Is the confusion based on your attempts to shave off a few years like other actors have been known to do?

GOLDBERG: I used to make myself *older*, not younger, because people would always tell me I was too young for the parts I was going after. So I gave myself two years. Now those two years have multiplied into eight or ten or 20. In some reports I'm 48, some I'm 51, some I'm in my 30s. I'm 41.

PLAYBOY: Was it psychically difficult to hit 40?

GOLDBERG: No, I was so happy. I finally felt like I was growing into myself. I'm now growing into my face and growing into my thoughts, and I'm clearer about a lot of things. Everything is pretty great.

PLAYBOY: It's been written that you met Frank Langella on the set of *Eddie*—and he's your boyfriend of the moment.

GOLDBERG: "Your boyfriend of the moment." Now does that sound trite or what? How about, "The man with whom I'm living and sharing my life." That's more elegant.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to get married?

GOLDBERG: No. I'm just happy to be with him. He is wonderful. He is funny. It's one of the great things about our relationship—we get to laugh a lot. But I also have a great deal of respect for him.

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He is about the finest American stage actor we have. His work, since I was a young actor, was kind of like a goal. *Design for Living*, *Booth*, *Dracula*, *The Father*. Just endless. When I first met him on the set of *Eddie*, I said, "Why are you doing this movie?" He said, "This is probably the only way we'll ever get to work together."

PLAYBOY: So there was romance from the start.

GOLDBERG: [*Smiles*] Hoo-ha. But it was more about working together then. In my mind, I had to come up to his level. He's extraordinary and a really good guy. Which is not to say that the other men in my life haven't been. They were nice men, but somehow there's something extra extraordinary about this one. I'm taking it a day at a time. And, by the way, he's cute. I had to add that. He's fine, as my daughter would say.

PLAYBOY: By now, are you used to questions about your relationships?

GOLDBERG: I'm not used to it at all. It wasn't always like this. The public didn't really care until I got involved with Ted Danson. Since then it has become a real thing in my life. It just doesn't go away.

PLAYBOY: How does it affect you?

GOLDBERG: It's hard enough to have a relationship, but to have a relationship under a microscope is harder. You always want to rebut everything you see that isn't accurate. I don't mind if you think I'm an asshole, but I want you to think I'm an asshole for the right reasons. It's hard on everyone around me. When it's really inaccurate it bugs the shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: Was the scandal over the Friars Club roast the low point for you and Ted Danson?

GOLDBERG: I had a good time at the Friars Club. It was funny.

PLAYBOY: Not everyone agreed.

GOLDBERG: No, but people who didn't get it were people who didn't understand what a Friars Club roast is. No one warned us that they had opened it to the public and that the people on the dais had no idea what the hell we were doing. I feel like we were set up. If people understood what a Friars roast was, they wouldn't have been shocked at all. And this was one of the funnier roasts that had been done. But sadly they chose to take something that was done in fun and turn it into a lot of bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people were genuinely offended, or was the reaction built up by the media?

GOLDBERG: I think they were genuinely offended.

PLAYBOY: Roast or no roast, do you disagree that blackface is simply bad taste—and is a form of true racism?

GOLDBERG: I do. Was it in bad taste? The Friars Club is in bad taste. That's the idea. It's about, "Your ass is so wide that——" or "Your mother gave head to——" That's what it's about. RuPaul came out and talked about how he taught me how to give head. We were making a point.

PLAYBOY: What exactly was the point?

GOLDBERG: Even in hip Hollywood, there are people who are uncomfortable with a white man and a black woman. The stereotypes prevail. So I took them on. Ted and I used to get a lot of really hateful mail. We took it and pushed it to the limit. That was the point of Ted wearing blackface. Instead of people understanding, they looked at it as something they could jump on. I said then, as I say now, fuck them.

PLAYBOY: Fuck the black leaders as well as the black and white press that criticized you?

GOLDBERG: Fuck them. What makes me sad is that it made Ted very uncomfortable. For that I'm sorry. But I'm not sorry at all that we did it, nor that I encouraged it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Ted is sorry that he did it?

GOLDBERG: Yes, I do think he's sorry he did it.

PLAYBOY: Because he cared what people thought?

GOLDBERG: He cared very much that people said he was a racist. I wish him well. I hope his new show works and that his new marriage is happy. I hope one day we'll be able to sit down and talk about it with some laughter.

PLAYBOY: You don't speak now?

GOLDBERG: No, and I'm sure we won't for a very long time. I don't have any problem with what happened. But he does.

PLAYBOY: Did the hate mail come mostly from white extremists?

GOLDBERG: Them, and also from lots of black people. Black people were incensed. Again, I've never been politically correct and never will be politically correct, and I will go where I want to go.

PLAYBOY: Since the incident, have you spoken with any of the people who criticized you publicly—Montel Williams or Dionne Warwick?

GOLDBERG: I spoke with Dionne. I said, "Look, you know what the Friars Club roast is." She said, "Yeah, but it got out." I said, "But that's not my fault. If you have a problem you should talk to the Friars Club." She said, "You're right." I don't have anything to say to Montel because Montel went out for himself. He got the publicity he needed. He used us as a soapbox. I think in retrospect that he's unhappy he did it, because I think he's had a little firestorm of his own, and suddenly it occurs to him that that's what happens when someone puts your business in the street. Hey, it's OK. I'm going to piss people off again. I hope I'm not going to piss people off throughout my life.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a lot of time for your family?

GOLDBERG: More and more. I'm a workaholic, but I'm trying to take some breaks. We've been spending more and more time together. I'm cleaning baby spit off my shirt and playing with my granddaughter and watching her cannonball into the pool.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter's father was your first husband as well as your drug counselor. How did you meet and fall in love?

GOLDBERG: I felt I had better do something because I didn't know what was coming. I got married, but it wasn't particularly right for either of us. I got pregnant and had this little baby, and I left my husband and went to San Diego. I had a couple of relationships and then didn't have a relationship for, like, six years. I met another man and had a five-year relationship, and he helped me raise my daughter. Then I came to New York and did my show, and it was tough on him, so he went away. And then I didn't get married. I went out with a couple of people and then slipped back into a little drug haze and woke up married to somebody else.

PLAYBOY: And that was your second marriage?

GOLDBERG: Yeah, and it took me about a year and a half to get out of that, and then I went into another really bad relationship. I then went into what I thought had the potential of being a good relationship, but it didn't work out, and I met another guy and got married, and then I realized I had made a mistake and said, "I've made a mistake. I'm really sorry," and was in the process of getting out of that when I met Frank. So, you know, it's kind of normal, except that maybe I got married a few too many times. It's because I love a good party, but I have recently realized that I can actually just throw a party and not get married. I think I've learned that. Now I'm more interested in a caring, loving relationship, which is what I have now.

PLAYBOY: Are you more capable of having one now?

GOLDBERG: Yes. You start telling yourself the truth, you know. You start facing reality. Being in love with someone and being with someone is work, and it's daily, and it's not a Band-Aid.

PLAYBOY: Did relationships used to be Band-Aids?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yes. I thought that they would make me feel better. I thought they would protect me.

PLAYBOY: Protect you from what?

GOLDBERG: The world. But now I know you're only better if you feel better inside. You have to do the repair work that's required.

PLAYBOY: Were drugs other Band-Aids?

GOLDBERG: Yes. Band-Aids that don't work. They were a way not to feel pain or mistakes.

PLAYBOY: What drugs did you do?

(continued on page 178)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who likes to break new trails. He craves the adrenaline rush that comes with virgin powder. That's why he starts at the top—and why he reads the world's largest-selling men's magazine. PLAYBOY men spent $26 million on ski equipment last year. That's almost 30 times as much as the male readers of GQ. PLAYBOY delivers more men who ski than *Esquire* and *Men's Health* combined. PLAYBOY—where the adventure begins. (Source: 1996 Spring MRI.)

A NEW JAMES BOND ADVENTURE

fiction By RAYMOND BENSON

Blast From The Past

who'd want to kill james bond's son? after a bomb blast, a car chase and an encounter with an old enemy, 007 finds the deadly answer

The Fed Ex letter was delivered at 9:30. James Bond had completed his morning ritual of a cold shower, 20 slow push-ups, as many leg lifts as he could manage, 20 reps of touching his toes, and 15 minutes of arm and chest exercises combined with deep breathing.

He was sitting and reading *The Times* at his ornate Empire desk in the book-lined sitting room of his flat off King's Road in Chelsea when the bell rang.

Bond signed for the letter and took it back into the sitting room. It was from "J. Suzuki" in New York. He opened it and read:

DEAR DAD—TERRIBLY URGENT
THAT YOU COME TO NEW YORK!
I NEED YOUR HELP! FAIL NOT!
WITH LOVE—JAMES

He rarely heard from his son, a young man working as a banker in the U.S. James' mother, Kissy Suzuki, had died of cancer years ago. Bond had fathered the child while suffering from amnesia during a dark period of his life when he lived as a simple fisherman with Kissy on a small island in Japan. Bond had left her in search of his identity, unaware that she was pregnant with their son. It was much later, after he had recovered from what could clinically be classified as a mental breakdown, that he learned of James Suzuki's existence. Bond had helped Kissy support the child, even after she had moved to the States. She had succumbed to her illness when the boy was a teenager and Bond had put him through college.

The memories of Kissy Suzuki and the island in Japan brought back other nightmares that Bond had pushed back into his subconscious. M had sent him to Japan in the hopes he would snap out of the depression he suffered after the murder of his wife, Tracy di Vicenzo, at the hands of Ernst Stavro Blofeld and his partner-in-crime, Irma Bunt. This was the main reason Bond had little contact with his son—the links in the chain of memories always led back to Tracy.

Although they were buried deep within his psyche, recollections of the events of that era featured in Bond's dreams every now and then. Sometimes he would wake in the middle of the night with one of several recurring images lingering in his mind: Blofeld's bulging eyes as Bond strangled him to death, Fräulein Bunt slumping to the floor after Bond hit her with a staff, the castle exploding as Bond watched clinging from a helium-filled weather balloon and, most often, the blood on Tracy's golden hair as he cradled her in the front seat of the Lancia that spirited the couple away from their wedding.

Many years had passed and Bond had lived through further adventures and dangers. He had managed to bury those painful scars by commiting himself to his work. The women he encountered along the way were diversions, to be sure, but none had touched his heart the way Tracy had. He couldn't help but feel that there was something still unresolved, something he had to accomplish before he could exorcise those demons.

Bond phoned his son, but there was no answer at James' home number. When he called the bank where James worked, they confirmed that James hadn't been in for days. Bond booked a flight to New York.

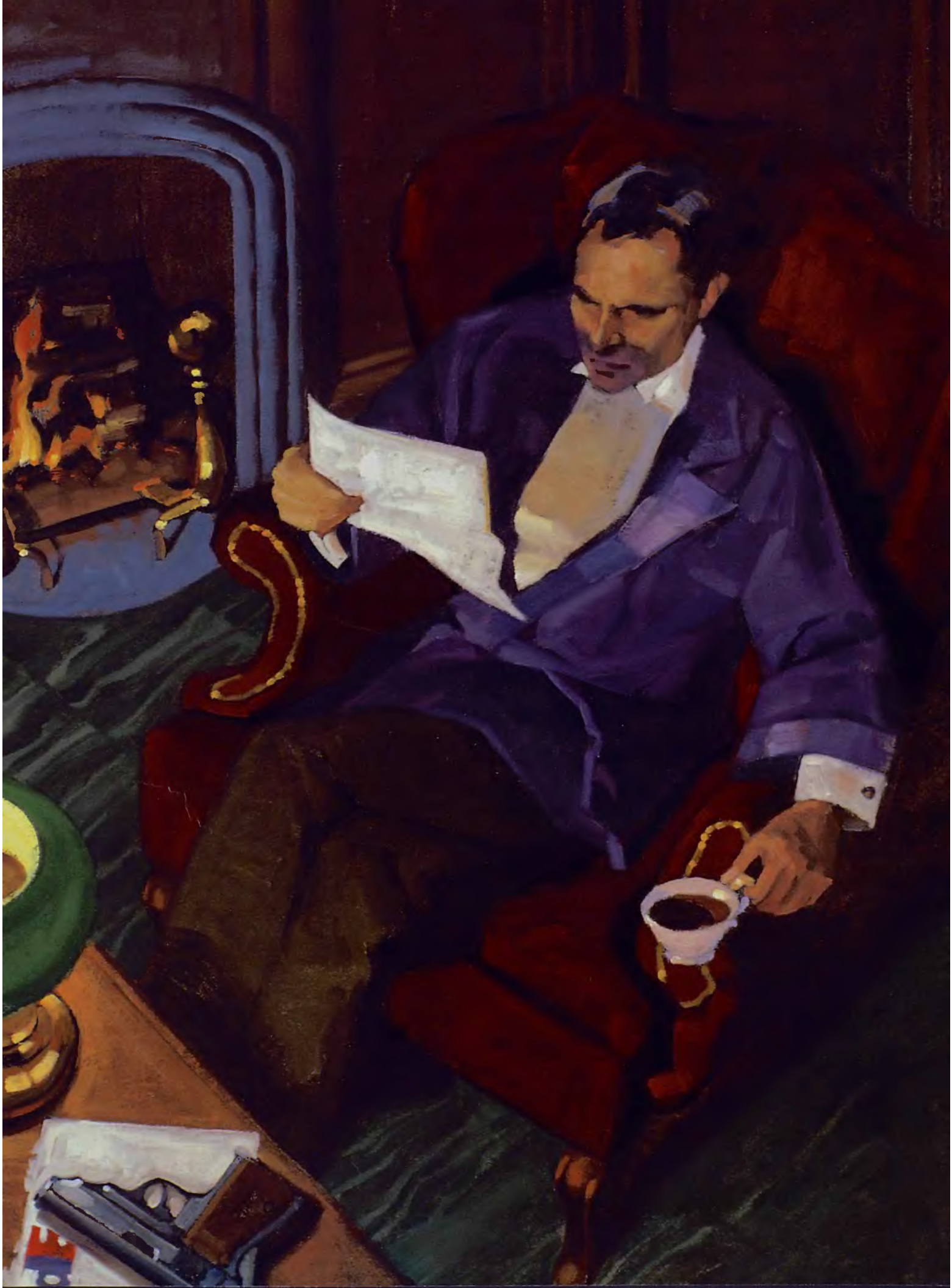
•

He arrived at Kennedy Airport at midday and took a taxi into Manhattan. The city was alive with the energy that made New York the premiere cosmopolitan city. It was a sunny, unseasonably warm spring day, and the Manhattanites were out in force. Horns bellowed and endless swarms of pedestrians darted across intersections.

Bond had dressed casually in a light-blue cotton short-sleeve polo shirt and navy-blue cotton twill trousers. He wore a light, gray silk basket-weave jacket, under which he kept his Walther PPK 7.65mm in a chamois shoulder holster. The PPK was not standard issue anymore, but there was something about its history, its familiarity, that gave Bond a sense of security.

The taxi took him to the Upper East Side, where James Suzuki lived in a studio apartment at 75th Street and First Avenue, not far from the East River. Bond paid the driver and stepped out onto the pavement. The area was residential, made up of six-story brownstone apartment houses and small shops. Bond surveyed the street before entering the building. A mother pushed a pram, chatting with another woman as they walked. A toadlike bag lady, dressed in rags and waddling

PAINTINGS BY GREGORY MANCHESS



behind a stolen shopping cart filled with garbage and bundles, stopped in front of the door of James' building. Two teenagers threw coins against a brick wall a few yards away. Someone shouted across the street. The traffic was terribly noisy.

Bond moved past the bag lady blocking the door to the building and stepped inside. As he moved past her, Bond was perplexed by what he could see underneath the rags shielding her face, a strange skin condition with a waxen look. He shrugged and examined the building directory. He rang the bell marked J. SUZUKI and waited. The intercom remained silent. He rang the bell again. Nothing happened.

One bell was marked SUPER, and he tried it. A moment later, the intercom blurted, "Yeah, who is it?"

"I'm looking for James Suzuki in 3A.

BOND KNELT HEAVILY BESIDE THE BODY OF HIS ONLY SON.

I'm his father. Can you let me in?" Bond barked into the speaker.

He heard some grumbling, and then the lock on the inner door buzzed. Bond pushed it open and entered a dingy corridor facing a flight of stairs. The super's door opened at the back of the hall. A fat man in an undershirt and boxer shorts peered out.

"You got ID?" the man asked. He had a fairly thick Bronx accent.

After looking at Bond's Ministry of Defence credentials, the man heaved himself up the stairs, far too slowly for Bond's patience, then wrestled with the key ring and unlocked the door.

Bond recognized the foul stench as soon as the door swung open. He bolted past the fat man into the small apartment. "Stay out!" he shouted to the super.

James Suzuki lay on his back in the middle of the floor, his body in an advanced state of putrefaction, its features bloated.

Bond knelt heavily beside the body of his only son.

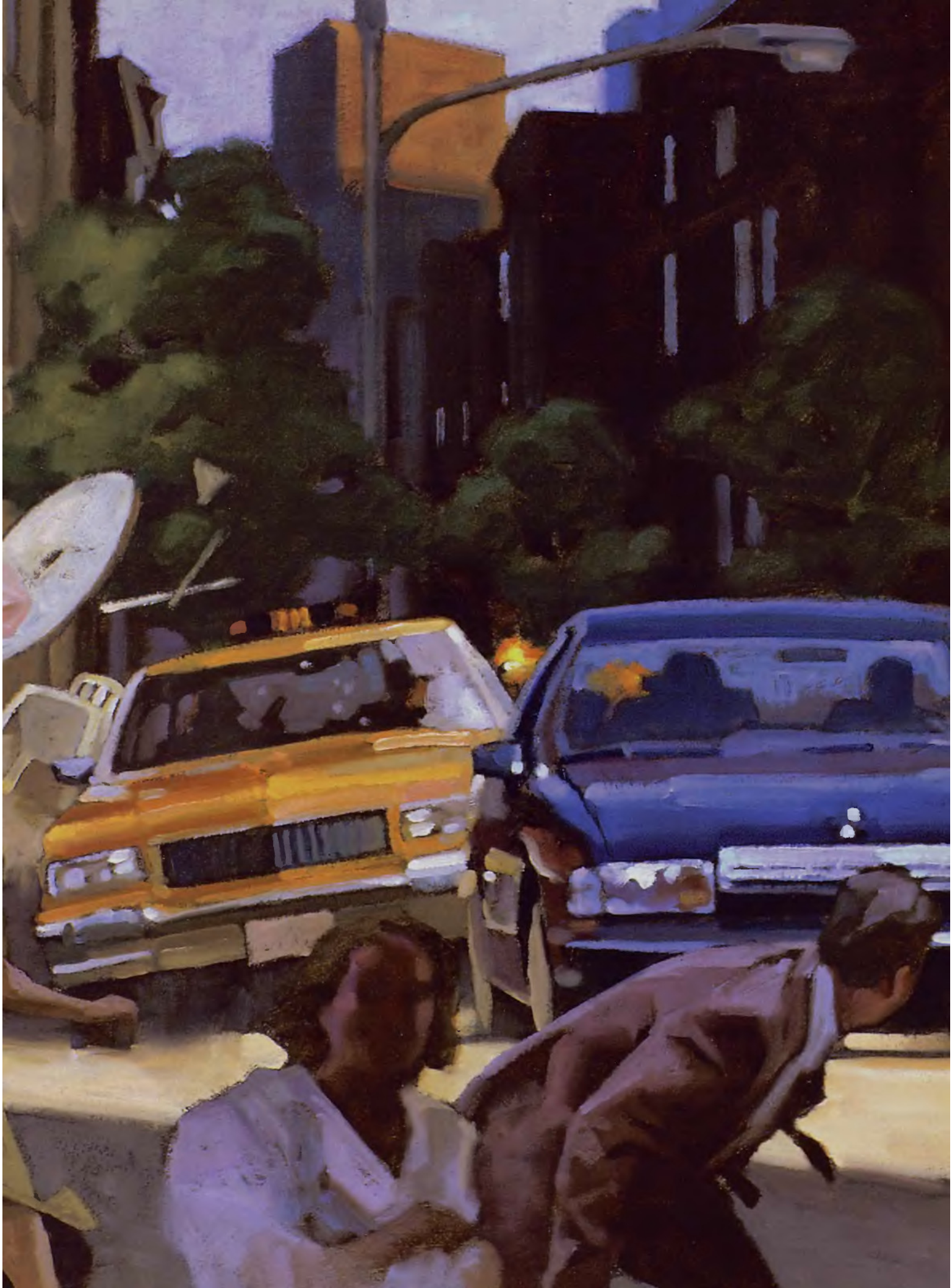
•

Special Agent Cheryl Haven scribbled in a small notebook as Bond spoke.

"You didn't touch anything?" she asked in a northern England accent.

Bond shook his head, still stunned by his discovery.

He had contacted the city's British



Secret Service branch after convincing the super, with the aid of a $50 bill, that there was no need for the local police. Within minutes, Cheryl Haven and an American investigative team had arrived at the apartment. The crime scene personnel—a forensic specialist, a photographer and a medical examiner—were already at work on the body and the room.

Bond gestured toward the kitchen counter. "There's an envelope addressed to me. I haven't opened it."

Agent Haven said, "We'll make it top priority." She turned to the forensic specialist. "Dan? Dust the envelope on the counter so we can see what's inside. Paul, could you take some photos of the kitchen before Dan dusts that envelope?" She turned back to Bond. "He was due to check in next week." Family members of all secret service personnel residing in foreign countries were required to contact the local branch once a month. "I know, because he usually spoke with me. He was a nice young man. I'm sorry."

Bond nodded abruptly and averted his eyes.

She quickly returned to business. "We still have time to go by his bank. You have no idea why you received the Fed Ex?"

"No."

The medical examiner cleared his throat. "I have some preliminary results. We still need to do an autopsy, of course."

"What did you find?" she asked.

"He's been dead for four days, give or take 12 hours. From the looks of it, he was poisoned. Look at this wound on his arm here."

Bond and the woman stood and looked closely at the corpse. There was an incision about an inch long on James' left forearm. It was swollen and dark.

"A very sharp, thin blade. That's where the poison entered the bloodstream. A razor blade, perhaps. You can see the edema around the wound. There's dried blood on his shirt there, see? It must have been powerful stuff. He died of respiratory paralysis. Some kind of inebriant, I imagine, something exotic."

The forensic man finished dusting the envelope and handed it to Bond. Bond carefully opened it and emptied the contents onto the counter. A small silver key fell out. The number 366 was embossed on it.

"Looks like a safe-deposit key," Agent Haven said. She named a well-known Japanese bank. "It's got their logo on it."

"My son's employer," Bond said.

He needed to get out of that apartment and clear his head. He had to think. Who would want to kill his son? Was it an attempt to get at him? Bond rubbed his brow, forcing his mind to go back over the past few weeks. Had there been any kind of warning? Had he any reason to suspect someone? Anyone? He couldn't think of a single thing that was relevant. Maybe James had been in trouble. Perhaps the contents of the safe-deposit box would provide the answers.

•

"It'll be faster if we walk," Agent Haven said, grabbing her purse. Once on the pavement, Bond and the woman walked briskly south.

It was the first time Bond had actually looked at her. She was in her late 30s or early 40s but had the figure and complexion of a woman in her 20s. She was tall, with long, strong legs, revealed by the short, slim skirt of a lightweight worsted wool business suit. Her thin but silky blonde hair blew behind her as they walked, and her full breasts moved beneath her jacket. Bond thought she was quite attractive.

"Where are you from, Agent Haven?" Bond asked. "I detected a northern England accent. Blackpool?"

"You got it right," she said, increasing the speed of her stride. "Call me Cheryl, please, Mr. Bond."

"Only if you call me James," he said, matching her pace. "How did you get to be station branch head in Manhattan? What happened to Forbes?"

"Alan got rich playing Lotto. Can you believe it? He retired early and went to live in Texas," she said, laughing. "I was second-in-command and got the promotion. I'm surprised we never met before."

"I am, too," he said. "So tell me about James. Was he all right? Did he ever sound like he was in trouble?"

The two had to stop for a red light at a busy intersection.

"Never," Cheryl said. "He called on time every month and we chatted for a minute or so." She grinned. "He asked me out once. He was a flirt."

Bond smiled ruefully. The sins of the fathers. . . .

"I never received any indication that he was into anything but his work at the bank, the girls he dated and the Knicks," she continued. The light turned green and they continued. They reached an intersection just across from the bank. Immediately to their left, a street vendor selling hot dogs shouted and cursed, waving away a short woman dressed in rags and pushing a shopping cart.

"Poor old lady," Cheryl said.

Bond was staring at her back when he heard Cheryl say, "Come on, the light's green."

They crossed the street and went into the bank. Inside, they sought out the bank manager to inform him of James Suzuki's death and explain the situation. Mr. Nishiuye, the manager, expressed appropriate words of dismay and sympathy, then led them downstairs to the safe-deposit area, a small room protected by a barred gate. There was a long table in the center, surrounded by four chairs on rollers. Number 366 was nearly eye-level on the wall. The manager stood in the doorway and watched Bond insert the small silver key into the lock. Once engaged, the key wouldn't turn.

"Oh dear," Mr. Nishiuye said, apologetically, "I'm afraid we have been having trouble with some of those locks lately. That's the third one this week."

Bond struggled with it, withdrew the key and reached for his belt buckle. "I have a lock pick here, let me try that."

"That's from our old friend Major Boothroyd, I take it?" Cheryl asked. "I have one, too, but it's the ladies' model."

"Wait," the manager said. "We have a maintenance man. He is the locksmith. He opened the others easily. Let me find Sam."

"Hurry," Bond said. After he had left, Bond shrugged and said to Cheryl, "I probably could have had it open by the time he returns."

"Relax, Mr. B., I mean, James," she said. "I don't think we're going to solve this in one night, and I'll make sure you're allowed to stay as long as you need."

Bond sat down uneasily in one of the chairs and stared at the safe-deposit box.

"What is it?" she asked. "You look tired. Do you feel jet-lagged?"

Bond said, "No, it's the homeless woman we saw outside. There's something, I don't know. . . ."

"What?"

"I'm quite sure I saw her earlier outside James' apartment. When I first got there."

"Well, that was hours ago. She could have wheeled her little cart this far in that time."

"I know," Bond reflected, "but there's something else. She reminds me of something, or someone."

Cheryl sat down beside him and placed her smooth, warm hand on his.

"Listen, James," she said. "You've had a shock—not that you're not handling this remarkably well. But still . . . take it easy."

The manager returned with another man who was dressed in overalls and carrying a tool kit.

"Number 366, Sam." Mr. Nishiuye pointed to the wall of box fronts.

(continued on page 160)

". . . And your job, of course, is to enter through the chimney!"

MAFIA MOLE

GANGSTER-SNITCH GREGORY SCARPA CONNED THE FEDS WHILE HE MURDERED HIS ENEMIES. THIS COULD BE THE MOST AMAZING FBI SCANDAL OF ALL

GREGORY SCARPA was a different sort of American success story. He was a spy, a mole at the core of organized crime in New York. For protection and for money, Scarpa told federal authorities how organized crime worked and provided information that helped put many of his fellow gangsters in prison. Officially, Scarpa worked for the FBI, but the facts suggest that the mobster was the boss and that his so-called assistance to law enforcement was just part of his scam. Indeed, the relationship between Scarpa and the FBI is likely to prove unique in the annals of American crime and law enforcement. And, even if it remains relatively obscure, it surely ranks as one of the FBI's worst scandals.

Of course, the FBI put people in jail with information provided by Scarpa. But, citing the FBI's own documents, an attorney for one of those convicts maintains that the FBI's relationship with Scarpa amounted to a crime in itself. Indeed, a defense lawyer told me, "I can say without hesitation that in the collective experience of all the lawyers involved in the various Scarpa appeals, none has ever run into anything as stupefying as Greg Scarpa's relationship with the FBI."

Scarpa died in 1994, shortly before the secret relationship was exposed—though hoods and lawmen had long suspected it. But the gangster haunts the FBI. Did his handlers attempt to cover up the often bloody details of the hoodlum's easy success in conning the FBI? That's *(continued on page 138)*

ARTICLE BY BOB DRURY

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID SINCLAIR

TEXT BY
JOHN UPDIKE

THE NUDE MARILYN

a unique portfolio of the legend who loved to be naked

Marilyn Monroe was not nudity-averse. Natasha Lytess, who lived with the budding movie star in the late Forties, recalled how she would come wandering naked from her bedroom around noon, bathe for an hour and, "still without a stitch on, drift in a sort of dreamy, sleepwalking daze into the kitchen and fix her own breakfast." So it was at the studio, where she "ambled unconcerned, completely naked, around her bungalow, among wardrobe women, make-up girls, hairdressers. Being naked seems to soothe her—almost hypnotize her. If she caught sight of herself in a full-length mirror, she'd sit down—or just stand there—with her lips hanging slack and eyes droopily half shut like a cat being tickled." Vagrant as a child, Monroe was at home, at ease, in her skin. The photo to the right appeared in 1953 as the first PLAYBOY Sweetheart, the precursor of the Playmate centerfold.

TOM KELLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MILTON H. GREENE
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Men undressed are stripped of the power that uniforms and armor confer; women put on power of a precarious, primal sort. These early cheesecake poses, some of a brunette still known as Norma Jeane Baker, show her experimenting with her power. Fatherless and with a

mentally unstable mother, she married young and worked in a war plant; when an Army photographer chose her for a publicity shot, her make-believe life began. Gamely, she led her photographers on, teasing them to dare more, challenging the lens.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MORAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM KELLEY

Modeling supported the struggling young starlet. In 1949 photographer Tom Kelley offered her $50 to pose nude for a calendar, just the amount she needed to buy back her repossessed car. "He stretched me out on this red velvet and it was sort of drafty," she recalled. "When I was a kid, I used to dream of red velvet." The stretched-out dreamer became a swimmer through the dreams of unknown men.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WOODFIELD/SCHILLER

More than a dozen years later, the swimmer had become world-famous, grievously addicted to pills, divorced from Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller, and only a delicious bit chunky. Her body was old-style—pre–buns of steel. *Something's Got to Give* aptly titled a doomed movie she was fired from for tardiness and fuzziness; but she did perform a swimming-pool scene, voluntarily shucking her flesh-colored bathing suit and leaving on film a haunting record of what the world would soon lose.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT STERN

Monroe collaborated cunningly in her exploitation as a sex object. Bert Stern has left a hard-breathing account of how, six weeks before her suicide, he turned a fashion shoot for *Vogue* into a striptease. The climactic shots came after midnight, and the model had been loosened up with plenty of Dom Pérignon. Yet who, looking at the results, can doubt that such immortalizing exposure was what she desired? She studied the transparencies, mutilating with a hairpin the ones she didn't want used.

Marilyn rests. Stern's assistant, Leif-Erik Nygårds, snapped the exhausted, casually naked star when everyone else had left the room. Her pubic hair is unbleached; her hand rests like a self-comforting child's beneath her lightly smiling mouth. The semblance of intimacy and the sensation of isolation are the twin conditions of those who live by what the public

LEIF-ERIK NYGÅRDS

sees of them. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who saw an omount of Monroe in the shadowy months when she drifted like a ghost through the corridors of the Kennedys' Camelot, writes of how "she receded into her own glittering mist. There was something ot once magical and desperote about her." Her life os a person ended at 36, in on odor of despair ond failure. Her life as an image is a continuing, swelling triumph. Her dreamy awkwardnesses, her inability to stay a wife or become a mother, her pathetic death consecrate her to a lonely monumentality. Had she lived, she would be 70 and one more discomfiting reminder of how we oll age, even the most beautiful. As is, like a broken marble Venus, she defies time.

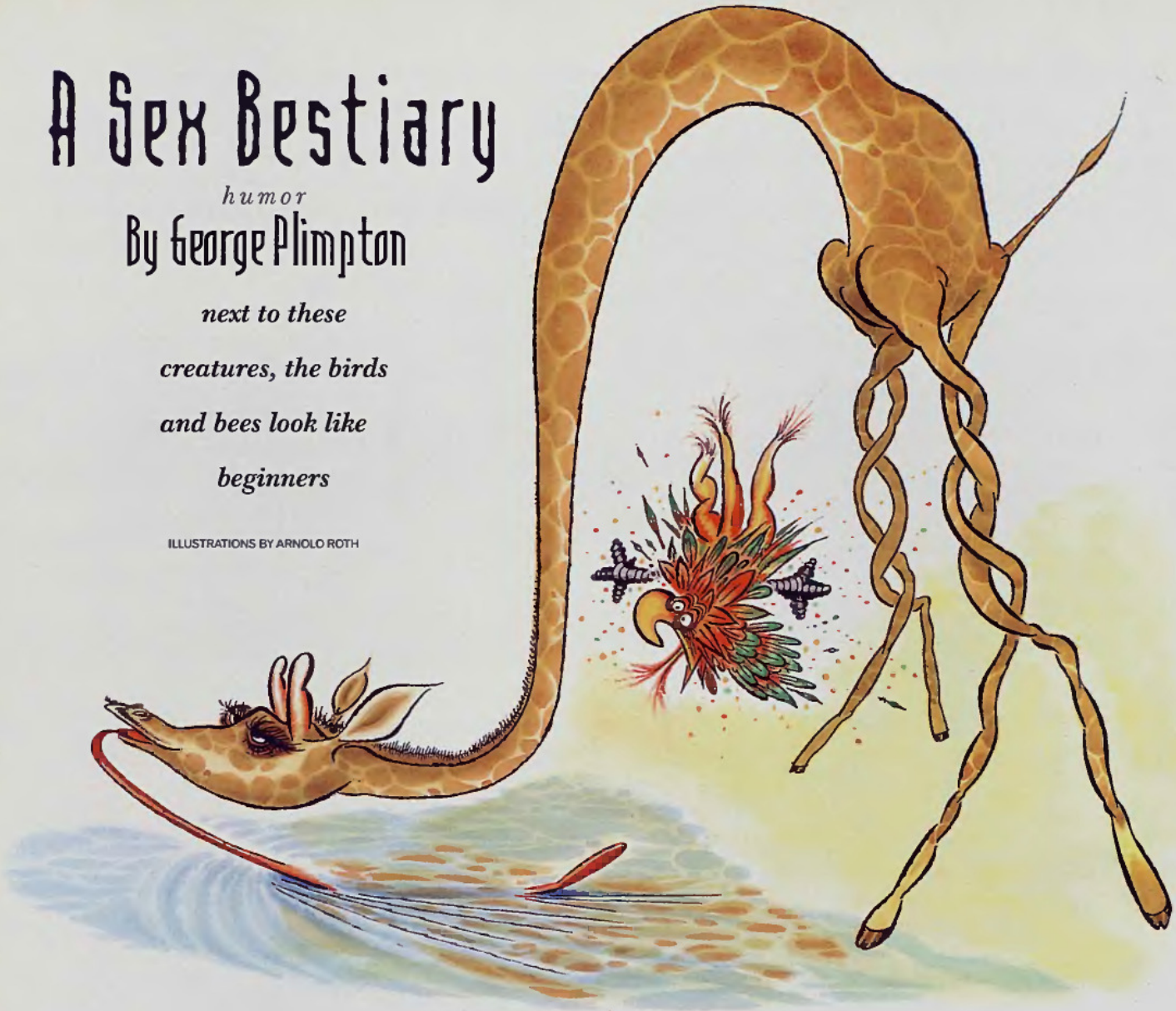
A Sex Bestiary

humor

By George Plimpton

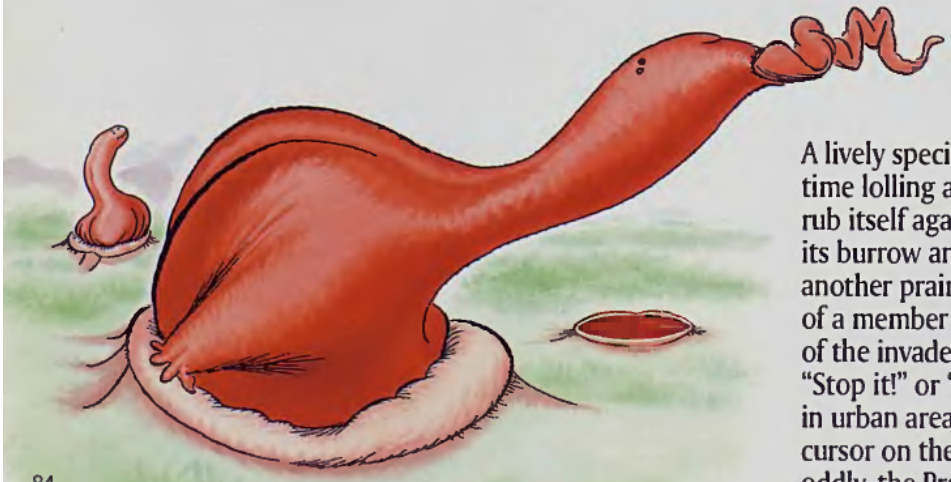
next to these creatures, the birds and bees look like beginners

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLO ROTH



The Foreplay

A rather fussy giraffe that likes to prepare for its appearance at the watering place by primping, rubbing its skin to a fine glow on the nearest giraffe, flossing its teeth, shining its hooves and so on. It sometimes attracts the attention of the Premature Ejaculation (q.v.) and occasionally the Blue Balls. The Foreplay is much admired by guides and naturalists who wish that other denizens of water holes would emulate its calculated behavior—especially the overeager Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Ma'am.



The French Kiss

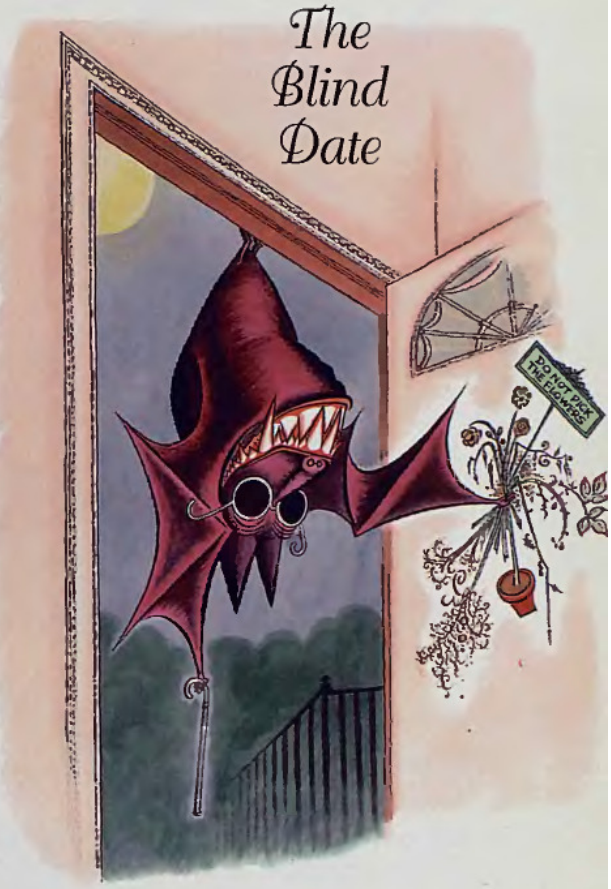
A lively species of prairie dog that spends most of its time lolling about in its burrow, sometimes emerging to rub itself against a lollipop. On occasion it darts from its burrow and on impulse tries to enter the burrow of another prairie dog, usually, but not exclusively, that of a member of the opposite sex. Often the inhabitant of the invaded burrow will have none of it and shout, "Stop it!" or "Ugh." The French Kiss is often referred to in urban areas as the Soul Kiss and is considered a precursor on the evolutionary scale of the Dry Hump and, oddly, the Premature Ejaculation.

The One-Night Stand

A rather anguished-looking variety of wading bird, the One-Night Stand usually frequents sandbars and motel parking lots. It roosts at night in a succession of trees, never finding one to its complete satisfaction and thus rarely getting much sleep. It stands on one foot until dawn wondering if it has made a mistake. Its strange, forlorn cries at daybreak have been variously interpreted as *where-am-I?*, or *what-have-I-done?*, and often *why-did-I-have-that-last-drink?* The One-Night Stand is not to be confused with the Marital Bliss or the Nuptial Bed, which are birds of a quite different hue.

The Blind Date

A terrifying bat, of either gender, that hangs upside down in doorways and emits a sound like a doorbell's. Often its appearance to whomever opens the door results in a gasp, sometimes a scream. The Blind Date is not to be confused with the Significant Other or the older Steady, which tend to live less parlous lives. The largest convention of Blind Dates takes place annually in Madison Square Garden under the guidance of the Reverend Sun-Myung Moon.



The Wet Dream

A species of manatee or sea cow. Rarely seen, the Wet Dream is thought by some to be a figment of the imagination—indeed, it is often referred to as "the Figment." It appears only at night. Often the only evidence of its passing, inevitably in the company of the Erection (referred to in erotic literature as the Swollen Member), is a damp spot on the riverbank. An enduring myth is that the sight of the Wet Dream is experienced largely by teenagers and monks.

The Spanish Fly

A widely touted fruit fly that, in fact, does not produce fruit nor, indeed, fly. It has a corps of press agents who proclaim its virtues and promise that its performance will dazzle an audience into oohs and aahs and Oh my Gods. In fact it is quite torpid. Though often headlined in a Las Vegas showplace, it never turns up. It looks rather squashed. It is the least distinguished of a large family, *Aphrodisiae*, whose other members range from innocuous (the Oyster) to more rambunctious (the Ecstasy).

The Premature Ejaculation

A large and rather messy parrot known for its inability to complete the time-honored phrase "Polly wants a cracker." It ruffles its feathers, strains mightily and then says, "Polly." This is generally followed by "uh-oh" and a studied rearrangement of feathers. It often cohabits with the Buick (q.v.).

The Buick

A hippo. It hangs out at drive-in theaters, in the corners of supermarket parking lots and on sandy roads after twilight. It glides to a stop. Its eyelids close. It hums soft music. For many years its favorite song was *Teen Angel*. In cold weather it steams. It rocks, first slowly, then with increasing intensity as if wallowing in dreams. It leaves evidence of its passage—cigarette butts, a wad of chewing gum, a beer can or two and, on occasion, lace panties.

The Dry Hump is sometimes associated with the Buick. So is the Premature Ejaculation.

The Camilla Parker-Bowles

A skulking forest dweller on large English estates, the Camilla Parker-Bowles is elusive. It is so advanced on the evolutionary scale that the females of the species often wear merkins—pubic wigs. One of the major problems in the wild is that kingfishers like to nest in merkins, which tends to upset the sensibilities of other forest dwellers, especially those who can't afford merkins.

Does God Have Orgasms?

the noted new age seer and author celebrates the natural pairing of sex and spirituality, and wonders why western religions are intent on separating the two

article By Deepak Chopra

SCULPTURE BY FRANK GALLO

BEFORE I take up the alarming question of whether God has orgasms, I will begin with a story of two Martians. A spaceship from Mars has landed in New York City with the mission of studying the earth's inhabitants. The ship's commander turns to one of his crew and says, "Find somebody on the street and ask him what makes humans happiest in all the world." Then he turns to a second crew member and says, "You find somebody on the street and ask him what makes humans unhappiest in all the world."

"Yes, sir," the two Martians say. They depart, and return in an hour.

"Well, what do you have to report?" the commander asks the first Martian.

"Sir, I found a human male in his mid-30s coming out of an office building on Fifth Avenue. I asked him what made him happiest in the world, and he said, 'Sex.'"

"Very good," the commander says. He turns to the second Martian. "And what do you have to report?" he asks.

"Sir, I also found a human male in his mid-30s coming out of an office building on Fifth Avenue. I asked him what made him unhappiest in the world, and he said, 'Sex.'"

"What? That makes no sense. Give me your notes," the commander orders. He scrutinizes the papers his two scouts hand to him. "You bunglers, here's the problem. You both asked the same man."

I think of this as a very plausible story. If you had to define human beings to aliens who knew nothing about us, we could well be described as the only creatures on the planet who are ambivalent about sex. Sex is as much a source of guilt, shame and secrecy as it is of joy, delight and creativity. Sex drove Jack the Ripper and Picasso; it has been expressed in Michelangelo's sonnets and in obscene messages on the Internet. Sex is a necessary biological function that many people rarely engage in; at the same time it is a recreational function, freed of its biological necessity, that millions of people engage in out of sheer pleasure.

To resolve this dichotomy, human beings constantly look for answers, because living with ambiguity isn't comfortable. Besides turning to therapists, friends, family members and the next guy in the locker room, people seek answers in some version of spirituality. Which in essence means that they want to know, "What does God think about sex?" Most of the time, it seems that she is against it. Puritanism is, after all, both a religious sect and a synonym for rigid sexual repression. Two thousand years ago Saint Paul wrote that it was better to marry than to burn—in essence, he threw up his hands in exasperation, saying, "Well, if you people have to. . . ." The Christian West hasn't progressed much further, it often seems, in shedding spiritual light on sex. Since the days of D.H. Lawrence and Henry Miller, conventional religion has been severely criticized as a primary source of sexual guilt and shame, and in these latter days of sexual scandals involving a huge number (if still a minority) of the clergy, no one with spiritual authority has stepped forward to strike a blow against repression and guilt, much less to celebrate sex as a sacred act.

These are dark days for sex and spirituality. Therefore, I would like to offer three shocking propositions:

Sex is itself spiritual, because flesh and spirit are one.

God is in every orgasm.

The creative energy of the universe is sexual.

I do not offer these statements as a sexual rebel or social renegade. These are intimate truths that I have worked toward in my own life; they are offered to anyone who wants to abandon the confusion of conventional wisdom and find the truth for himself or herself. Truth isn't handed down from a mountaintop—it is a process. You discover it by walking a path. In every religion this path leads to God, but at the same time it leads to love. Therefore, trying to discover the truth means confronting God's love, and sex is part of that love. In my view, there is no way around it.

Let me put forward my three statements one at a time:

Sex is itself spiritual, because flesh and spirit are one.

I cannot accept a world in which flesh and spirit are divided. A God of love doesn't punish us for having bodies; in fact, he created our bodies. To a skeptic, the word spirit has no concrete definition, and therefore asserting that flesh and spirit are one makes little sense. By "spirit" I mean the life force, the "breath of God," as the Bible calls it. Spirit is the difference between an inert lump of sugar and a living human body. Both contain complex carbon-based chemicals, but the sugar circulating in every cell of your body is animated; it is far from inert.

Spirit *is* life, and therefore it is love. When two people unite in love, a spiritual contact is made. You can ignore this fact and turn sex into a loveless and therefore lifeless enterprise. But listen to the words of a medieval mystic named Symeon the New Theologian (in Stephen Mitchell's beautiful translation):

For if we genuinely love him,
we wake up inside Christ's body
where all our body, all over,
every most hidden part of it,
is realized in joy as him,
and he makes us, utterly, real.

If these sensuous lines don't sound like theology as you are used to hearing it, imagine the shock they aroused among the Greek Orthodox community a thousand years ago. Symeon flouted the conventional wisdom that the Holy Ghost was above and apart from human flesh; he perceived spirit as a penetrating, transforming love, a merging that turns every cell into God. The sensuous intimacy of such an idea still has the power to provoke controversy. When Symeon declares, "I move my foot, and at once/ He appears like a flash of lightning," Christ's manifestation reminds me of orgasm, which is also a penetrating and sudden explosion of love within flesh.

It's no surprise that Symeon paid for his words with exile, spending his final years in a remote Turkish village, well away from the religious mainstream of his day and roundly condemned by church authorities. But now we can hear the voice of a saint in his vision of how "everything/ that seemed to us dark, harsh, shameful/ maimed, ugly, irreparably/ damaged, is in him transformed/ and recognized as whole, as lovely/ and radiant in his light." For many people today, the words dark, ugly, shameful and damaged apply to sex, and to transform these feelings into joy and fulfillment is the goal of spirituality.

Symeon's voice sounds like the voice of a saint, but I believe his vision applies to us all—we are lovers in both flesh and spirit who are trying to "awaken as the beloved/ in every last part of our body." A thousand years ago a lover of God was not permitted to speak reverently of the body, because that violated the dogmatic belief that the body was wicked and corrupt. In our age, the opposite belief has more or less turned to dogma: The act of love is basically physical, to the exclusion of the spirit. In either case the fusion of spirit and body has been missed.

Yet at moments love creates a surprising, unexpected joy that no dogma can hold back. The touch of your beloved or simply the sight of her can seem suddenly amazing, appearing like lightning, just as Symeon says. This joy penetrates the heart as if it were from nowhere, because love is inherent in life itself.

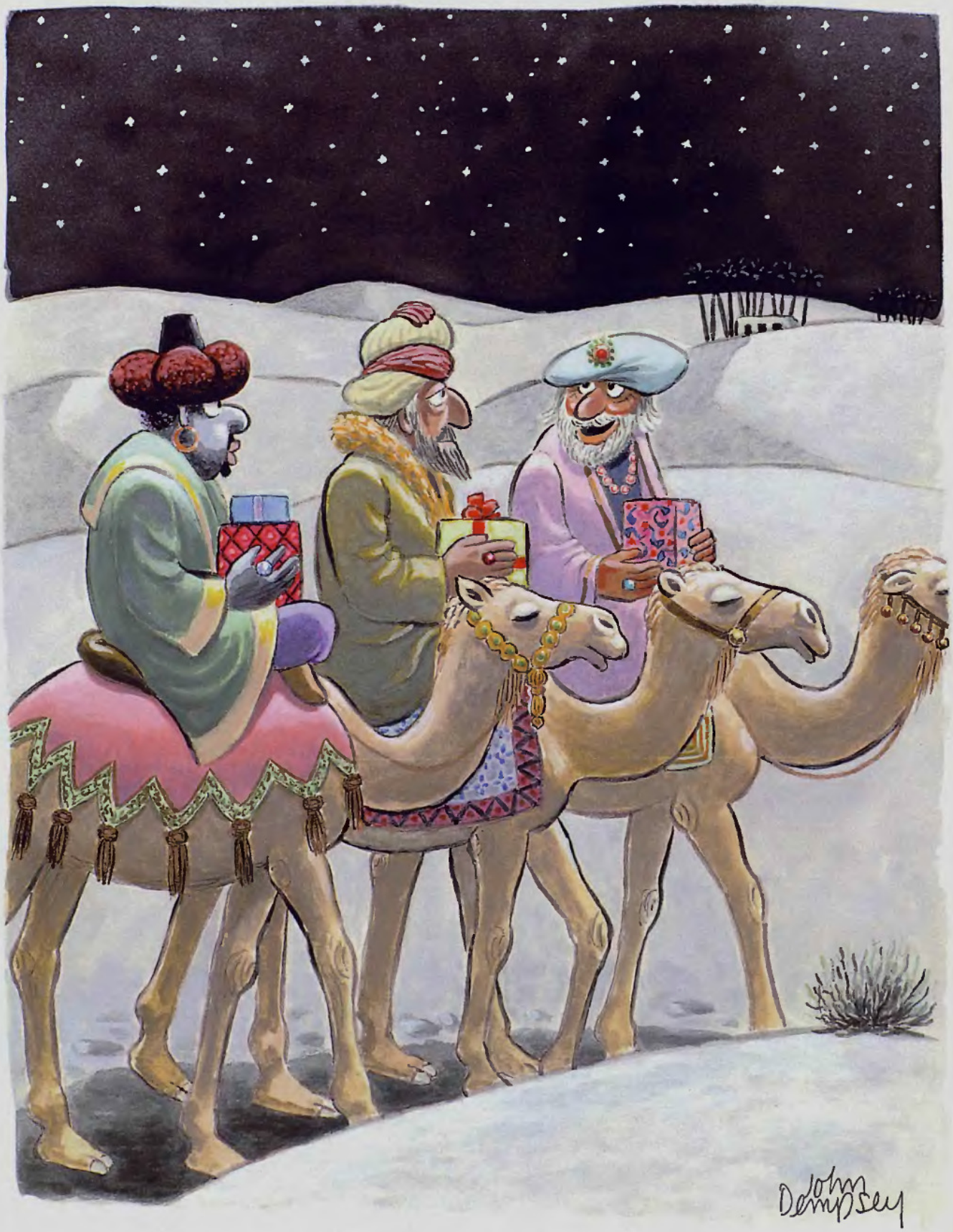
God is in every orgasm.

If orgasm is purely physical, it has no spiritual meaning. But when it brings a burst of joy and love, it has the potential to contain God. This is the kind of statement that easily arouses reactions of fear and hatred. If you have taken God out of sex and made her aloof and pure (so that sex can remain earthly and dirty), then your credo is one of separation. You believe that humans are fallen and presumably that they will remain fallen as long as sex exists. This is a shame-based view of human nature, and I am not here to try to abolish it. Every person is entitled to his own beliefs in these matters.

On the other hand, love's journey is about getting out of shame and guilt. Does God really want us to stamp out and condemn part of our nature—a part shared by every living creature—before we feel loved by him? Three thousand years ago the ancient scriptures of India declared of human beings that we are "born in bliss, sustained in bliss and return to bliss after we depart." Bliss, or *Ānanda* in Sanskrit, is more than a feeling of joy. It is our true nature. God is bliss, and in her image so are we. Therefore, the undeniable bliss of sexuality is itself divine in origin.

There is no doubt that sexual pleasure can be cheapened, degraded, corrupted, turned into perversion and stripped of love. But if you can look past that, isn't it possible that sex is a place where people in fact feel free, open and truly themselves? Almost everything else in modern life is encumbered by rules and boundaries.

(continued on page 184)



"What are you guys doing later, after we drop off the gifts?"

The Way To Go On New Year's When Black Tie Is Optional

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

Tux Redux

Forgoing black tie for a banded-collar shirt has become too L.A.-at-the-Oscars for us. Instead, we offer a few alternative ways to break tux tradition. Want to brighten up the party scene? Wear a dark jacket with a jewel-toned dress shirt and a Windsor-knotted tie. A dinner suit with a longer jacket looks equally festive, as does clothing made from velvet, cashmere and satin. Or you can mix and match, such as a velvet blazer with tuxedo pants. Cheers looking at you.

Left: This dressed-down formal fare includes a three-button tuxedo suit ($1250) and a shirt with French cuffs ($80), both by Valentino Uomo, a silk tie by Valentino Cravatte ($75), a pocket square by Robert Talbott (about $50), cuff links by Faces of Time ($130) and shoes by Donna Karan ($425). Her dress is by Severin at Showroom Seven.

Below: For a dramatic New Year's look, combine a long wool collarless frock-style coat ($985) and wool trousers ($475), both by Donna Karan, with a black cotton French cuff shirt by Colvin Klein ($175), a contrasting silk tie from Protocol by Robert Talbott ($105) and suede slip-on shoes with polished leather piping, by Bruno Magli ($285). Both women's dresses are by Elizabeth Fillmore.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

This season's hottest shirts have French cuffs and spread collars. Top: A cotton jacquard look by Ermenegildo Zegna ($220), shown with an iridescent silk tie by Tino Cosma ($80), sterling silver moonstone cuff links by Margo Manhattan ($285) and a lapel stud made of ivory and carved mother of pearl by Gem Kingdom ($160). Bottom right: Ribbed jacquard pocket square by Tino Cosma ($25) and 18-kt. gold cuff links with moonstones, by Elizabeth Locke Jewels ($2000). Bottom left: Iridescent herringbone cotton shirt with spread collar, by Gucci ($227), iridescent silk taffeta tie by Calvin Klein ($85) and matte gold cuff links by Tateossian Ltd. of London ($165).

At far left, we've paired a velvet blazer ($570) and a cotton shirt with French cuffs ($140), both by Nicole Farhi, with morning trousers by Baldessarini ($250), a silk-and-satin tie from Best of Class by Robert Talbott ($105), silver cuff links by U+I ($100), silk socks by Mountain High Hosiery (about $40) and suede slip-ons by Bruno Magli ($285). At near left, we've combined a double-breasted tuxedo ($1400) and a cashmere turtleneck ($400), both by Cerruti 1881, with slip-ons by Donna Karan ($425) and silk socks by Mountain High Hosiery (about $40). Her dress is by Severin at Showroom Seven.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES

Near right: The leader of this sexy lineup wears a velvet double-breasted suit ($795) from the Ralph Lauren collection, a cotton shirt (about $70) and a silk satin tie ($55), both from Polo by Ralph Lauren, plus a linen pocket square by Robert Talbott (about $55). The middleman combines a velvet suit ($950) and a piqué tuxedo shirt ($125), both by Hugo Boss, with a silk tie by Valentino Cravatte ($75) and a lapel stud by Gem Kingdom ($160).

Near left: Our end guy's outfit includes a velvet double-breasted suit with peaked lapels ($795) and flat-front trousers (about $300), plus a herringbone striped shirt with spread collar and French cuffs (about $230), all by Gucci, a silk taffeta tie by Calvin Klein ($85) and silver-and-enamel rectangular cuff links by Gem Kingdom ($130). The women's dresses are by Nicole Farhi (far left and right) and Arte Cerruti 1881 (center).

HAIR BY RICKEY LEE BABINEAUX FOR SALLY HARLOR
MAKEUP BY B.J. GILLIAN/LOUIS LICARI GROUP/VISAGES NY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

THE PORT of ST. TROPEZ

FICTION BY
HAROLD ROBBINS

what i needed was peace and quiet—i had work to do. was it my fault that women wouldn't leave me alone?

It was eight o'clock in the morning and Margo, my cook, had just put breakfast on the table. Ham and eggs on half a baguette fresh from the bakery, and a full pot of Taster's Choice coffee. I never had a taste for French coffee at breakfast, even when served *au lait*. But the breakfast, sandwich style, was delicious.

The telephone rang and Margo answered it in the kitchen. I could hear her voice clearly. "*Oui*, Monsieur. *Oui*, Monsieur, Monsieur Robbins is awake." She couldn't speak English well, but well enough to be understood. She came back to the dining room. "Monsieur Bobby is calling you from California."

I left my breakfast and walked over to the phone in the entrance hall. "Good morning," I said.

"Having your lox, bagel and cream cheese this morning for breakfast?" he asked, laughing.

"Don't make me crazy. I would love

ILLUSTRATION BY LEROY NEIMAN

LeRoy Neiman

to be at my favorite deli," I said. "But I have been on a ham-and-eggs diet out here in the uncivilized world." I reached for a cigarette. "What are you doing up so late? It has to be midnight in L.A."

"I've got good news. Universal Studios picked up the television miniseries sequel to *79 Park Avenue* and agreed to pay you $250,000 to write the story," he said. "But Sid Sheinberg has one stipulation. They want it in a hurry. They want Lesley Ann Warren to star in it, and they don't want to give her time to sign on to another project."

"How much of a hurry?"

"Two weeks. Sid said they had to have it in their hands in two weeks," he said. Bobby's voice sounded tinny over the transcontinental telephone line. "That's why they're willing to pay you that much money."

"Two weeks!" I said incredulously. "Nobody can write that fast."

"C'mon, Harold," he shot back. "You wrote *Stiletto* in a week."

"But that was another time. Fewer distractions. Right now we have my in-laws visiting from the States. There are half a dozen people arriving tomorrow to celebrate my daughter's birthday in two weeks." I took a drag off my cigarette. "I can't even get into my office near the port because Grace gave it to her gay friends until the birthday party."

"But if you had a place to work, you could finish the script?"

"Sure."

"You've got the yacht. Get on it, take it someplace where no one can bother you, write the 'bible' and you'll be back in time for Adreana's birthday. You have a crew of four on that yacht, and I know Cathy is a super cook." He was silent for a moment, then said, "Besides, we need the money. You're late on your taxes and we have to keep the company running."

"OK," I said. "Just start praying."

After I finished breakfast, I called the boat. Ken answered.

"Good morning," I said. "Everything OK there?"

"Fine, sir," he said.

"OK," I said. "Take Anton with you and go to the office. Bring my typewriter and about three packages of paper. Also get some Bic pens and two little bottles of Wite-Out. Bring it all back to the boat and get ready to set off for St. Tropez. Call the port captain and tell him we want a good place on the quay. We'll need it for about a week. Also tie in to the port telephone lines."

"Yes, sir," Ken said. "But aren't Mrs. Robbins' friends still staying at the office?"

"Fuck them," I said. "I don't care if you wake them up. If I'm lucky, they'll get pissed off and go to a hotel, and I won't have to pay their booze bill. Just bring what I asked for and I will be down in about an hour. Be ready to take off as soon as I get there."

"Yes, sir," Ken answered.

"Thank you," I said and hung up the phone.

Grace was standing behind me in the hallway, wearing a robe that had been ripped off from the Carlton Hotel. I went back to the breakfast table and she followed me. She sat down and reached for a cup of coffee. She stared at me—not angry, but allowing for the possibility. "Why are you taking the boat to St. Tropez for a week by yourself?" she asked.

I smiled at her. "A quarter of a million dollars."

"You're lying," she said, her voice rising. "You know I have Cliff and Victor here. I promised to take them to Monte Carlo on the boat today."

"You can get Jacques to drive you there. The new Seville has enough room for everyone," I said.

"What about my mother and father? And I thought I would take Adreana with us."

I looked at her. "You know damn well that your mother won't get on that boat. She was sick as a dog the first time, and she said she would never get on it again. It's been three years and she's kept her word."

"You're really selfish," she said. "I guess you won't even show up for Adreana's birthday."

"It's two weeks away," I said flatly. "I'll be there."

•

It took a little more than two hours to make the trip from Cannes into the port of St. Tropez. The port captain moved us into a good location, in front of L'Escale, one of the best restaurants on the port, and next to John von Neumann's *Baglietto*, painted like a gray Navy corvette and one of the speediest yachts on the Côte d'Azur.

I sat on the bench on the deck of the *Gracara*, and Cathy got me a fresh coffee while Ken went down the gangplank to give the port captain 50 francs. It was a token to make sure I got a good spot at the port, even on short notice.

The port was not crowded today. It was too early for the lunch crowd and most of the tourists were just arriving at the beaches. I lit a cigarette and went downstairs to the dining room to set up my workplace. I placed my typewriter mat and typewriter on a serving table that pulled out from the wall and drew up a dining chair that fit comfortably under it. Cathy had already set up the paper, eraser liquid and carbons. I plugged the typewriter into the wall socket—the yacht was wired for 110 volts as well as the standard 220 volts. Now all I had to do was work.

I looked at my watch. One o'clock and I was hungry. Cathy came up from the galley and smiled at me. "Would you like salade Niçoise?"

I looked at her. She knew I didn't care for salad, or for vegetables for that matter. "What else do we have in the galley?"

"Actually, nothing, Mr. Robbins," she said. "I was going to prepare omelettes for the crew. We left so quickly this morning, I didn't have time to do the marketing."

I knew the timetable. I also knew the rules. The crew eats before the passengers. Owner or not. "You have your lunch," I said. "Then you can go off to the market and get the things we need. I'll grab a bite at L'Escale."

"We're not upsetting your schedule?" she asked.

I smiled at her. "It's OK, Cathy. I'll be all right."

"Thank you, Mr. Robbins. I'll give you a super dinner tonight. I'll even bake you a chocolate cake."

"You're wonderful, baby," I said, starting down the gangplank.

The crowd was beginning to thicken now, but it was early July and not until August would all of France be vacationing in St. Tropez. Now hustlers of every sort from all the other European countries were here.

Fritz, the owner and maître d', saw me as I stood on the sidewalk in front of L'Escale. He waved me inside and placed me in a small banquette that leaned against the entrance aisle wall. "You're alone?" he asked.

I nodded. "I've come down here to work."

He laughed. Coming to St. Tropez to work seemed funny. "OK, Harold, what would you like for lunch?"

"*Entrecôte bleu, pommes frites* and a Heineken," I said.

He laughed again. "An American workingman's lunch," he said, moving to greet his other clientele.

Soon, a little waiter placed the beer and a chilled glass in front of me, with a small baguette and several pats of butter. "*Bon appétit!*" he said.

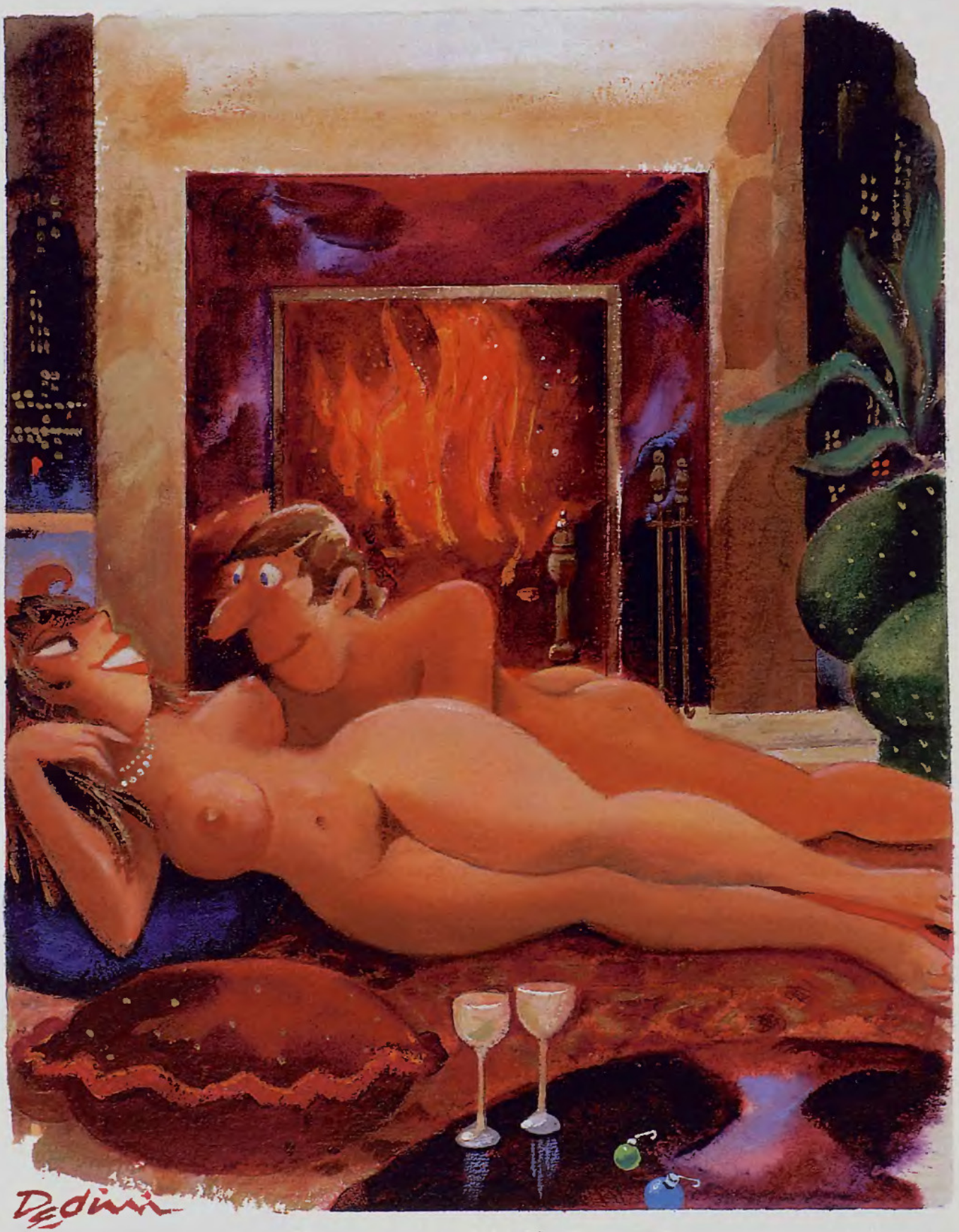
"*Merci*," I said and poured my beer into the glass.

A voice boomed in front of me. "Harold! What are you doing here? And alone!"

I looked up. It was Wally, a smiling, round-faced man, with a body to match. He lived in the apartment above the restaurant and I had known him for years.

"I came here to work," I answered.

(continued on page 122)



"Up to now, it hasn't felt like Christmas."

miss january's excellent adventure took her from indiana to california—where she's a nanny

TUCK US IN

SHE WASN'T ALWAYS an adventurer. Growing up in small-town Indiana, Jami Ferrell was the shy girl in the last row of the classroom—the one looking dreamily out the window. "I was always reserved, even painfully shy. I didn't have any friends," says Miss January. Today, a grown-up beauty of 22, she still speaks in a voice as soft as a little girl's. Her hazel eyes shy away from a stranger's gaze. Yet there's something besides shyness here, something that constantly defies the quiet angels of her nature. There's a rebel in Jami, too. One day after graduating from high school, she went to the airport in Indianapolis, near her hometown of New Castle. "I had never flown in a plane, never been outside the Midwest," she says. Plunking down her Visa card, she was asked for a destination. "I chose Los Angeles. That sounded exciting." Soon she was wandering through Beverly Hills and Hollywood. She made friends with a few locals. "People are much more outgoing here, friendlier and more persistent than the folks back home," says Jami. One was too persistent. A fast-talking modeling agent invited Jami for an interview. Time and place: Sunset. The man offered Jami a deal. He could make her a star, he said, but first things first. "I stood up and left. That was the day I learned to be careful." Low on money, she took a small apartment in a dangerous part of East Los Angeles. Then Jami spotted a newspaper ad: NANNIES WANTED. What better job for a quiet Midwestern girl? She got a position as a nanny in Malibu, where Miss January now looks after the children of a high-powered, high-profile California couple. "I love my life here. I love the kids, too. But even this won't last forever," she says, gazing at a spectacular Pacific sunset. "I know I'll just get restless again."

Whether she's seeking toy borgains in Malibu (top left), acting out on intriguing winter fantasy (bottom left) or storing down her destiny (right), Jami does it in style.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

"It can be hard for me to relax among adults. I actually prefer the company of children," says nanny Jami, who confides that her two young charges are her best friends. "I don't want a husband and family for myself, not yet. There's still too much of the world to see."

"There's no man in my life. I'm not good at sustaining relationships. The first days of knowing someone can be intense, but what happens when the thrill wears off? I've never learned the answer to that. There has always been another destination," Jami says. "As for what comes next, I don't want to know. I suppose there's a man out there I could settle down with, but I'm in no hurry to find him."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Jamie Ferrell

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jami Ferrell

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 6/20/74 BIRTHPLACE: Muncie, IN

AMBITIONS: To travel, to keep meeting new people and to become self-sufficient.

TURN-ONS: British accents, polo, strangers and nature in its wild state.

TURNOFFS: Arrogance, grunge, insensitivity and stupidity.

DREAM LAND: Kenya – I dream of going there.

ADVOCATIONS: Collecting old books, antiques, equitation and trying new things on the spur of the moment.

SMALL-TOWN GIRLS: I can't speak for others, but this small-town girl was always drawn toward the big city.

APHRODISIAC: Red wine.

CHOICE MOMENT: When the sun sets in the Pacific.

1st grade pigtails

Mom chose the hat!

1st trip to L.A.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two women were dressing in the locker room after their aerobics class when one noticed that the other was pulling on a pair of men's briefs. "So when did you start wearing men's underwear?" the first asked.

"Ever since my husband found a strange pair under the bed."

Did you hear the Iraqis have found a new use for sheep? Wool.

The physician adamantly refused to perform an abortion. "But when the time comes," he told the pregnant teenager, "I'll deliver the baby and pass it off to a woman who's having a baby at the same time and tell her she had twins."

But at the crucial moment, there were no available female patients to whom to pass the baby. In fact, there was only one patient—a priest. The doctor, undaunted, decided to proceed with his plan. When the cleric awakened from the anesthetic, he was told that by some miracle he'd delivered a baby boy. "That was the cause of your stomach pains," the physician explained.

The priest was overjoyed at this divine intervention and raised the boy as his own.

Many years later, as the priest lay on his deathbed, he drew the young man to him and explained his miraculous delivery. "So you see, son," the priest confessed, "I'm not really your father, I'm your mother. The bishop is your father."

What did the surfer say when a lifeguard ordered him from the ocean because of a high bacteria count? "Yeah, right, dude. Like bacteria can count."

Two Las Vegas showgirls were putting on their makeup. One sported a huge diamond ring.

"Connie," the other remarked, eyeing the bauble, "you're so lucky to have found the right guy. Where'd you meet him?"

"We met at a bar," she replied. "It was love at second sight."

"Second sight?"

"Yeah," Connie replied. "The first time I saw him, I didn't know he was rich."

What's the best thing about a Japanese gangster? When he takes you for a ride, you get great mileage.

A couple of English cows were lying in a meadow. "What do you think about this mad cow disease?" one said.

"I don't bloody care," the other replied. "I'm a helicopter."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "Doc, my dog is real sick," the distraught man said, putting the limp animal on the examining table. The vet checked the pooch, then turned to the owner. "I'm sorry, he's not sick, he's dead."

"No, he's not," the man insisted. "He's just sick."

"Judy," the vet said, turning to his assistant, "bring the tabby in."

The assistant placed a cat in front of the dog's nose. The cat sniffed at him, walked across his body and bit his tail. No response. Finally, resigned to the situation, the dog owner said, "OK, he's dead. What do I owe you?"

"Eight hundred twenty-five."

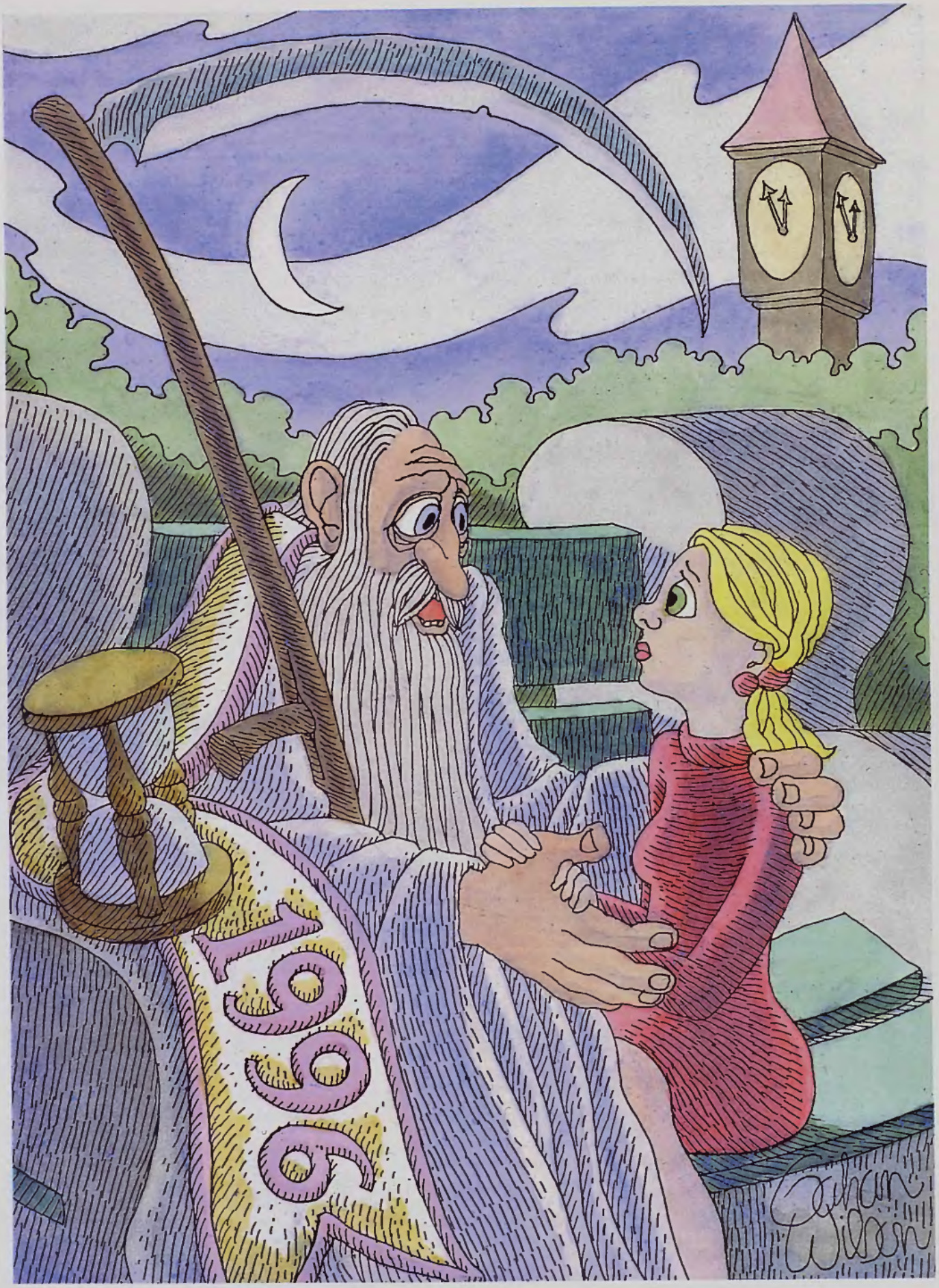
"Eight hundred twenty-five! What for?"

"Twenty-five for my fee," the vet replied, "and $800 for the cat scan."

Fed up with his wife's nagging, Peter decided to take charge of his life. "There are going to be some changes made," he announced to her. "You are going to grill me a porterhouse steak, medium rare. Tonight I am going to the opera, which you don't like, with some friends and enjoy a night out. And guess who is going to lay out my tux, shine my shoes and press my shirt?"

His wife stared at him for a long time. "The undertaker?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"I'm afraid this really is goodbye, my darling!"

Con Doctor

mcclarty is on the verge of a new life, minus narcotics and vodka. he's learned to suppress the fear —maybe too soon

fiction **By JAY MCINERNEY**

They've come for you at last. Outside your cell door, gathered like a storm. Each man holds a pendant sock and in the sock is a steel combination lock that he has removed from the locker in his own cell. You feel them out there, every predatory one of them, and still they wait. They have found you. Finally, they crowd open the cell door and pour in, flailing at you like mad drummers on amphetamines, their cats' eyes glowing yellow in the dark, hammering at the recalcitrant bones of your face and the tender regions of your prone carcass, the soft tattoo of blows interwoven with grunts of exertion. It's the old lock-and-sock. You should have known. As you wait for the end, you think that it could have been worse. It has been worse. Christ, what they do to you some nights.

•

In the morning, over seven-grain cereal and skim milk, Terri says, "The grass looks sick."

"I think you want the lawn doctor," McClarty says. "I'm the con doctor."

"I wish you'd go back to private practice. I can't believe you didn't report that inmate who threatened to kill you."

McClarty now feels guilty that he told Terri about this little incident—a con named Lesko had made the threat after McClarty cut back his Valium—in the spirit of stoking her sexual ardor. His mention of the threat, his exploitation of it, has had the unintended effect of making it seem more real.

"The association is supposed to take care of the grass," Terri says. They live in a community called Live Oaks Manor, homes with two to four bedrooms behind an eight-foot brick wall, with four tennis courts, a small clubhouse and a duck pond. In McClarty's mind it is Walled-In Pond, his retreat from the complexities of postmodern life. This is the way we live now—walled in, on cul-de-sacs in false communities. Bradford Arms, Ridgeview Farms, Tudor Crescent, Wedgewood Heights, Oakdale Manor, Olde Towne Estates—these capricious appellations with their diminutive suggestions of the baronial, their vague Anglopastoral allusiveness. Terri's two-bedroom unit with sundeck and Jacuzzi is described in the literature as "contemporary Georgian."

McClarty thinks about how, back in the days of pills, of Dilaudid and Demerol and Percodan, he didn't have these damn nightmares. In fact, he didn't have dreams. Now, when he's not dreaming about the prison, he dreams about the pills and also about the powders and the deliquescent Demerol mingling in the barrel of the syringe with his own brilliant blood. He dreams that he can see it glowing green beneath the skin like a radioactive isotope as it moves up the vein, warming everything in its path until it blossoms in his brain stem. Maybe, he thinks, he should go to a meeting.

"I'm going to call this morning," Terri continues, "and have them check the gutters while they're at it." She will, too. Her remarkable sense of economy and organization, which might have seemed comical or even obnoxious, is

PAINTING BY ELLIOTT GREEN

touching to McClarty, who sees it as a function of her recovering-alcoholic battle against chaos. He admires this. And he likes the fact that she knows how to get the oil in the cars changed or how to get free upgrades when they fly to St. Thomas. Outside of the examining room McClarty still feels himself lacking competence and will.

She kisses his widow's peak on her way out and reminds him about dinner with the Clausens, whoever they might be, God bless them and their tchotchkes. Perversely, McClarty actually likes this instant new life. Just subtract narcotics and vodka and stir. He feels like a character actor who gets a cameo in a sitcom and then finds himself written into the series as a regular. He moved to this Southeastern city less than a year ago, after graduating from rehab, and lived in an apartment without furniture until he moved in with Terri.

McClarty met her at a Mexican restaurant three months ago and was charmed by her air of independence and unshakable self-assurance. She leaned across the bar and said, "Fresh jalapeños are a lot better. They have them if you ask, but you have to ask." She waved her peach-colored nails at the bartender. "Carlos, bring the gentleman some fresh peppers." Then she turned back to her conversation with a girlfriend, her mission apparently complete.

A few minutes later, sipping his Perrier, McClarty couldn't help overhearing her say to her girlfriend, "Ask him before you go down on him, silly. Not after."

McClarty admires Terri's ruthless efficiency. Basically she has it all wired. She owns a clothing store, drives an Acura, has breasts shaped like mangoes around implanted cores of saline. Not silicone, she announced virtuously, the first night he touched them. If you ask her she can review for you the merits of the top plastic surgeons in town. "Dr. Milton's really lost it," she'll say. "Since he started fucking his secretary and going to Aspen his brow lifts have become scary. He cuts way too much and makes everybody look frightened or surprised." At 40, with his own history of psychological reconstruction, McClarty doesn't hold a few nips and tucks against a girl. Particularly when the results are so exceptionally pleasing to the eye.

"You're a doctor?" Instead of saying yes, but just barely, he nodded. As she masticated a corn chip that first night, her chin and her breasts seemed to rise on the swell of this information. Checking her out when he first sat down, Dr. Kevin McClarty thought that the blonde on the next stool looked like someone who would be dating a pro athlete or a guy with a new Ferrari who owned a chain of fitness centers. She was almost certainly a little too brassy and provocative to be the consort of a doctor, which was one of the things that excited Kevin about her. Making love to her, he felt simultaneously that he was both slumming and sleeping above his economic station. Best of all, she was in the program, too. When he heard her order a virgin margarita, he decided to go for it. He moved in with her a week after the jalapeños.

•

The uniformed guard says, "Good morning, Dr. McClarty," as the doctor drives out past the gate on his way to work. After all these years he still gets a kick out of hearing the honorific attached to his own name. He grew up even more in awe of doctors than most mortals because his mother, a nurse, told him that his father was one, though she refused all further entreaties for information. Raised in the bottom half of a narrow, chilly duplex in Evanston, Illinois, he still doesn't quite believe in the reality of this new life—the sunshine, the walled-in community, the smiling guard who calls him Dr. McClarty. Perversely, he believes in the dream, which is far more realistic than all this sunshine and imperturbable aluminum siding. He doesn't tell that to Terri, though. He never tells her about the dreams.

Driving to his office, he thinks about Terri's breasts. They're splendid, of course. But he finds it curious that she will tell nearly anybody that they are surgically, as we say, enhanced. Last time he was in the dating pool, back in the Pleistocene era, he encountered nothing but natural mammary glands. Then he got married and ten years later, he's back in circulation and every woman he meets has gorgeous tits but whenever he reaches for them he hears: "Maybe I should mention that, they're, you know . . ." and inevitably, later: "Listen, you're a doctor. Do you think, I mean, there's been a lot of, like, negative, like, publicity and stuff." It got so he stopped saying he was a doctor; he imagines it is a little like being rich or famous—you don't know whether they are fucking you for yourself or to get an opinion on this weird lump under the arm, right here, see? Well, actually you do know. Even after all the years of medical school and all the sleepless hours of his internship, he didn't really believe he was a doctor. He felt like a pretender, though he eventually discovered that he felt like less of a pretender on 50 milligrams of Seconal.

The weather, according to the radio, is hot and hotting up. McClarty has the climate control at 68, windows up. High 95 to 98 outside. Which is about as predictable as *Stairway to Heaven* on Rock 101, the station that plays all *Stairway*, only *Stairway*, 24 hours a day. A song that one of the junkies in rehab insisted was about dope, but everything is about dope to a junkie in rehab. After a lifetime in Chicago, he likes the hot summers and the temperate winters down here. And he likes the American suburban sprawl of franchises and housing developments with an affection all the greater for being self-conscious and haunted by irony. As a bright, fatherless child he had always felt alien and isolated. Later, as a doctor, he felt even further removed from the general populace (it's like being a cop), an alienation enhanced when he also became a drug addict and de facto criminal. He wanted to be part of the stream, an unconscious member of the larger community, but all the morphine in the pharmacy failed to produce the desired result. When he had first come out of rehab, after years of escalating numbness, the sight of a Burger King or a familiar television show could bring him to tears. The "please don't squeeze the Charmin" ad had seemed like a cheerful touchstone of the communal here and now, had made him feel, for the first time, like a real American.

He turns into the drive marked MID-STATE CORRECTION FACILITY. It's not an accident that you can't see the facility from the road. There are homes worth half a million dollars within a quarter mile of this place. Construction was discreet. The state was happy to skip the expense of a new prison and board its high-security criminals with the corporation that employs Dr. Kevin McClarty. He drives up the long drive into the bottomland, past the long east flank of the prison with its chain-link fence and triple coils of concertina wire.

Dr. McClarty signs in. These guards, too, greet him by name and title, from behind bulletproof plexi. Guards are at both ends of his short commute. Through the plexi he sees the blown-up photo of a Nike Air sneaker that a visitor just happened to be wearing when he hit the metal detector, with the sole sliced open to show a .25-caliber Beretta nesting snug as a fetus in the exposed cavity. Hey, it must have come from the factory that way, man, like those screws and syringes and shit that got inside Pepsi cans. I ain't never seen that piece before. What is that shit, a .25? I wouldn't be caught dead with no fucking .25, man. You can't stop a roach with that fucking popgun.

McClarty is buzzed inside the first door, and then, after it closes behind

(continued on page 144)

Good thing surrealist painter Salvador Dalí did not live by limp clocks alone. In 1974 PLAYBOY embarked on a collaboration with the great artist, dispatching photographer Pompeo Posar to Dalí's Mediterranean villa. There the two men got to work—Dalí assembling dreamlike sets from sketches he'd prepared, Posar filling the tableaux with his naked traveling companions. The final portfolio appeared in the Christmas issue, and was hot enough to melt your stopwatch.

New Year's Eve 1996 is fast approaching, and it's party time at your place. The caterer has been hired, the bar is stocked and the invitations are out. But what about entertainment? That buddy who turns Kramer after a few flutes of champagne may be good for a laugh, but you'll need more than a clown to keep the energy boosted past midnight. To help you host a bash to remember, we have the perfect gadgets—they'll add life to your party and free you up to have fun, too. The Sidebar Beverage System (pictured far left) can serve as your electronic bartender, dispensing up to five libations—straight or mixed—with the press of a backlit button, by Thomas Electronics Corp. (about $500). Next to the Sidebar is Olympus' Stylus Zoom 105DLX (about $460), a weatherproof 35mm automatic camera with a 38mm-to-105mm lens and an optional remote control (about $30) that lets you get in on the pictures or take the ultimate candid party shots. To keep the music going all night long, there's Fisher's 150-disc CD changer (about $400) with two convenient party features that allow you to load a CD while another is playing and program blocks of tunes by categories (i.e., rock, rap, jazz), mood or occasion. Atop the CD changer is Panasonic's new PV-L606 Palmcorder ($1099), a compact VHS model with motion sensor and a 3.2-inch color viewscreen. Set up this baby in the corner of the room and it will "sense" the action and serve as the evening's cinematographer. Finally, Clarion's Party Jockey will definitely attract the closet crooners. This portable karaoke machine uses palm-size ROM music cards that can store 200 songs with sing-along lyrics and graphics. Connect it to your television, pop in *Born to Be Wild* and watch your friends fight for the mike. The Party Jockey can also stand alone, thanks to two speakers and songbooks. Price: about $1700, plus $300 to $500 each for the ROM cards. Happy New Year!

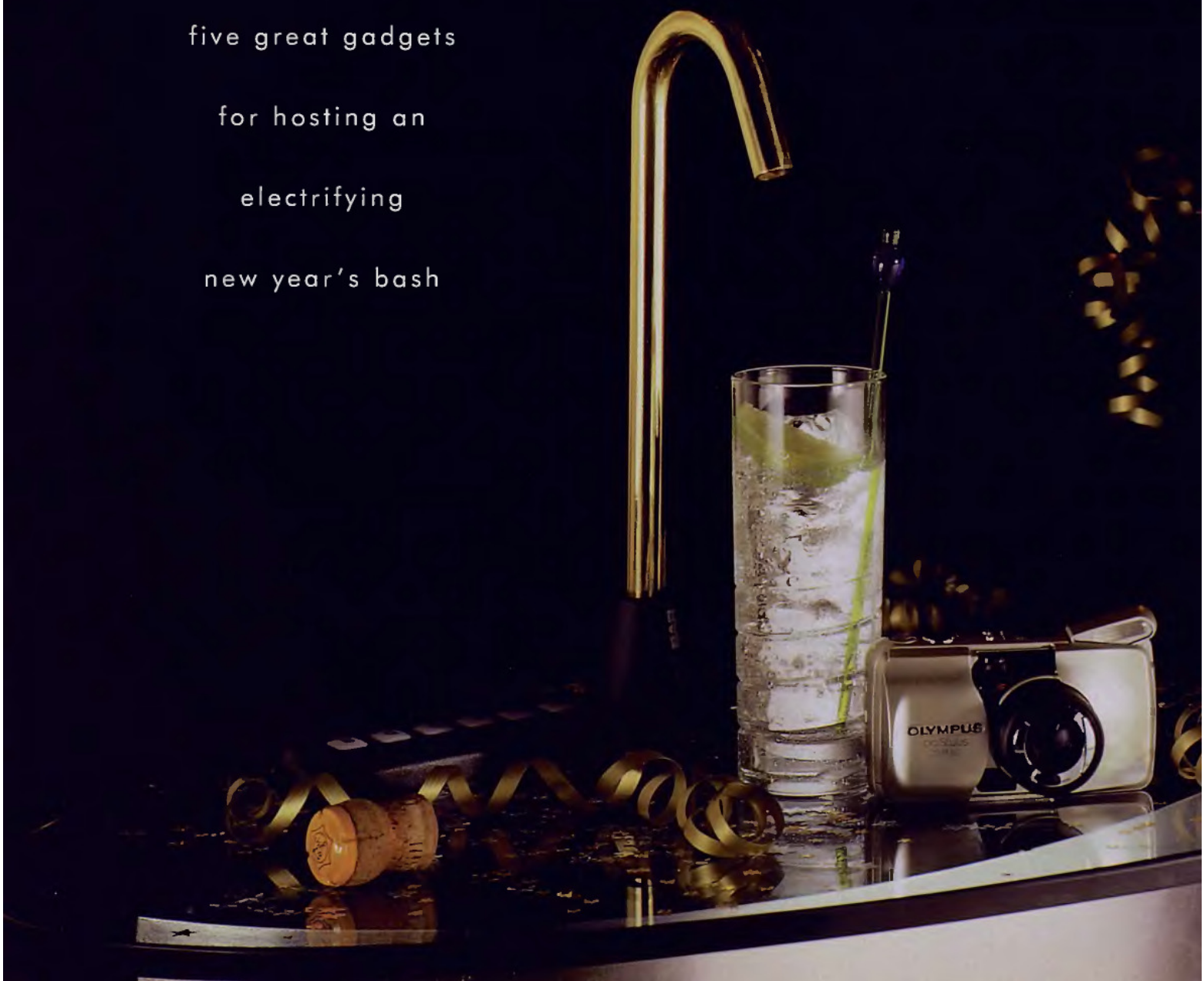
PARTY TOYS

five great gadgets

for hosting an

electrifying

new year's bash



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

ST. TROPEZ *(continued from page 100)*

She spent the days windsurfing in the nude, wearing her bikini only when she gave lessons.

"There's too much going on at Le Cannet. I have to be alone."

Wally nodded. "It's because of Adreana's birthday party, no? People are coming in. I received my invitation yesterday."

"Are you coming?" I asked.

"Are you?" he laughed.

"Of course I'll be there," I said. "It's my daughter."

"I will certainly be there. My wife is coming from Moscow with my daughter. I thought it would be fun for them."

Wally was an interesting man. From what I had heard, he had been in the CIA in Russia when he met his wife. After he married her, he resigned and moved to St. Tropez. They then had a baby, but his wife and baby moved back to Russia because his wife did not like France. She visited him on holidays and vacations so that he could stay in touch with his daughter. Of course, she might also be making sure that their daughter received her inheritance. Wally was a rich man.

"They'll have fun," I said.

A very attractive lady joined him in the small aisle. She smiled at me. I smiled back. Wally noticed and introduced us. "Dominique," he said. "I'd like you to meet the American novelist Harold Robbins." He then turned to me. "Harold," he said. "I would like for you to meet Baronne de Guillame of Paris."

I tried to stand up, which was impossible because of the banquette. "Madame la Baronne, my pleasure."

She smiled. "Please be seated, Mr. Robbins. The name is Dominique, to friends. And I hope we will be friends. I have read several of your novels and enjoyed them."

"Thank you," I said.

Fritz gestured to Wally, who turned to her. "Our table is ready, Dominique." Then to me: "We'll meet soon."

"I'm looking forward to it," I said. I watched them as they went up the aisle. She had a great ass and long legs. Too tall to be French, I thought. I wondered where she was manufactured. Then the little waiter brought my food and I ate quickly. While I was having my coffee, I looked across at Wally's table. His back was toward me, but her eyes were on me. I had to work. Damn.

I began as soon as I finished lunch. It was a comfortable setup. Avis, my stewardess, knew my working habits. While I was at lunch, she had set up a box of papers for me. One white sheet with four onionskin carbons behind. When I finished the story, I would send the original and two sets of carbons to the States. Two sets were for my files.

The story began to move immediately. I had thought a long time about a sequel to the television miniseries of *79 Park Avenue*. It would be about what happened when Marja, the main character, came out of prison. The conflict would be in how to keep her old life from destroying her new life. But it wouldn't be that simple. She wouldn't be able to get away from where she had been, no matter how hard she tried. It was going to become impossible for her to make a life for herself and Michelle, her beloved daughter.

By seven o'clock that evening, I had finished nearly all of the opening act. I stretched and went up onto the deck. Twilight was just beginning to fall. Avis brought a Glenmorangie on the rocks before I had a chance to sit down. I looked out onto the street.

The crowd was just beginning to return from the beach. The tourists were looking into the storefront windows, checking the restaurants. Those with children were buying ice cream or candy. They usually did not look up at the decks along the quay, not unless they had heard that there was a celebrity, singer or football player on one of the boats.

"Harold," a young voice called from the bottom of the gangplank.

I squinted to see who it was. "Leslie!"

"May I come aboard?" If you want to board a ship, you have to ask for permission.

I laughed. "Of course, Leslie."

She came up the gangplank, stood next to me and leaned down to kiss my cheek. "How are you, Harold?" she asked. "I haven't seen you down here for quite a while."

"I've been jammed up," I said. "Come, sit down. What would you like to drink?"

"Vodka tonic," she said, as I pressed the button to call Avis.

Avis came up. She knew Leslie. "Vodka tonic," she said, smiling.

Leslie nodded. "Thank you, Avis." She turned back to me. "Are Grace and Adreana here with you?"

"No." I answered. "They're at Le Cannet. I came over to work for a week."

Leslie looked puzzled. "I never heard of anyone coming to St. Tropez to work."

I waited until Avis put down the drink in front of Leslie. "There are just too many people at the villa. People are staying in the office. I had no place to work."

Leslie smiled and took a sip of her drink. "Anyway, I am happy that you are here. I've been wondering what you have been doing."

"Nothing important," I answered, looking at her. She was 19, small, maybe 5'3", with very long blonde hair, blue eyes, and skin almost black from the sun. She spent the days windsurfing in the nude, wearing her bikini only when she gave lessons. She had come from Australia a year before with her boyfriend, and he had left her broke on the beach soon after. As we backed into St. Tropez to dock, at just about that time, she caught one of the ropes from Anton and tied it to the stanchion. And now she was here every time we came in to dock.

"Want to have dinner?" I asked.

"I'm not dressed," she answered.

"You're bikinied," I said, laughing. "We're eating on the boat. You don't have to change."

Cathy served a simple dinner: Caesar salad, roast chicken with pan-roasted potatoes and the lovely chocolate cake that she had promised. Leslie ate as if food were going out of style. I knew she had not eaten well for a while. She had a second serving of cake with her coffee, and smiled at me shyly. "I've pigged out, but I really needed it."

"I know," I said. "But I'm glad you came to dinner. I don't like eating alone."

"You're sweet, Harold," she said. "May I have another vodka tonic?"

"No problem," I answered and gave the order to Avis as she cleared the table. I looked down at the quay. It was night now and the street performers and buskers were in full swing. A small crowd had gathered around each of them. The favorite was the young man who blew fire from his pursed lips.

"I know him," Leslie said as she sipped her drink. "He's from Australia, too."

"Were you with him?" I asked.

"No way," she said. "He has syphilis. He's had it since he was in Sydney."

"How do you know?"

"He was one of seven of us that came here," she said. "We found out when his girlfriend died in the clinic here."

"Where are the rest of your friends?"

"Gone," she said. "I'm the only one who stayed. For a windsurfer, this is the best place in Europe to be."

"Don't you ever want to go home?"

"When you're very, very good, Santa comes back!"

"I have nothing there," she said. "My father took off when I was a kid. My mother found another man, who was always trying to get into my knickers. Finally, I took off with Charles and the gang. After we got here, Charles got the hots for some French girl and took off."

"Why is the fire-breather still here?" I asked.

"French doctors cleared him for treatments at the clinic. Besides, Sam believes the fire will burn the syphilis out of his system. But he's going. He's as skinny as a stick. In Sydney he weighed almost 200 pounds."

I shook my head. "I'm sorry for him." I gave her a 100 franc note. "Give it to him."

She glanced at me, then turned and went down the gangplank. I watched her give him the money. She spoke to him for a few moments. He looked up and waved his hand to me. I waved. Leslie came back up the gangplank. "He thanked you very much," she said.

"It's OK," I said.

"May I have another vodka tonic?"

"You'll be smashed," I said.

"I don't care. Whenever I talk to Sam, I get depressed."

"You can have a drink," I said, pressing the service button again.

Avis brought the vodka tonic before I could ask. "Thank you," I said to her. I asked Leslie, "Where are you staying?"

"I have a bunk at the hostel," she said. "It's nice and clean and they have showers. It costs only five francs a night."

"That's not bad," I said. I opened my wallet and gave her 500 francs.

"That's too much," she said. "If I went into the hostel with this much money, someone would steal it." She thought for a moment. "Will you be here for a week?"

"I think so," I said.

"Then maybe you could give me 50 or 100 francs a day. That would be better."

"OK," I said. She gave me back the 500 franc note and I gave her a 100 franc note.

"Mr. Robbins!" A woman's voice came up from the quay.

I looked down. "Madame la Baronne," I said, standing up.

"May I come aboard?" she asked.

"Of course," I answered.

She came aboard. She was even taller than I had originally thought. Maybe an inch or two taller than I am. "Welcome aboard."

She smiled at me and then looked over at Leslie. "Your daughter?" she asked.

I laughed. "No, she is a friend. She teaches windsurfing." I gestured to Leslie. "Leslie, may I present the Baronne de Guillame."

Leslie held out her hand. "I am happy to meet you, Madame Baronne."

Dominique shook Leslie's hand. French style, once up, once down. "I am also happy to meet you, Leslie."

I turned to Dominique. "Please sit and have a drink with us. What would you enjoy?"

"Champagne," Dominique replied. "Everything else makes me drunk and silly."

I pressed the button. "A bottle of champagne," I told Avis, and then I turned back to Dominique. "Have you had a nice dinner?"

"As usual. L'Escale's food is good but boring. Wally takes dinner there every night." Avis returned and set a bucket with ice on the table and a champagne glass in front of each person. She then popped the cork with expertise and filled our glasses. Dominique tasted hers as she watched Avis return to the cabin. "She is a pretty girl," she said.

Leslie laughed. "If you think she's pretty, you should see Cathy, the cook. Harold's boat crew is famous for having the most beautiful girls in the south of France."

Dominique looked at me. "Do you hire girls because they're pretty or because they are competent?"

"I hire them for the job," I said. "Pretty is a bonus."

Dominique looked at Leslie. "And isn't this one too young to be your *petite amie*?"

I reached for Leslie's hand. She was clearly uncomfortable. Her world was young and simple, not like Dominique's. "She is beautiful, of course, and I would not be unhappy if she were my *petite amie*. But she is attached to a very bright young man."

Leslie put down her drink. "But I am also a bit late. I promised to meet my friends at the disco."

I looked at her as she stood up. "Come see me tomorrow?" I asked.

She kissed my cheek. "I'll be here." She then turned to Dominique. "*Bonsoir*, Madame. I am sorry that you did not enjoy your dinner. I had a lovely time on the *Gracara* with Harold," she said and scooted off the boat.

I said to Dominique, "You are not very nice."

"I said nothing," she said, filling her glass.

"She is a sweet child in a strange world and you are a bitch."

"Do you want me to get off the boat?" she asked.

"You can suit yourself," I said to her. "I don't like guests of mine to feel uncomfortable."

She took another glass of champagne before speaking. "You're angry," she said. "Would you like to spank me? I have no panties on under my dress. You can take me down to your cabin. I'm sure you have a leather belt. And it will make you feel better."

I laughed. "And would it make you feel better?"

She smiled seductively. "I'd love it."

I stared at her for a moment. She was beautiful and intriguing, but I was here to work. I smiled and shrugged. "Not tonight, Dominique."

She laughed and finished her champagne. "There will be another time." She rose, kissed my cheek and walked across the deck and down the gangplank. She turned and gestured with her hand as she disappeared into the crowd.

I lit a cigarette. Avis came on deck. "Is it all right to clear?"

"Of course," I said. Then I thought for a moment. "Wake me at seven-thirty," I said. "I'll have breakfast at eight, and I'll get to work as soon as I've eaten."

•

It was after nine before I got to the point in the script where Marja comes out of jail and is met at the prison gates by the attorney who arranged her parole. I had already started my second pack of Lucky Strikes. I leaned back and stared at the pages. It felt like the story was moving, and that's what a writer always wants to feel. But you never know if it's good or bad.

I heard a voice from the deck steps. "Harold?"

I turned and looked up to the upper salon. Dominique's face peered down the steps. "I am sorry to intrude, but I would like to invite you to lunch."

I stared at her. "I'm working."

"Work or not, you have to eat," she said. "I have a car and a reservation at my favorite restaurant on the hill behind the village."

"No, thank you," I said, firmly. "I'm afraid it will take too much time."

"Ninety minutes here and back, I promise. The patron used to be my chef in Paris. I have already ordered the menu," she said.

"I don't know," I said. "I am on a deadline."

"I'll be back at one o'clock," she said. "If you don't come there will be nothing lost." Then she disappeared.

I tapped out another cigarette. Ken appeared and flipped open his Zippo. "Thank you," I said.

He had a smile on his face. "Are you going with the baroness?"

"Not baroness, that's English. The French is *baronne*," I said.

"The French always have their own way of doing things," he said. "But I

(continued on page 196)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: LISA WINTERS

the shy playmate we can't forget

Lisa had never posed before she appeared in PLAYBOY. "To this day, men still ask me about her," Yeager says. "They remember her pure, flawless, innocent beauty." That's how readers viewed Lisa in 1957, as well: She was the easy winner of Playmate of the Year honors.

PHOTOGRAPHER Bunny Yeager was shopping in downtown Miami when she spotted Lisa Winters boarding a bus. "I returned to Flagler Street for the next several days hoping to run into her. She was 19 years old and very shy." Forty years after her December 1956 appearance, Lisa still is shy. When we called on her at her Texas home, she was surprised. "It's ridiculous that anyone would still be interested in me. It's a time past." That's why we take photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER

Despite her reserve, Lisa revealed personal details to readers lang before the Playmate Data Sheet became a standard feature. Along with her measurements (35"-23"-35"), height (5'2") and weight (106 pounds), she shared her likes (love poems, pretty shoes, chocalate ice cream and vacations) and a dislike (pettiness). She also caught the attentian of Hallywaod, but it wasn't an aption she chase to pursue.

Save Money, Cut

our panel of experts argue: why it makes sense to decriminalize

Thomas Szasz, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus,
State University of New York

I am pessimistic about the possibility of stopping the war on drugs. The American people and their elected representatives support this crusade. The media address the subject in a language that precludes rational debate: Crimes related to drug prohibition are systematically described as "drug-related." Furthermore, most people seem to be deeply—almost religiously—committed to a medicalized view of life. Few take seriously the proposition that just as it is not the government's business what ideas a person puts into his head, so it is also not its business what substances he puts into his body.

Nowadays, everyone professes a love of autonomy. But the term autonomy no longer means that we have a right to, and a responsibility for, our bodies, minds and selves. Instead, it means that we have "constitutional rights" the framers never dreamt of, such as a right to abortion, affirmative action, health care and physician-assisted suicide. Although the right to drugs, and to suicide, *(concluded on page 190)*

Kurt Schmoke
Mayor,
City of Baltimore

Some drug policy reformers speak of the need for decriminalization. Others speak of legalization. The term I prefer is medicalization, because I believe it captures the most rational, the most balanced and ultimately the most humane approach to the staggering problem of drug abuse in this nation.

The medicalization approach recognizes that drug addiction is a disease, as the American Medical Association has stated, and that it therefore must be treated primarily as a public health problem, not as a law enforcement problem. This is the opposite of our current drug control strategy, which I am convinced has been a costly failure.

To implement a medicalization model, we need to reallocate the money the federal government spends on the war on drugs, which some estimates put as high as $15 billion a year. Currently, two thirds of these funds are spent on criminal justice and interdiction, and only one third on treatment and prevention. These *(continued on page 190)*

M. Joycelyn Elders, M.D.
Former U.S.
Surgeon General

In December 1993, following a speech at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., I was asked if I felt the legalization of drugs would reduce crime. I responded that I did not know the implications of legalization or decriminalization, but I thought that it should be studied. I never had so much rain fall on me in my life. However, I have always believed that when a problem for which we do not have answers presents itself, we should study the question to try to find some.

In 1982, armed with what turned out to be hundreds of billions of our federal and state tax dollars, President Reagan reignited our 80-year-old "war on drugs." Here we are, 14 years after the beginning of this very protracted and expensive war, with many casualties and still no treaty signed.

- We are not drug-free—just less free, according to the ACLU.
- Uncle Sam is the world's fattest jailer, with more than 1.5 million of our own citizens incarcerated in state and federal prisons *(continued on page 191)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THOMPSON

Crime, Get Real

drugs—and how we should reallocate the funds we are wasting now

William F. Buckley Jr.
Editor at Large,
National Review

The question before the house is how, if we decriminalized drugs, might we use the money now being spent to detect, interdict, prosecute and punish drug users? We Tories always permit ourselves a little smile when asked, "How else would you use the money?" The planted axiom is that money once public should always stay public, so that if you yank back the roughly $35 billion spent yearly on drug-related law enforcement you need to find some public use for it. Build another Grand Canyon! Offer free Norplant to all women of child-bearing age in the Third World! Enough—we are talking about $133 per living American, and a safe assumption is that such a little bonus could fruitfully be spent according to each citizen's own lights.

But clearly we would wish to appropriate the funds necessary to train doctors and technicians in the achingly slow and uncertain process of rehabilitation. I have been to one center, Phoenix House Foundation, devoted to this end, *(continued on page 192)*

Ethan Nadelmann
Director,
the Lindesmith Center

Imagine a drug policy that starts by acknowledging the obvious: that drugs are here to stay, and that we have no choice but to learn how to live with them so that they cause the least possible harm. Imagine a drug policy that sets out to reduce the negative consequences of both drug use and our drug prohibition policies. Imagine a drug policy based not on the fear, prejudice and ignorance that drive our current approach but, rather, on common sense, science, public health and human rights. Imagine all that and one has the ingredients of a viable drug policy either within our current drug prohibition regime or in a nonprohibitionist, regulatory regime that many favor as the optimal long-term solution.

The debate over drug policy, both nationally and internationally, has progressed substantially since the more polarized disputes of the late Eighties and early Nineties between drug legalization and punitive prohibition. There is now a growing drug policy reform *(continued on page 193)*

Arnold Trebach
President,
the Drug Policy Foundation

I propose two major paths of action for the beginning of the millennium: (1) experimentation with new models of controlling drug abuse within a legal system, and (2) directly confronting major social problems now partly ignored in order to fight the drug war.

The advent of legalized drugs must not be viewed as surrender. Rather, it is a call for the development of a new, gentler system of control, a system that relies primarily on nongovernmental initiatives, on social, religious and cultural forces.

I envision a new system that would give each state the power to set the legal rules within its borders, as is now the case with alcohol. It is quite possible that many states would place alcohol, tobacco and currently illegal drugs within roughly the same legal framework. Thus, in many states, adults would be eligible simply to buy the formerly illegal drugs, as they now buy alcohol and tobacco. At the same time, we would thereby recognize that the dynamics of *(continued on page 194)*

THE YEAR

WORLD EXCLUSIVE: BOMBSHELL STORY ALL AMERICA IS TALKING ABOUT
THE WHITE HOUSE LOVE DIARIES
Shocking secrets Clinton aide Dick Morris blabbed to sexy call girl

WASHINGTON FAMILY VALUES

Slipping in political muck, bipartisan architects of family-values campaigns emerged with feet of clay. First the *Star* caught Clinton advisor Dick Morris (top far right, with pissed-off wife Eileen McGann) wooing call girl Sherry Rowlands (above); then allegations of a mistress and six-year-old love child surfaced. Morris' reward: A $2.5 million book deal. Next, the *Enquirer* fingered Dole strategist Roger Stone and wife Nikki (below right) as secret swingers. When Stone denied it, the tabloid produced a photograph and a canceled check.

CLINTON AIDE HAS SECRET 2nd WIFE AND LOVE CHILD
ENQUIRER WORLD EXCLUSIVE by David Wright
Dick Morris kept her in the same hotel as booker

POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Can't charge these candidates with hypocrisy: Jessi Winchester (left), who worked at Carson City's Moonlight Bunny Ranch brothel, sought a Nevada congressional seat on the Democratic ticket. Her slogan: "Vote for Jessi or I'll tell your wife!" In San Diego, dominatrix Mistress Madison ran for Congress under the banner of Ross Perot's Reform Party. In Palm Springs, drag queen Kitty Cole—an impressive 6'5" before donning his/her spike heels—ran for mayor. (All three lost. So much for truth in politics.)

IN SEX

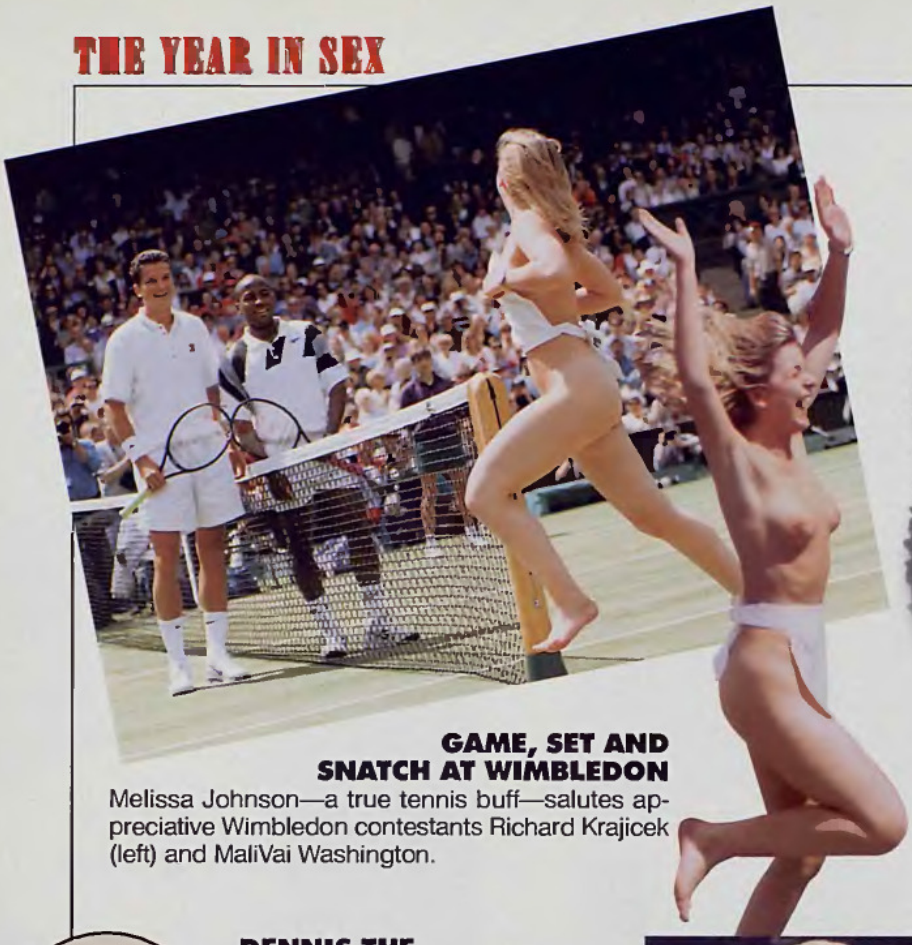
so long to the tattling tarts, carnal campaigners and—ahem—family values that made 1996 a very lewd year

WHO SAYS YELTSIN IS LOSING HIS GRIP?
Boris Yeltsin, a grad of the Bob Packwood School of Social Graces, startles a Kremlin secretary with a playful grope.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY VALUES
In the Seattle suburb of Federal Way, Christian Life Prep School administrator Bob Willey fired teacher David Toman when he and Mrs. T. had a son 7½ months after wedding. School officials suspect premarital sex. Below, the family pickets the school.

DENNIS THE MENACE
Professionally outrageous Chicago Bull Dennis Rodman bares all in his salty autobiography, *Bad As I Wanna Be*.

IN-LAWS NOT INCLUDED
Anna Eriksson, a model for Playboy Newsstand Specials (right), vows that she will wed Lyle Menendez. Gives a whole new meaning to the term shotgun wedding.



GAME, SET AND SNATCH AT WIMBLEDON
Melissa Johnson—a true tennis buff—salutes appreciative Wimbledon contestants Richard Krajicek (left) and MaliVai Washington.

PHOTO
ELITE MODEL LOOK '96
SPECIAL FESTIVAL DE LA PHOTO DE MODE
LES PLUS BELLES IMAGES
AVEC PHOTO PARTICIPEZ AU CONCOURS MANNEQUINS D'ELITE

BROADS ABROAD, PART ONE
In Europe, where nudity is no big deal, American beauties bare more. Here's Cindy Crawford in the French edition of *Photo*.

Smooch lands 1st-grader in hot water, headlines
By Katy Kelly and David J. Lynch
USA TODAY

RUNAWAY SCHOOL BUSS
Johnathan Prevette, six, was suspended from school for kissing a classmate. That whirring sound is Norman Rockwell spinning in his grave.

DENNIS THE MENACE II
Telling the press he was getting married, a cross-dressing Rodman showed up in bridal attire to flog his book in Manhattan. It worked, too: *Bad* made best-seller lists.

MONACO FAMILY VALUES
Princess Stéphanie filed for divorce when hubby Daniel Ducruet was photographed fooling around with dancer Fili Houteman, a.k.a. Miss Nude Belgium (right).

EVA TREMILA
EXPRESS
Mai si era visto uno scandalo così grande
GUARDATE: DANIEL DUCRUET TRADISCE STEFANIA DI MONACO CON QUESTA BELLA BRUNETTA

PERSONALS FOR ROYALS AND THEIR PALS

attention, chuck, di, andy, fergie, edward, sophie, camilla, lilibet and phil:

get a life!

DW mom, 35, tall, busty blonde, former kindergarten teacher enjoying generous divorce settlement, seeks military man with no ambitions in publishing. Love steamy letters, charity work. Can provide sons.

REDHEAD, 37, modestly plump, ISO S/DM with comfortable salary and impeccable credit. I'm a Libra who enjoys writing children's books, beach getaways, skiing, champagne and having my toes sucked.

DWM, 36, Falklands war hero, goofy grin, obsessed with golf, enjoy burgers, baked beans, R-rated film stars. Applicants must be prepared to get on well with other women in life: ex-wife, daughters, former girlfriends.

SWM, former Royal Marine, engaged to be engaged, looking to sow wild oats. Dapper 32, self-made businessman who enjoys seafood, Mars bars, theater, pumps and circumstance.

PRINCE OF A GUY: DWM, 48, Norman-Celtic extraction, good teeth, independently wealthy, well mannered but not above deliciously naughty phone fantasies. Nanny skills a plus.

DISTINGUISHED PENSIONERS, comfortable on the dole but ready to break loose. She: 70, loves racing, corgis, defending the faith. He: 75, Navy man, discreetly roving eye. London area.

DWF aging gracefully as she waits on one true love to clear up sticky situation ISO S/DM for dalliance. Absolutely no phone calls.

SWF seeks short-term romance to spark roomie into declaring intentions. Experience in public relations, potting sheds.

GARGOYLES' GAL
Here's how rising porn star Shayla LaVeaux looks minus gargoyles (see *Video*, October 1996).

TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO SOLICIT DIVINE
Happy in her work: In Las Vegas, Hugh Grant's pal Divine Brown was busted on prostitution charges.

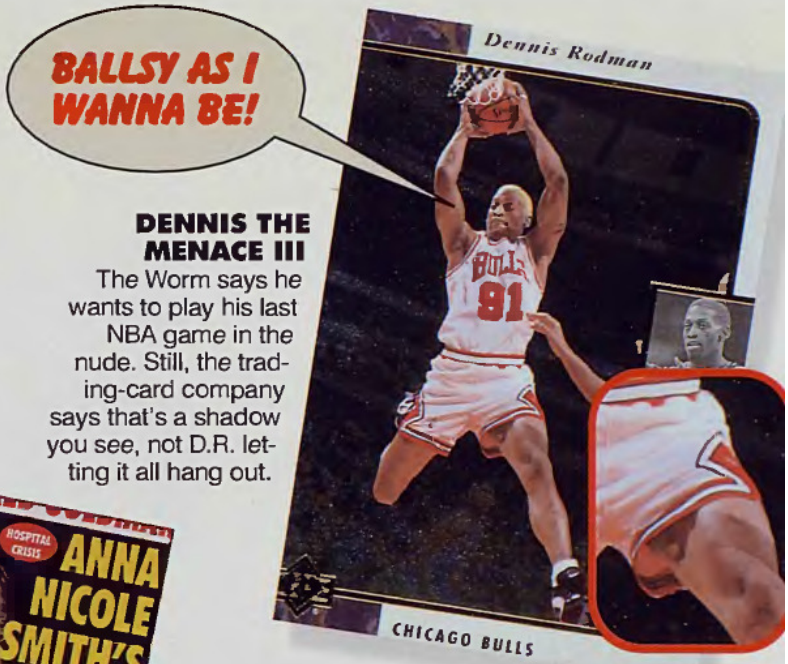
WHO KISSED J.R.?
They did dance atop the bar at the Greenwich Village after-hours joint Hogs & Heifers, but the jury is out on whether Julia Roberts and barmaid Margaret Emery actually soul-kissed for "30 to 50 seconds."

THE SEXIST WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS

The Church of Scotland bumped *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* as sexist and obscure (does a comma follow "ye" or "merry"?).

PAVAROTTI FAMILY VALUES

Shots of Luciano Pavarotti and aide Nicoletta Mantovani frolicking in Barbados (above) helped end his 35-year marriage. (Pix of the tenor in a hotel room with an Italian actress irked Nicki, too.)



DENNIS THE MENACE III

The Worm says he wants to play his last NBA game in the nude. Still, the trading-card company says that's a shadow you see, not D.R. letting it all hang out.

ANNA NICOLE BLOWOUT

Ms. Smith had a little accident with her breast implants. Seems like only yesterday she was insisting they were real. But it isn't easy to persuade a Texan that less is more.

IT'S A DUMMY, DUMMY!

Screw suggests that aliens brainwashed Bob Guccione and made him their sex slave. How else to explain the *Penthouse* chief hyping shots of a prop from an old UFO movie on display in a New Mexico museum as a genuine E.T.?

BUNS OF GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE

The 1996 summer Olympics may go down in history as the games that bottomed out, with studs and babes bursting out of skimpy costumes in what the *Washington Post* called "a gawkfest of sex appeal." We await Sydney in 2000.

BROADS ABROAD, PART TWO

Like Cindy Crawford, Sharon Stone reveals more of herself overseas—this time to the readers of British *GQ*.

STARFUCKERS INC.

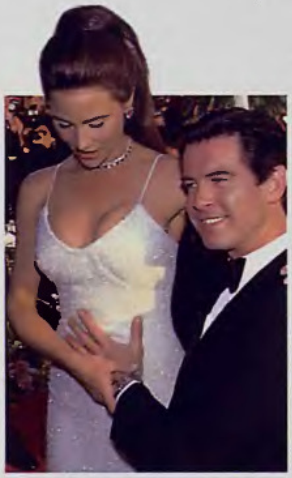
Trashing the stars for fun and profit: In *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again,* four women who've slept their way around Hollywood spilled the beans on their kinky encounters with Jack, Warren, Sylvester, Dennis, Rod, Vanna, Heidi and so many others. A just-out sequel, *Once More With Feeling,* may deflate (or embellish) more Tinseltown reputations.

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR DOCTORS

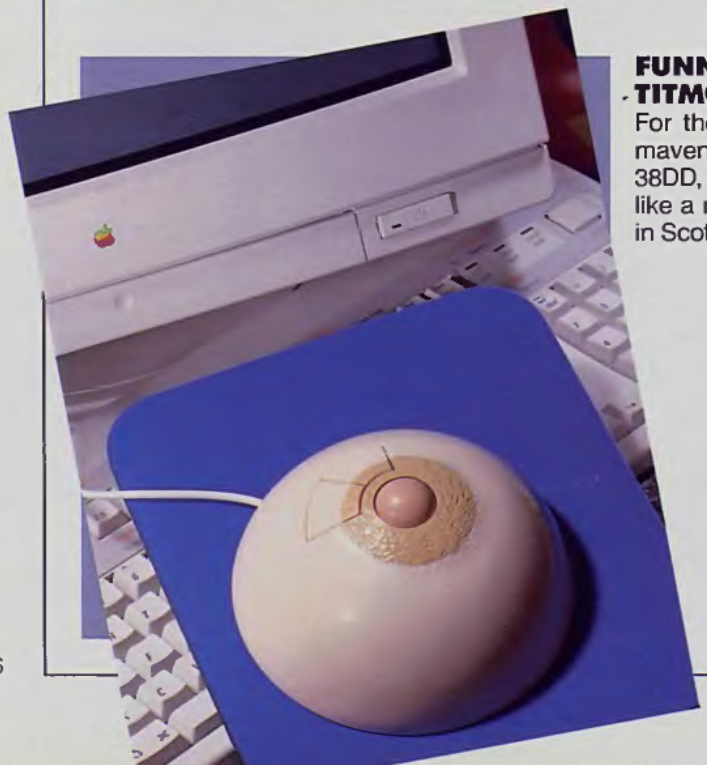
When identical twins Lydia and Debbie Colbert decided to increase their assets, they asked identical twins Maurizio and Roberto Viel to do the job. After surgery in North London, the girls exchanged their identical 34A bras for 34Cs.

SHOCK JOCK MEETS NUDESTOCK
Mancow Muller, Chicago radio's answer to Howard Stern, invited listeners to drop trou—and more—and join him for Nudestock, held at the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana. Hundreds complied.

SHOW-AND-TELL BARBIE
Parents complained that Teacher Barbie's bouffant skirt made it obvious she wasn't wearing panties. In later shipments, Mattel added undies.

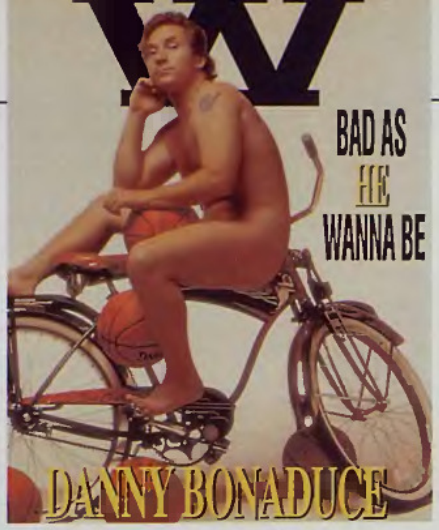


HOLLYWOOD FAMILY VALUES
Having babies minus vows (from left) are Keely Shaye Smith and beau Pierce Brosnan, and ex-secretary Kathy Benvin, 34, and Anthony Quinn, 81 (their second—his 13th by two wives, three mistresses). Arissa Wolfe and Steven Seagal, whose other kids she once babysat, had a girl, and Bridget Rooney (of the Steelers clan) claims that Kevin Costner is soon to be a daddy.



FUNNY, WE THOUGHT A TITMOUSE WAS A BIRD
For the truly PC-free computer maven, the Booby Trak, model 38DD, looks like a breast, works like a mouse. It's from Track-Em in Scottsdale, Arizona.

COLD COCKED
Reader Tim Carr, sailing the chilly Atlantic on the yacht *Curlew*, found this impressive ice phallus on the island of South Georgia.

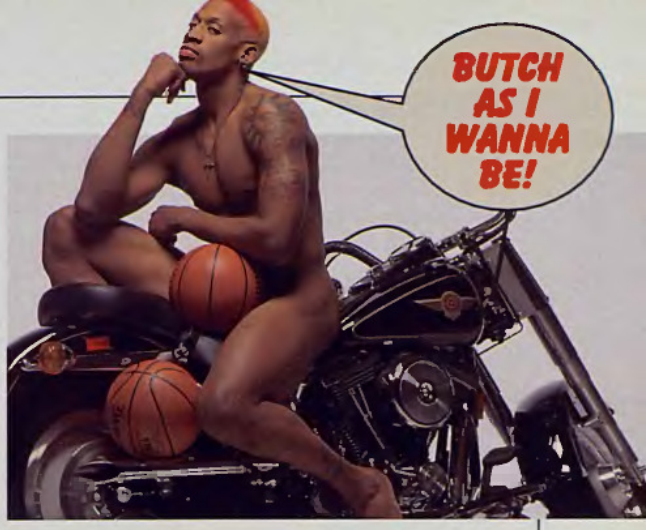


DENNIS THE MENACE IV

He could afford to hire a limo, but Rodman prefers to ride a hog. His tattoos show up better that way.

BAD AS A WANNABE

In homage to Dennis, ex-Partridge Danny Bonaduce bestrode a Schwinn and posed starkers for the cover of Chicago's *Windy City Sports* magazine.



SO WHY'S SHE COMPLAINING?

In Milwaukee, a 73-year-old woman sued St. Florian Catholic Church because, she claimed, she had been experiencing spontaneous orgasms ever since an electronic bingo board fell on her in 1990. The suit was thrown out when the plaintiff failed to undergo a court-ordered psychological exam.

BUT WILL THEY FLUNK GRAMMER?

Rumor said Kelsey Grammer didn't like Tammi Alexander's posing for us (left), so—go figure—he took up with Camille Donatacci (right), who models for Playboy Newsstand Specials. Next, he crashed his Viper and checked into the Betty Ford Center. This man needs a good shrink.

Fiancee set to write shocking tell-all: 'I've kept silent long enough'

MY NIGHTMARE LIFE WITH CHEATING FRASIER STAR KELSEY

- His wild nights with strippers
- Angry rages over bad shows
- Secret attraction to Barbara Walters

VAN DAMME FAMILY VALUES

Darcy LaPier (getting husbandly pat, right) and Jean-Claude Van Damme reconciled when she got pregnant in 1995. She's filed for divorce again and Isabelle Fortea Torrella (above), who has posed for 18 Newsstand Specials, claims she's now knitting booties.

MAFIA MOLE (continued from page 67)

"This cop warned me, hell, didn't warn me, told me. Said the feds had Greg Scarpa on a leash."

the claim of a New York City Police Department detective who has been blamed for leaking information to the Mob and who maintains the FBI tried to frame him for the leaks. Scarpa also haunts the prosecutors who relied on FBI information in their efforts to break the back of organized crime in New York. Some of the secrets that have been exposed may undo half a dozen convictions of major mafiosi. And the alleged cover-up may continue, with many details about the FBI's conduct remaining secret forever.

Who was Greg Scarpa? He was "a guy with the temper of a chain saw and the conscience of barbed wire," one lawman recalled. One of his former attorneys said that Scarpa "abided by no moral code—he made his own rules." Even without a gun, Scarpa was a master manipulator. "Greg could do 'earnest' like nobody's business," a federal prosecutor claimed.

•

Scarpa was born in 1928 and grew up in the tough Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. It was a place where the most powerful role models were often gangsters and where young Greg developed a reputation as a tough street fighter. By his early 20s he was an accomplished criminal, specializing in hijacking. It was in mid-1961, according to FBI documents and a former agent who knew him, "that Greg got jammed up on a hijacking beef and decided to deal his way out."

Scarpa was "turned" by FBI agent Anthony Villano, the quintessential "brick agent" and a bureau legend. A brick agent is a street-smart investigator who prefers the company of gangsters to that of bureaucrats. Villano, according to an FBI man and former colleague, developed more "made" La Cosa Nostra sources than any agent in the history of the FBI. "Six, I think it was. Scarpa, of course, was the most prominent. Anyway, it's the early Sixties, and Scarpa is going away on a hijacking beef. Ironically, it wasn't an LCN agent who originally approached him but an agent from the bureau's hijacking squad. He promised Scarpa a walk if Scarpa could provide a little information."

Law enforcement officials agree that it was Scarpa's fear of "the joint" that made him eager to cooperate. Unlike other Mob wannabes who see jail time as a step in a career path, Scarpa dreaded prison.

"As it happened, the agent from the hijacking squad was transferred from New York while Scarpa was still cooling his heels, waiting for a plea, in the Brooklyn correctional facility," the FBI man continued. "But Villano was friendly with the guys in hijack, knew about the Scarpa deal and decided to follow up." Shortly after that, Scarpa was freed.

The day after Scarpa's release, the source said, Villano talked his way into Scarpa's Staten Island home by impersonating a former cellmate. "Scarpa wasn't home. When his wife answered the door, Villano gave her his story, that Greg said to look him up when he got out. The wife invited him in, served coffee on the faux-marble dinette. Christ, Tony Villano had *coglioni* big enough to bowl with.

"Anyway, when Scarpa gets home, he explodes.

"'Who the hell are you?' he yells.

"'Greg,' Villano tells him, 'I'm your FBI welcoming committee.'

"Scarpa was like, 'Shit!' He thought the FBI had forgotten about the deal when the hijacking agent got transferred. He was boiling. Yelling and screaming. Villano just sat there calmly and let him get it out. Finally, of course, he came around.

"So they agree to meet the next day at a boat basin in Montauk. They hit it off immediately. Villano was half a wiseguy himself. This was a great catch for him. Scarpa ran the most active crew in the Colombo family. A real earner, keeping old Joe Colombo in caviar and expensive pussy all by himself. So Villano starts working him hard. This is the first true Mob informer. Scarpa's not a *caporegime* yet. But he is a made soldier, as well as the skipper of his own crew. So the bureau's getting information on the operation and structure of the Mafia as it happens. The mother lode. Brother, this was a first.

"Now, you gotta picture the irony of the whole deal," the former agent continued. "While Hoover was refusing to publicly admit the existence of the Mafia, and while [Joe] Valachi was shocking the shit out of Congress, here we were using one of the Mob's up-and-comers as our own personal spook."

Confidential FBI memos corroborate the agent's memory, making it clear that Scarpa regaled his FBI handlers with the history, stretching back to the Middle Ages, of the Sicilian Black Hand. He told them about the induction ceremonies, the code of *omertà*, or silence, the national structure and his fellow goodfellows.

One internal FBI memo from September 1962 that recently came to light suggests that the bureau tried to keep at least a formal rein on Scarpa. It mentions a dispute between Scarpa's crew and a rival gangster named Joseph Magliocco and warns "that under no circumstance can Scarpa participate in the murder of Magliocco."

Nonetheless, Villano saw it as part of the bargain that he keep his mole fat and happy. "There are rules, and there's real life," observed James Fox, former New York FBI chief, regarding the complexities of an agent-informer relationship. "Sometimes you have to give something to get something."

The result was that with Villano's assistance, Scarpa "made almost as much from insurance-reward scams during the Sixties as he did on the street," a former law enforcement official revealed.

It worked this way: Scarpa told Villano where his Mafia colleagues had stashed their hijacked swag. Villano then informed insurance companies, which would retrieve the stolen goods and give Villano money as a reward. Villano then gave the reward to Scarpa. Sometimes Scarpa gave up cargoes he had hijacked to avoid suspicion within the Mob.

Over time, however, Scarpa's ability to avoid serious trouble with the law made his underworld companions suspicious.

"Let me tell you about that cocksucker Scarpa," an old gangster we'll call Tommy told me one afternoon. "Two words: rat fuck." We were sitting inside Tommy's New York social club. Thick cut glass shielded the musty room from sunlight. Jimmy Rosselli's *Innamorata* trilled from the jukebox. A handpainted mural of the docks of Palermo covered the 30-foot-long back wall.

Three decades ago Tommy was a feared button man for the Colombo family celebrity outlaw Joseph "Crazy Joey" Gallo. Tommy recalled that "in the beginning, back in the Sixties when Scarpa was king of the hijacks, we always wondered about him because he took so many chances. Wondered why he never got popped. Then I found out. We had a gold shield detective on the pad, back in 1972 or 1973. First- or second-grade, I forget. But high up, in intel. And this cop warned me, hell, didn't warn me, told me. Said the feds had Greg Scarpa on a leash. Said never

"Oh, there you are, dear—and this must be the auld acquaintance everybody's singing about!"

to say nothing in front of that rat fuck, 'cause everything got back to the G."

Tommy paused and shot his cuffs. "So we never trusted that Scarpa cocksucker, you understand? But what was I gonna do? Back then, he's already a made guy. He's goin' places with the Colombos. And me, I wasn't even made! Word gets around that I'm rattin' him out, I end up . . ." Tommy glanced toward the jukebox—now Rosemary Clooney doing *Mambo Italiano*—"I end up strapped to a two-ton Wurlitzer somewhere out in Rockaway Bay, *capisce*?"

Throughout the Seventies, various law enforcement authorities were just as suspicious. "He never did the walk-and-talk like every other wiseguy," said a retired NYPD investigator. "He'd say anything out loud—even though every made guy knew we were hanging wires all over town."

An assistant district attorney recalled that Scarpa routinely beat "airtight" cases. "We'd get the guy red-handed, and the next thing you know the case would be mysteriously thrown out by the judge, the records sealed," the assistant D.A. said. "At the time we didn't know what was going on. Only later did we find out that every time we nailed Scarpa, the feds would merely head to the presiding judge's chambers, notify him that Scarpa was a high-level informant and—bingo—our case was in the wind.

"Scarpa had an action jones," he continued, almost admiringly. "Always wanted to be at the scene. That's where we locked him up once. Got him at the warehouse where they were off-loading the stuff. Liquor truck. Cases of Dewar's. Scarpa and his crew. Tough motherfuckers. Kill you as soon as look at you. Next thing you know the judge is quashing the case, throwing it out, sealing the records. Let me tell you, frustrating is not the word."

On the rare occasion when a Scarpa arrest made it to trial, the assistant D.A. recalled, "all sorts of hinky things went down." In the mid-Seventies, for example, the Brooklyn D.A.'s office felt it had the elusive gangster nailed. "We babysat a Scarpa witness for a whole year in the old Bossert Hotel in Brooklyn Heights," the prosecutor continued. "Guy testified before the grand jury and everything. Then the case goes to trial, with Scarpa sitting right there at the defense table. And when they ask the witness to point to the man who organized the hijack, he said he couldn't. Scarpa was acquitted."

Did the Mob pressure the witness or did the FBI scare him off? The prosecutor shrugged. "All I can tell you for sure is that somebody got to him. Right after that, word started circulating that this guy Scarpa was a stool, that he had federal protection. The fucking feds. Never told us nothing.

"Another time, *marrone*, we had him on a direct buy. Guns and bribery. And they didn't do nothing. They quashed it. Even back then he was a big-money guy. He was an earner. Anyway, we used to tail Scarpa. One night, he tells his crew he's going out to get laid. And we follow him to this FBI safe house on the Upper East Side."

•

After Villano retired in the early Seventies, Scarpa consolidated his criminal empire. His repertoire was varied. At one time or another he was accused of hijacking, assault, gun possession, selling stolen goods, loansharking, bookmaking, theft of negotiable stocks and bonds, bribing police officers, car theft, usury, gambling and murder. He "could have served as a role model for ambitious gangsters," as a *New York Times* reporter described him. A surveillance photo showed that he looked the part. Scarpa was close to six feet tall, with a lean but muscular physique and a poker face.

Scarpa grew richer and more uninhibited over time. As one veteran Mafia investigator recalled, "Capos ain't supposed to be out on the street hijacking trucks, doing drug deals. I mean, that's why you have a crew. But Greg, man, Greg was there. He just loved the action. He always had to walk point." Scarpa, according to law enforcement authorities, reveled in the business of being a gangster. He personally tested the illegal weapons, mostly rifles, that he and his crew sold "to make sure anybody that bought a gun from him wasn't getting a raw deal," one investigator recalled. When his crew hijacked designer dresses and furs "he was like a little kid. He couldn't wait to rush out and shower his girlfriends with that kind of swag."

A peacock dresser forever flaunting a thick wad of cash, Scarpa owned homes on Manhattan's Sutton Place, on Staten Island, in Brooklyn and in Las Vegas. He ruled his fiefdom with guile and an iron fist.

In 1976 he served 30 days in jail for attempting to bribe two police officers. It was his longest stretch in jail. At that point Scarpa's connection with the FBI was remote, or nonexistent. By the late Seventies he was a right-hand man to Colombo family boss Carmine Persico, Joe Colombo's successor.

•

In the early Eighties, according to FBI documents, bureau agent R. Lindley "Lynn" De Vecchio began "redeveloping" Scarpa as a snitch. Colleagues said there was no better lawman in New York to work with the Mafia's rising star. Like Villano, De Vecchio spoke the language of the street.

"Lynn had a way of talking to Scarpa, of working with him, that made Scarpa feel comfortable," said a former colleague. An agent since 1966, De Vecchio had a reputation for his drive. "He was like a pit bull when he sank his teeth into a case," said another former colleague. "He didn't let go."

De Vecchio registered Scarpa as a confidential informant, meaning that Scarpa would not be required to testify and his relationship with the FBI would remain a deep secret. The two contacted each other on top-security "hello phones" and often spoke in code. James Fox, who was the head of the bureau's New York office from 1984 through 1994, recalled De Vecchio "delivering goods that no money can buy." Declassified FBI memos reveal that Scarpa provided a steady stream of inside gossip: who was being made, which crews were divvying up which territory, whose star was rising and whose was blinking out. It was also disclosed that Scarpa received from $2000 to $5000 every few months for his information, for a grand total of more than $158,000.

It was an unusual relationship from the beginning. Scarpa demanded a waiver of FBI regulations that required confidential informants to have two agent-handlers. De Vecchio and Scarpa would work alone.

Clearly, Scarpa was a privileged hood. And De Vecchio went out of his way to help him. It has been reported and long rumored that the FBI man, for example, told the gangster who else was cooperating with law enforcement agencies. When Scarpa was having trouble tracking down two deadbeat customers in his loan-sharking business, De Vecchio told him where they were hiding. The lawman also gave Scarpa some advice to pass on to two members of his crew who were fugitives from the law. If they, in the words of one of the once-secret documents, "stayed away from their normal hangouts, they could avoid being arrested." De Vecchio gave Scarpa the courtesy of an early warning when Scarpa's son, Gregory Jr., was about to be arrested for dealing drugs. And perhaps most disturbing, upon being told by Scarpa that a rival's death would resolve the Colombo family war, De Vecchio gave Scarpa the address where the rival was hiding out.

Scarpa sometimes mentioned De Vecchio to his family and associates, always referring to the FBI agent as "the girlfriend."

(continued on page 181)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR *Santa*

IT'S CHRISTMAS CRUNCH TIME

Grab a cocktail shaker and turn on your Martini Lamp. It's a 15"-tall chrome creation by artist David Krys that features a plastic olive fitted with a seven-watt red bulb, from Eclectic Junction ($200). (Wall-sconce and floor-model versions are also available.)

•

Say goodbye to those annoying long lift lines. Swatch has teamed up with Ski Data to create Swatch Access, a watch that's also an electronic lift ticket usable at participating ski resorts worldwide. (It can be continually reprogrammed with new pass info.) Price: $50.

•

With its in-line skate wheels, molded-plastic construction and multiple storage compartments, Ogio's Rig is the ideal golf bag for travel ($300). In the Rig is a set of Thundersticks, Prince Sports' hot new irons, which feature an expanded sweet spot, increased shaft stability and an innovative weight-distribution system ($1125).

FEMLINS BY LEROY NEIMAN

• Moringué and L'île Suprême, two exotic liqueurs from Réunion Island, have come ashore. Moringué is a cream liqueur blended from pistachio nuts, sugared almonds and rum. L'île Suprême combines rum with fruits (about $20 each). • Fabergé's French-made Imperial Crystal Egg Caviar and Vodka Set is definitely fit for a czar. The lead-crystal egg with a gold-plated hinge houses a vodka decanter, two vodka glasses and a caviar bowl ($950). • Samsung's GXTV personal game monitor features two stereo speakers in its doors, another at the base, a subwoofer and an adjustable stand—plus it's a 13" TV (about $350). The Nintendo 64 game system (about $200) is connected to it.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

• No more midnight shadow. Norelco's 5885XL Reflex Action electric razor, with special lift-and-cut technology (45 lifters and 45 rotating blades), delivers a shave as slick as this product's ergonomic shape (about $140). • Sony's ICD-50 portable IC chip recorder is no larger in diameter than a tennis ball and as thin as a cookie. It can record up to 16 minutes of messages on two separate files—and offers random access to any message (about $190). • Our pick for the coolest digital camera, Ricoh's RDC-2 records up to 38 images and sound for playback on an LCD monitor or a computer. It includes a 35mm-to-55mm lens, a flash and a slot for PC storage cards ($1000).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Con Doctor *(continued from page 118)*

McClarty did attend med school. Inevitably, they assume that a prison doctor is an idiot and a quack.

him, through the second. As soon as he is inside, he can sense it, the malevolent funk of the prison air, the dread ambience of the dream. The varnished concrete floor of the long white hall is as shiny as ice.

Emma, the fat nurse, buzzes him into the medical ward. She wears a button that announces Jesus' imminent arrival.

"How many signed up today?" he asks, deflecting her attention to terrestrial matters.

"Twelve so far."

McClarty retreats to his office, where Donny, the head nurse, is talking on the phone. "I surely do appreciate that. Thank you kindly." Donny's perennially sunny manner stands out even in this region of pandemic cheerfulness. He says good morning with the accent on the first syllable, then runs down coming attractions. "A kid beat up in D last night. He's waiting. And you know Peters from K block, the diabetic who's been bitching about the kitchen food? Saying the food's running up his blood sugar? Well, this morning they searched his cell and found three bags of cookies, a Goo Goo Cluster and two Moon Pies under the bed. I think maybe we should tell the commissary to stop selling him that junk. Yesterday, his blood sugar was 400."

McClarty tells Donny that they can't tell the commissary any such thing. That would be a restriction of Peters' liberty, cruel and unusual punishment. He'd fill out a complaint and then they'd spend four hours in a hearing in court downtown where the judge would eventually deliver a lecture, thirdhand Rousseau, on the natural rights of man.

Then there's Caruthers from G, who had a seizure and claims he needs to up his dose of Klonopin. Ah, yes, we'd all like to up our dose of Klonopin, Mr. Caruthers. File the edges right off our day. In McClarty's own case from 0 mg a day to about 50 mgs, with a little Demerol and maybe a Dilaudid thrown into the mix just to secure the perimeter. No, he mustn't think this way. Like what the priests used to call "impure thoughts," these pharmaceutical fantasies must be stamped out. He should call his sponsor, go to a meeting on the way home.

The first patient, a skinny little white kid McClarty has never examined before, one Cribbs, has a bloody black eye, which, on examination, proves to be an orbital fracture. His eye socket has been smashed in. The swollen face is familiar; he saw it last night in his sleep. "Lock-and-sock?" asks McClarty. The kid nods and then winces at the pain. Obviously new, he doesn't even know the code yet—not to tell nobody nothing.

"They just come in the middle of the night, maybe five of them, and started whaling on me. I was just lying there minding my own business." He is a sniveler, a skinny chicken, an obvious target. Now, away from his peers and tormentors, he seems ready to cry. But he suddenly wipes his nose and grins, and shows McClarty the bloody teeth marks on his arm. "One of the sons of bitches bit me," he says, looking incongruously pleased and proud of his wound.

"You enjoyed that part, did you, Mr. Cribbs?" Then, suddenly, McClarty guesses.

"That'll fix his fucking wagon," says Cribbs, smiling hideously, pink gums showing above his twisted yellow teeth. "I got something he don't want. I got the HIV." For the moment he is delighted at the prospect of sharing the disease with his enemy. After McClarty cleans up the eye, he writes up a hospital transfer and orders a blood test.

"They won't be messing with me no more," he says in parting. In fact, in McClarty's experience, there are two approaches to AIDS patients among the inmate population. Many are indeed given a wide berth. But sometimes they are killed, quickly and efficiently and without malice, in their sleep.

Next, a surly, muscled black inmate with a broken hand. Mr. Brown claims to have smashed into the wall of the recreation yard accidentally. "Yeah, I was playing handball, you know?" Amazing how many guys hurt themselves in the yard. Brown doesn't even try to make this story sound convincing; rather, he turns up his lip and fixes McClarty with a look that dares him to doubt it. So far, in the year that he has worked here, McClarty has not been attacked by an inmate except in his dreams. He has been threatened by several, most recently by Lesko. Big pear-shaped redneck. Aggravated assault—Lesko took a knife to a bartender who told him it was closing time. The bartender was stabbed 15 times before the bouncer hit Lesko with a bat. Lesko has threatened to kill McClarty, but fortunately not in front of any of the other prisoners, which lessens the possibility that he will feel his honor, as well as his buzz, is at stake. Still, McClarty makes a note to check up on Lesko; he'll ask Santiago, the guard over on D, to get a reading on his general mood and comportment.

McClarty makes his first official telephone call of the day to a pompous ass of a psychopharmacologist to get an opinion on Caruthers' medication. Not that McClarty doesn't have an opinion himself, but he is required to consult a so-called expert. McClarty thinks diazepam would do the trick, stave off the seizures just as effectively and more cheaply—which is after all what his employers are most concerned about—than the Klonopin. What Caruthers is concerned about, quite independently of his seizures, is catching that Klonopin buzz. Dr. Withers, who has already talked with Caruthers' lawyer, keeps McClarty on hold for ten minutes and then condescendingly explains to him the purpose and methodology of double-blind studies, until finally McClarty is forced to remind the good doctor that he did himself attend medical school. In fact, he graduated second in his class at the University of Chicago. Inevitably, they assume that a prison doctor is an idiot and a quack. In the old days, McClarty would have reached through the phone and ripped this hick doctor's eyeballs out of his skull, asked him how he liked that for a double-blind study, but now he is happy to hide out in his windowless office behind the three-foot-thick walls of the prison and let somebody else find the fucking cure for cancer. "Thank you very much, doctor," McClarty says finally, cutting the old geek off in midsentence.

Emma announces the next patient, Peters, the Moon Pie–loving diabetic. "Judgment is at hand," she tells Peters, as he waddles into the examining room. "We must all prepare our souls for the Savior." She looks over at McClarty.

McClarty nods. "Don't worry, Emma, Terri is buying a Stair Master to heaven."

Emma slams the door in parting. Peters is bouncing on the examining table. He is a fat man, of jelly-like consistency. Everything about him is soft and slovenly except his eyes, which are hard and sharp, the eyes of a scavenger ever alert to snatch a scrap from beneath the feet of the predators. The eyes of a snitch. McClarty examines his folder for a moment.

"Well, Mr. Peters."

(continued on page 198)

"Care to write your own ticket, officer?"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

twelve reasons 1996 was an awesome year

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

January is the month for a pitched battle between worthy, heroic opponents. We're not talking about the Super Bowl, but rather the annual contest to name the Playmate of the Year. Not to brag, but our big event has been around a couple of years longer. And we think it has distinct advantages. Our competition is injury-free, and you don't have to shell out a month's salary for a seat with excellent sight lines. Here's how you can participate: Dial the number below, pick the Playmate you consider most worthy of the honor (the following pictorial will help jog your memory) and listen to her special recorded message. You can vote again and again, at only a dollar a call. Besides reigning for an entire year, the lucky PMOY will receive a $100,000 bonus check and other prizes. The lucky readers get an encore performance—a wonderful all-new pictorial of the winner in the June issue. Twelve gorgeous women are suited up, ready to get into the game and earn your applause. So don't you drop the ball; call now and lead the cheers for your favorite Playmate. Remember: It's not whether you win or lose, it's that you play the game that counts.

An all-pro team of Playmates is awaiting your support for Playmate of the Year. Stacy Sanches will pass along her PMOY crown, but not until you make the call.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

ONLY $1 PER CALL. EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. Call 1-900-737-2299 and, when instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Call now. Polling ends February 28, 1997.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss September

JENNIFER ALLAN

"I'm a little tired of living out of a suitcase," says our 22-year-old September Playmate (left), who's been relentlessly touring the States doing PLAYBOY promotions. "I'll be glad to settle down again." Though her modeling career is keeping her busy (astute readers may remember her from the cover of the October issue, doing wonders for a football jersey), Jennifer hasn't given up on her real ambition: to teach second grade.

Miss May

SHAUNA SAND

Miss May (right) was an April bride, marrying actor Lorenzo Lamas—whose mother, actress turned astrologer Arlene Dahl, picked the date. "It rained before and after," reports Shauna, "but at just the right moment the sun came out and it was the most beautiful day of my life." Since then, Shauna's "crazy schedule" has included a movie called *The Raven* and a recurring role on hubby's TV series, *Renegade*.

Miss April
GILLIAN BONNER

Denizens of cyberspace, take note: Gillian (above left) just completed her CD-ROM game, an erotic fantasy called Rianna Rouge. She wrote, produced and stars in it. "You'll see me getting blown up or being set on fire," she laughs. Since her World Wide Web address was published alongside her pictorial, Miss April has received "tons and tons" of e-mail. "Of course they ask, 'When are you going to be in PLAYBOY again?'" Ask no more.

Miss January
VICTORIA FULLER

Fame has its rewards: "My brother is in Bosnia with the military," says Miss January (right), "so I've been sending him copies of the magazine and letters on PLAYBOY stationery. He's made a lot of friends that way." Victoria has been making plenty of friends herself at PLAYBOY promotions across the country. And she appeared on *Friends*, where her role, she says, was "to basically just be a pretty girl." Talk about typecasting.

Miss February
KONA CARMACK

The Hawaiian native (below left) has joined the Playmate exodus to Los Angeles. "Everyone has been really nice," she says, though she's not about to let her guard down. "I'm trying to keep the nonsense out of my life, because there's a lot of nonsense out here." Miss February, 20, is finishing college, modeling and "doing lots of PLAYBOY appearances." In other words, she's living up to her name: Konaluhiole is Hawaiian for "never weary."

Miss July

ANGEL BORIS

Miss July (left) recently spent five weeks backpacking through Europe. "Every country I went to," she reports, "I checked the local PLAYBOY—and when I got to Belgium I found myself!" You can find Angel in the forthcoming film *Always Something Better*. She's been acting since the age of five, and sees PLAYBOY as a stepping stone. "I'm taking that opportunity," she says, "and I'm going to go out there and push it!"

Miss October

NADINE CHANZ

Listen up, guys: This German (right) finds American men to be "confident and very good-looking—but they could slow down a little!" Nadine, 24, should heed her own advice. She's gone full speed since her PLAYBOY appearance, modeling and starring in a European video program. Miss October is taking the world by storm, but she can't rest until she fulfills her ultimate goal—"to get my own star on Hollywood Boulevard."

Miss November

ULRIKA ERICSSON

"I'm a homebody," insists 26-year-old Ulrika (above right). Yes, but when? The Nordic goddess is constantly on the go, thanks to her flourishing career as a model. Miss November returned to her native Sweden to appear on a late-night TV show, "a Swedish version of David Letterman's show. Because of PLAYBOY they want to see my face over there." Lucky Americans: We get her face in the fabulous context of the rest of her.

Miss June

KARIN TAYLOR

Miss June (left) hit the road when her issue hit the stands, modeling in Greece, Norway and Denmark. "When I come home," says the jet-setter, "my house sitter has to introduce me to all my new neighbors." Now she's got the acting bug: She'll appear on *Baywatch* as a model who runs a homeless shelter. "I hope they'll have a full-time role for me next season," she says. "I'm tired of being just a clothes hanger."

Miss March

PRISCILLA TAYLOR

"I have my fingers in everything," says Priscilla (below right), "since I'm not sure what's going to work out." Sounds like everything is working out. She's "prize girl" on the Fox game show *Big Deal*, she has her own calendar and she's taking lessons from Michael Jackson's voice coach. She's also studying improv because "I'd rather play the funny girl than the mistress." Her boyfriend can't hurt. He's comic Pauly Shore.

Miss August

JESSICA LEE

"I'm having a blast in Los Angeles," says Miss August (left), who moved west from Tampa. She even attended her first Hollywood party. "Everybody wanted to find out who they knew and what they could get from them," she reports. Welcome to L.A. Though she's a celebrity, the 21-year-old claims she's never recognized. "I walk around with no makeup and I'm just an average girl." If this is average, Jessica is really raising the bar.

Miss December

VICTORIA SILVSTEDT

It may be hard to believe, but Miss December 1996 used to have a complex about her looks. "When I was younger, I was shy and had low self-confidence," says the 22-year-old Victoria (right), who grew up in a small Swedish town. "Because of my career, I started to like my body, and today I'm very proud of it." She now lives in Paris, where she's a model with a coterie of admirers. Thirty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

That Was the Year That Was

Humor **By Robert S. Wieder • think of the past 12 months as a kind of dance—one in which some key players made a lot of missteps**

1996

Lying bastards spewing venom,
Anger, hate and fear.
Money rules, we're took for fools;
Yeah, it's election year.

Melatonin

To aid their quest for nightly rest,
Throngs gobbled melatonin.
It works, no trick, but we'll just stick
With good old-fashioned bonin'.

Dennis Rodman

Dennis Rodman played like God, man,
Tattoos, rouge and all.
If Jordan is king, then dig Worm's thing:
The queen of basketball.

Bob Dole

Old Bob Dole, stiff as a pole,
Left voters uninspired.
It's hard to appeal or spark folks' zeal
When you make Al Gore look wired.

Prince Charles & Princess Di

The royal twits have called it quits—
Poor Di has lost some perks.
And Chuck in bed gets no "crowned head"—
Go find real jobs, you jerks.

Don Imus

Don Imus shocked D.C.'s elite,
With crude vulgarity.
His punishment? A big-bucks gig
On MSNBC.

Ross Perot

He heard a nation's cries of
"Run, Ross, run!"—heard pleas and cheers.
No one else heard this, but then,
Who else has Perot's ears?

Madonna

Madonna is with child at last,
A trainer did the seeding.
The tickets should go on sale soon
For baby's first breast-feeding.

Macarena

Jerk and sway and hop, then grab
Your arms and head and pants.
Macarena must be Spanish
For "I've got St. Vitus' dance."

Marge Schott

Tossed from the game was Marge Schott; blame
Her statement most unkind:
"Herr Hitler, he was good at first."
Yeah, sure, Marge, like your mind?

Michael Jackson & Lisa Marie Presley

The King stopped spinning in his grave
When Lisa bailed on Jacko.
Mike was too weird, her friends averred,
And floppo in the sacko.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLAIR DRAWSON

Luciano Pavarotti

The tenor's babe is half his age.
Oh! Lucky Luciano.
We hope the amorous pace she'll set
Won't leave him a soprano.

Rush Limbaugh

When Rush backed Dole instead of Pat,
Some dittoheads gave him flak:
"Hey, you're no far-right nut like us.
You're just a party hack!"

Bill Clinton

Accused of lies, affairs, drug highs
And flaws most consequential,
Bill got the votes of all us blokes
Who thus felt presidential.

Hillary Clinton

One scandal and then another,
Poor Hillary had to fight.
And this bad break: It doesn't take
A village to indict.

Christopher Reeve

The Man of Steel's confined to wheels
Since falling on his noggin.
Now celebs and Dems ask Chris out
For whatever cause they're floggin'.

The Internet

The courts said, "Censor not the Net,
Nor ban bad words from airing."
With flamers, crashes, long wait times,
Fuck yes, of course we're swearing!

Unabomber

Kaczynski said, "I hate all science,
Nature is my shtick!"
Then don't build high-tech bombs, you sap,
Just whack foes with a stick.

Robert Allen

Robert Allen made $6 million
As Ma Bell's head turk
By firing 40,000 folks who
Did the actual work.

Dick Armey

Barney Frank was "Barney Fag" to
This colleague. How smarmy.
'Twas most unwise to thus crack wise,
Pal, your name's still Dick Armey.

O.J. Simpson

They say Juice stashed $5 million cash
Where courts could not purloin it.
It's hid away across the sea;
Let's hope he goes to join it.

Garry Kasparov

Our hat we doff to Kasparov,
Who proved, with skill and class,
Mankind is shrewder than computers:
He kicked Deep Blue's ass!

Newt Gingrich

Newt blamed the libs for every ill: crime,
Violence, drugs and riot.
He'd add bad breath and George Burns' death
And crabgrass, if we'd buy it.

Mars

"There are signs of life on Mars!" they cried.
"It's epic news!" Oh, please.
There are signs enough of such strange stuff
In last week's cottage cheese.

Helen Gurley Brown

H. Gurley Brown at last stepped down
At Cosmo. Bet your fanny
That soon will come her latest tome:
Sex and the Single Granny.

Blast From The Past *(continued from page 64)*

A tremendous noise shook the room. The explosion knocked Bond and Cheryl onto the floor.

The man set his tool kit on the floor and removed a screwdriver.

"May I offer you anything?" the manager asked them. "Coffee?"

"No, thank you," said Bond, "but I would like to see my son's desk. Can I do that while our man works on the lock?"

"Certainly," the manager said. "Follow me."

James Suzuki's desk was clean and uncluttered. A photo of his mother was framed and sitting on top of a computer monitor. Adjacent to it was a framed color snapshot of him as a boy with Bond. It had been taken when James was about 12 years old, during a rare visit to London. They were posing in front of one of the Trafalgar Square lions. Kissy had taken the photo. It could very well have been the only photo James had of his father.

Bond did a quick pass through the desk and found nothing of interest.

The manager asked, "How is James' aunt doing?"

Bond looked at him. "What?"

"His aunt. She was here a couple of days ago and used the safe-deposit box," the manager said. Bond stared at him, incredulous. "She showed me written authorization——"

Before the man could finish, Bond and Cheryl bolted for the stairs and ran back to the safe-deposit room. They stepped through the open door just as Sam said, "I think I have it," and turned the lock.

A tremendous noise and blinding flash of white light shook the room. The force of the explosion knocked Bond and Cheryl from the doorway and onto the floor of the corridor outside. Smoke began to fill the place, and alarms sounded immediately.

"Are you all right?" Bond shouted to Cheryl.

"Yes!"

"Wait here!" He jumped up and into the next room. A large gaping hole in the wall marked where the safety-deposit box had once been.

He dashed to the corridor and took hold of Cheryl. "We have to get out of here or we'll suffocate."

Together they found the stairs up to the ground floor, and outside. Mr. Nishiuye was helping a couple employees when he saw them.

"I thought you were dead!" he exclaimed. "What about Sam?"

Bond shook his head. "He took the blast intended for me, I think," he said.

The fire engine's siren screamed in the distance, Bond and Cheryl joined the crowd of people in front of the bank. They both had dark smudges on their clothes and faces.

Then he saw her. The bag lady was standing on the other side of Park Avenue, watching. Bond could swear she was not looking at the bank and the pandemonium in front of it—she was staring straight at him.

"Stay here," he said to Cheryl and started to cross the avenue.

As soon as the woman saw Bond approaching, she moved quickly around the corner onto a one-way street heading west. Bond began to run. He reached the other side just in time to see her step into the backseat of an idling black town car. He rushed to it, leaped and reached for the door handle. The driver stepped on the gas. Bond fell back and immediately jumped up. By then, Cheryl had crossed the street and was running after him.

He reached Madison Avenue, but the car had already crossed it and was continuing west. He ran against the red light, dodging around cars moving up Madison. A taxi almost hit him and the horn blared.

"James! Wait!" Cheryl called, and she caught up to him on the other side of Madison.

An empty taxicab was idling in front of a delicatessen about 100 feet west of them. The OFF DUTY light was on; the driver had stepped out and gone inside the deli. Bond sprinted toward it and jumped into the driver's seat. Cheryl ran to the passenger side. As Bond drove off, the cabdriver ran out of the delicatessen, shouting.

"I'm not sure what you just did was entirely legal," Cheryl said.

"They do it in the movies all the time," Bond said, speeding toward Fifth Avenue. The car had crossed Fifth and was heading toward Sixth Avenue, but traffic had brought it to a halt. Bond crossed the intersection and pulled into the line of traffic on the narrow street. Four vehicles were between the cab and the other car. Suddenly, it tore out of the line of stalled traffic, pulled onto the pavement, and then sped along the shop fronts toward Sixth Avenue. Scared pedestrians screamed and jumped out of the way. The town car pulled down a canopy in front of a shop as it raced recklessly toward the intersection.

Bond cursed and drove the cab onto the pavement as well. He floored the gas pedal and took off, following the town car. Cheryl was too stunned to scream.

The other car reached the intersection at Sixth Avenue and shot out into moving traffic. Another cab rammed into its back fender, but it kept on going. Horns were braying as Bond's taxi burst out into the avenue. They managed to make it across without getting hit.

They were still traveling west on a one-way, narrow street, and there was now nothing between the town car and Bond's taxi. Bond bore down, gaining on it. Then he saw a figure lean out of the car's window, pointing back at them.

"Duck!" Bond yelled just as the windshield shattered above his head. He pulled out the Walther PPK, held it in his left hand out the window, and shot at the car. He knocked out a taillight. Bond was out of practice driving with the wheel on the left, and shooting with his left hand.

At Seventh Avenue, the town car turned left and headed south. Bond zoomed into the intersection doing 60 miles per hour and almost hit a bus. Cheryl gripped the dashboard and stared straight ahead, not saying a word.

The town car weaved in and out of traffic, scooting ahead and sailing through an intersection just as the light turned red. Bond, through his teeth, said, "Hold on!" He stepped on the gas and leaned on the horn of the cab. Cross traffic had already entered the intersection and another taxi pulled in front of Bond. He had to swerve to avoid broadsiding it, but nevertheless took off its back bumper and sent the cab spinning like a top in the middle of the intersection.

The town car turned right onto another one-way street, heading west. Bond followed, hot on its tail. The figure leaned out of the car once again and fired at them, but missed.

Cheryl suddenly snapped out of her deep freeze. "All right, that does it," she said, and pulled a Browning 9mm automatic pistol out of her bag.

"Christ, Cheryl," said Bond, "*now* you think of that?"

"Sorry, I was enjoying the ride," she said. She leaned out the passenger window. She fired twice. The man who was aiming at them dropped his gun on the street and withdrew into the car.

"There're three people in the car,"

(continued on page 172)

BILL MAHER, P.I.

THE POLITICALLY INCORRECT PUNDIT CALLS A SPADE A SPADE

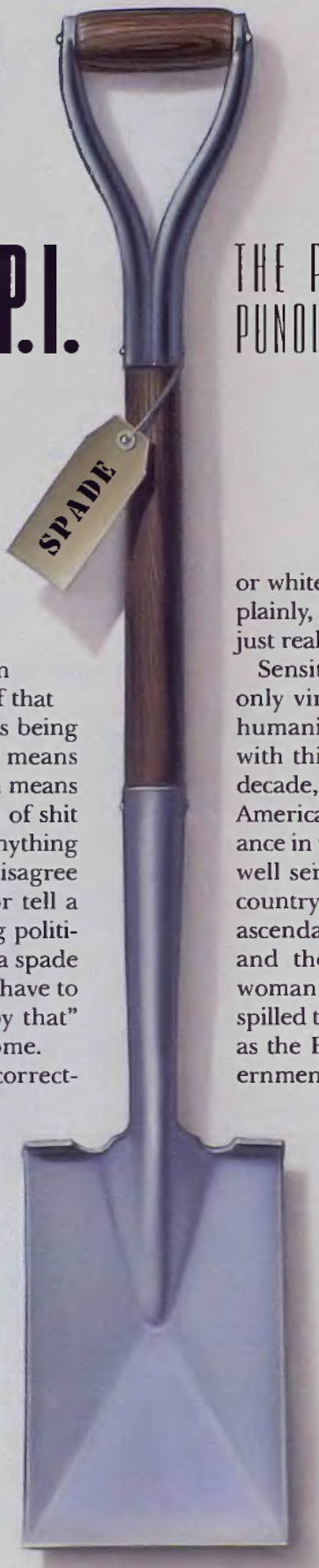


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

BY BILL MAHER

Because I do a show with the title *Politically Incorrect*, I am often challenged as to the meaning of that phrase. For me, it never implies being liberal or conservative—it just means the opposite of being political, which means being full of shit. Politicians are full of shit because they're so afraid of saying anything that someone, somewhere, might disagree with that they say nothing at all, or tell a bunch of white lies. So, to me, being politically incorrect simply means calling a spade a spade, and just the fact that I now have to add "and I don't mean anything by that" shows how supersensitive we've become.

In fact, the worst thing political correctness ever did was give liberalism a bad name. It accomplished this by taking sensitivity to extremes and thereby alienating America's vast sensible center. If you insist that deafness is just an alternative, not a handicap, that's stupid, it's taking it too far. If you blame an accident caused by your own stupidity on corporate negligence—because no one told you not to be an idiot—you're contributing to the rat-fucking of our overloaded judicial system. If you say, as Johnnie Cochran did, that a person can't tell if a man is black or white by the sound of his voice, you are, plainly, full of shit. That's not racist—that's just real.

Sensitivity is important, but it's not the only virtue required for the prevailing of humanity. Liberalism has been identified with this silly level of sensitivity now for a decade, and that's not good for anybody in America. We need a strong left to put balance in the national debate; no democracy is well served by a weak opposition, and no country is stable as long as one side is so in ascendancy that its nuts are given quarter and the other side's nuts are not. The woman who sued McDonald's after she spilled their coffee on her lap is as ridiculous as the Freemen who take $600,000 in government subsidies and then say they don't believe in the government. So was David Koresh's claiming a religious mantle so he could con desperate, hero-needing folks into letting him fuck their kids. So is anyone who spills blood at this point in our working democracy in the belief that violent revolution is needed.

It's not. Bad as things are, in the history of the human race, this is about as good as it gets. If you think you're suffering on this planet, check out pages three through ten of *The New York Times* every day. Everybody, get real.

SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS & VOTE

playboy Jazz & Rock Poll

It was quite a year. The Fugees and Bone Thugs-N-Harmony brought melody to rap. The next Brit invasion heated up with the new Oasis and the old Sex Pistols. Fourteen-year-old LeAnn Rimes and BR5-49 kicked country out of the mainstream. Tracy Chapman put a smile in her music and Me'Shell Ndegéocello put a growl in hers. Neither Toni Braxton nor Hootie & the Blowfish had sophomore slumps. Nor did Beck. Robert Altman's movie *Kansas City* spotlighted the young turks of jazz. And the great lady of song, Ella Fitzgerald, passed on. Babyface, the R&B power both behind and in front of the mike, won just about every possible accolade. Little Richard even played the Olympics. Can you get more accepted than that? On a somber note, there is a new heroin epidemic. It should be a cautionary tale. Jonathan Melvoin overdosed, and others were in and out of rehab. It's sordid, and it nearly derailed the Smashing Pumpkins' successful concert tour. But a year that combined Seventies nostalgia and a rediscovery of ska with Rancid cannot be dismissed. Take a listen to Tom Jones singing *Kung Fu Fighting* in *Supercop*. It's worth its weight in platform shoes.

The Ballot

Here is your 1997 Jazz & Rock Poll ballot. Please check the box next to your favorite in each category (or write someone in). Then put a stamp on the attached envelope and mail it no later than January 15, 1997.

ROCK

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Beck
- ☐ Noel Gallagher
- ☐ John Mellencamp
- ☐ Tom Petty
- ☐ Prince
- ☐ Darius Rucker
- ☐ Sting
- ☐ Michael Stipe
- ☐ Eddie Vedder
- ☐ Neil Young

_____

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Tori Amos
- ☐ Tracy Chapman
- ☐ Ani DiFranco
- ☐ Celine Dion
- ☐ Gloria Estefan
- ☐ Jewel
- ☐ Natalie Merchant
- ☐ Alanis Morissette
- ☐ Joan Osborne
- ☐ Patti Smith

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Everclear
- ☐ Hootie & the Blowfish
- ☐ Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Metallica
- ☐ No Doubt
- ☐ Oasis
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ R.E.M.
- ☐ Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ Soundgarden

_____

INSTRUMENTALIST
- ☐ Peter Buck
- ☐ Dave Grohl
- ☐ Buddy Guy
- ☐ Mickey Hart
- ☐ John Popper
- ☐ Trent Reznor
- ☐ Keith Richards
- ☐ Carlos Santana
- ☐ Kenny Wayne Shepherd
- ☐ Jimmie Vaughan

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ Crash: Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Evil Empire: Rage Against the Machine
- ☐ Fairweather Johnson: Hootie & the Blowfish
- ☐ Mercury Falling: Sting
- ☐ New Beginning: Tracy Chapman
- ☐ Sparkle and Fade: Everclear
- ☐ Three Snakes and One Charm: Black Crowes
- ☐ Tragic Kingdom: No Doubt
- ☐ (What's the Story) Morning Glory?: Oasis
- ☐ Wild Mood Swings: the Cure

_____

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Freddie Cole
- ☐ Harry Connick Jr.
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Kevin Mahogany
- ☐ Bobby McFerrin
- ☐ Jimmy Scott
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Williams

_____

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Dee Dee Bridgewater
- ☐ Randy Crawford
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Sheila Jordan
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Tania Maria
- ☐ Sade
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson

_____

INSTRUMENTALIST
- ☐ Wessell Anderson
- ☐ James Carter
- ☐ Cyrus Chestnut
- ☐ Kenny G
- ☐ Joe Lovano
- ☐ Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Leon Parker
- ☐ Joshua Redman
- ☐ Max Roach
- ☐ Joe Sample

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Ornette Coleman & Prime Time
- ☐ Jerry Gonzalez & the Fort Apache Band
- ☐ Charlie Haden Quartet West
- ☐ Bob James Trio
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis
- ☐ Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra
- ☐ Mingus Big Band
- ☐ Arturo Sandoval
- ☐ Henry Threadgill
- ☐ McCoy Tyner

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ All for You: Diane Krall
- ☐ The Best of the Songbooks: Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ The Child Within: Billy Childs
- ☐ Conversin' With the Elders: James Carter
- ☐ Gumbo Nouveau: Nicholas Payton
- ☐ Live at the Village Vanguard: Joe Lovano Quartets
- ☐ New Moon Daughter: Cassandra Wilson
- ☐ The New Standard: Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Old Places Old Faces: Joe Sample
- ☐ Q's Jook Joint: Quincy Jones

_____

CONCERT

- ☐ Further Festival
- ☐ Al Green
- ☐ H.O.R.D.E.
- ☐ Kiss
- ☐ Lollapalooza
- ☐ Oasis, Screaming Trees, et al.
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Smokin' Grooves
- ☐ Bruce Springsteen
- ☐ ZZ Top

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SOUNDTRACK

- ☐ The Crow: City of Angels
- ☐ First Wives Club
- ☐ I Shot Andy Warhol
- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Leaving Las Vegas
- ☐ The Nutty Professor
- ☐ Phenomenon
- ☐ Tin Cup
- ☐ Trainspotting
- ☐ Waiting to Exhale

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PLACE STAMP HERE

Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll

P.O.Box 11236

Chicago, Illinois 60611

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

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HALL OF FAME

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ James Brown
- ☐ Johnny Cash
- ☐ Sam Cooke
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Marvin Gaye
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ☐ Joni Mitchell
- ☐ Charlie Parker
- ☐ Prince
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Hank Williams
- ☐ Jackie Wilson

VIDEO

- ☐ Big Me: Foo Fighters
- ☐ Tha Crossroads: Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Gangsta's Paradise: Coolio with LV
- ☐ Glycerine: Bush
- ☐ Ironic: Alanis Morissette
- ☐ It's Oh So Quiet: Björk
- ☐ Killing Me Softly: Fugees
- ☐ Missing: Everything But the Girl
- ☐ Tonight, Tonight: Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ Where It's At: Beck

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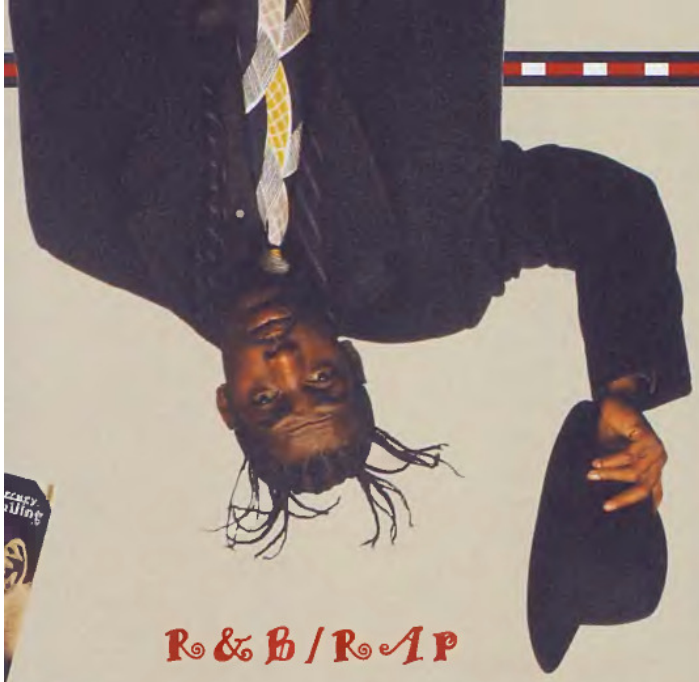
VEEJAYS

- ☐ Bill Bellamy
- ☐ Joe Clar
- ☐ Idalis De Leon
- ☐ Daisy Fuentes
- ☐ Kennedy
- ☐ Donnie Simpson
- ☐ Tabitha Soren
- ☐ Angela Stribling
- ☐ Rachel Stuart
- ☐ Brett Walker



R&B/RAP

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Babyface
- ☐ D'Angelo
- ☐ Al Green
- ☐ R. Kelly
- ☐ LL Cool J
- ☐ Nas
- ☐ Busta Rhymes
- ☐ Tony Rich
- ☐ Tupac Shakur
- ☐ Keith Sweat

_____

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Toni Braxton
- ☐ Mariah Carey
- ☐ Celly Cel
- ☐ Deborah Cox
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Whitney Houston
- ☐ Monica
- ☐ Me'Shell Ndegéocello
- ☐ Ann Nesby
- ☐ Crystal Waters

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ George Clinton and the P-Funk Allstars
- ☐ De La Soul
- ☐ Fugees
- ☐ Groove Theory
- ☐ Isley Brothers
- ☐ La Bouche
- ☐ New Edition
- ☐ SWV
- ☐ Tribe Called Quest

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ The Coming: Busta Rhymes
- ☐ E. 1999 Eternal: Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Gangsta's Paradise: Coolio
- ☐ It Was Written: Nas
- ☐ Mission to Please: Isley Brothers
- ☐ R. Kelly: R. Kelly
- ☐ The Score: Fugees
- ☐ Secrets: Toni Braxton
- ☐ Stakes Is High: De La Soul
- ☐ Words: Tony Rich Project

_____

COUNTRY

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Mandy Barnett
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Patty Loveless
- ☐ Martina McBride
- ☐ Mindy McCready
- ☐ Lorrie Morgan
- ☐ LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ Shania Twain
- ☐ Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ Wynonna

_____

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Rhett Akins
- ☐ Garth Brooks
- ☐ Junior Brown
- ☐ Vince Gill
- ☐ Alan Jackson
- ☐ George Jones
- ☐ Tracy Lawrence
- ☐ Lyle Lovett
- ☐ Collin Raye
- ☐ George Strait

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Blackhawk
- ☐ BR5-49
- ☐ Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Confederate Railroad
- ☐ Diamond Rio
- ☐ Little Texas
- ☐ Lonestar
- ☐ Ricochet
- ☐ Mavericks
- ☐ Wilco

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ Blue: LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ Borderline: Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Calm Before the Storm: Paul Brandt
- ☐ Clear Blue Sky: George Strait
- ☐ Greater Need: Lorrie Morgan
- ☐ High Lonesome Sound: Vince Gill
- ☐ I Lived to Tell It All: George Jones
- ☐ Revelations: Wynonna
- ☐ Semi-Crazy: Junior Brown
- ☐ The Trouble With Truth: Patty Loveless

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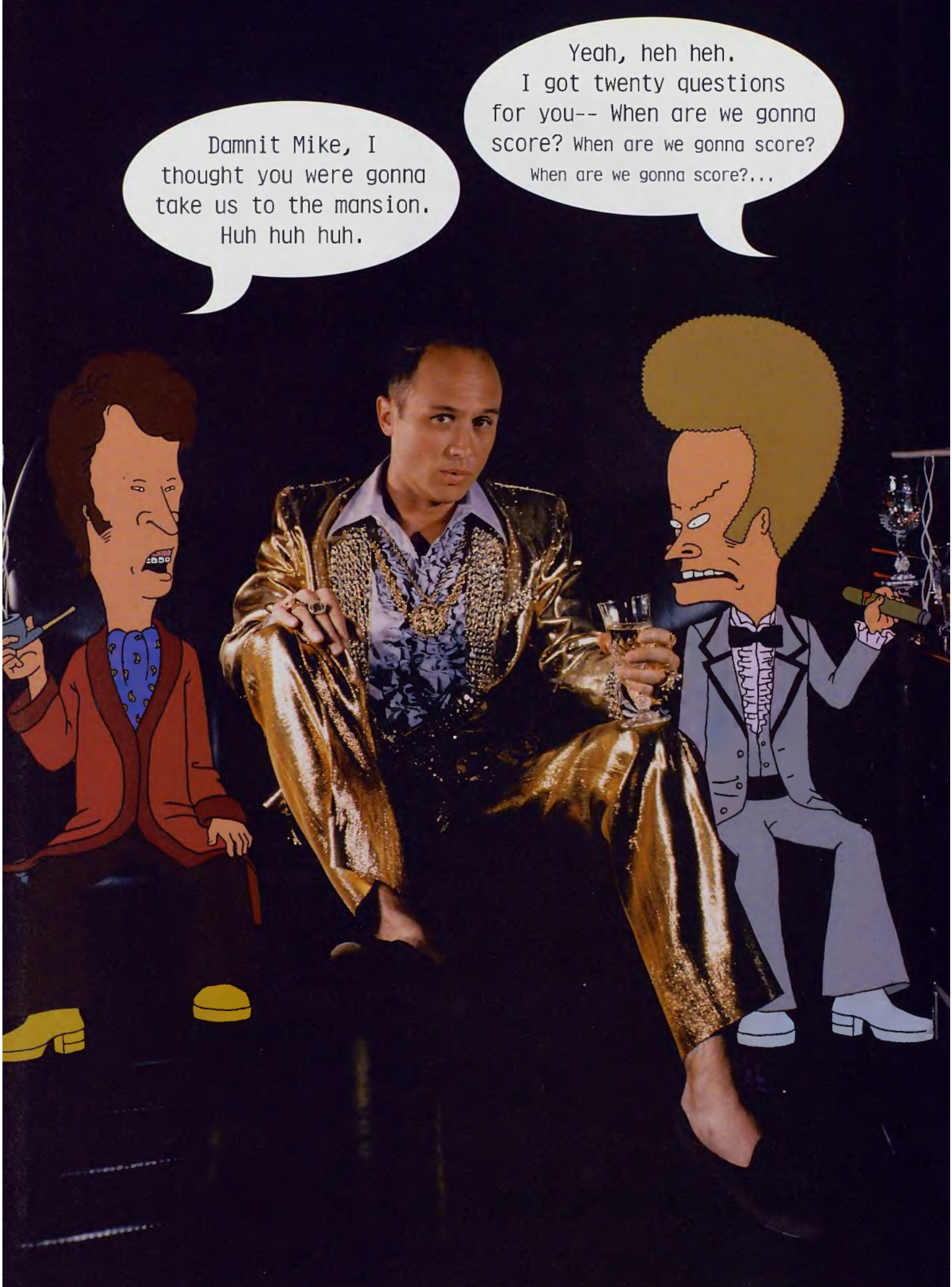
"You're a real hoot, Marley—but shouldn't you be off scaring the shit out of Scrooge?"


Damnit Mike, I thought you were gonna take us to the mansion. Huh huh huh.
Yeah, heh heh. I got twenty questions for you-- When are we gonna score? When are we gonna score? When are we gonna score?...

20 QUESTIONS

MIKE JUDGE

the creator of beavis and butt-head charts their sex lives, names their favorite male celebrity and reveals the secret to the sound of frog baseball

Five years ago Mike Judge was unknown. Then his brainchildren Beavis and Butt-head went on MTV and became the world's favorite geeks. "The Beavis and Butt-head phenomenon," as the press termed it, spawned endless MTV appearances, as well as guest shots on the networks and tons of Beavis souvenirs and Butt-headed merchandise. They even gigged with Cher, singing, "I Got You, Babe, Heh-Heh-Heh."

Judge's cartoon became controversial—he was charged with fomenting pyromania and general grossness—but Beavis and Butt-head stumbled ever onward. Now comes their greatest test, a full-length movie released this month. Critics are advised to wear splatter guards.

"People expect a skinhead with swastikas when they meet me," says Judge, a balding 33-year-old millionaire who dresses in jeans and T-shirts. He drives his rusty trash-can of a car to a posh Century City office provided by Fox TV, home of his new cartoon series, "King of the Hill." Judge spends 16-hour workdays there, then races home to his wife and two baby daughters.

We sent Contributing Editor Kevin Cook, another balding dad with a potty mouth, to meet Beavis and Butt-head's creator.

"Judge is everything his work isn't—calm, thoughtful and self-deprecating," Cook says. "He works hard but never forgets how Warholian his story is—Texas egghead musician hatches cartoon craze.

"Now Judge must somehow top himself. He must point Beavis and Butt-head toward midadolescence. I think he'll succeed because he has that rare artistic gift—a perfect memory of junior high."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do you slave over *Beavis and Butt-head*, or do their adventures just pop out of you like pimples?

JUDGE: It's like what Michael Palin once said about *Monty Python*: "You can't put a guy in a Viking outfit and hit him with a chicken without careful preparation." A lot of planning goes into making Beavis and Butt-head completely lame and stupid. I write memos to the animators about the way Butt-head's top lip should curl when he says, "This sucks."

2.

PLAYBOY: What, if anything, are B&B right about?

JUDGE: The people who make arty, high-concept videos think they are so heavy and smart, but Beavis and Butt-head watch them and say, "This is dumb. It sucks." Or they'll see an explosion in the background and say, "Fire, cool," which sort of shoots down the whole thing. That's what I like about them. They may be idiots, but sometimes they're right. Sometimes the truth comes out if you let yourself be simpleminded.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are they role models, and if so, for whom?

JUDGE: No. They're dumb. They would like to be like the people on *Beverly Hills 90210*, but they can't get the numbers right. Beavis thinks it's 9029010. I'm always surprised when people think Beavis and Butt-head have hypnotized the youth of America, because I've never met a kid who doesn't get it, who doesn't see what losers they are.

4.

PLAYBOY: Now that they're famous, are you tempted to tame them? Couldn't you get richer if you made them less disgusting?

JUDGE: They're not like the Fonz. Remember the early Fonzie? He was actually cool. But then the character deteriorated. He fell into that TV trap—on one episode Fonzie shows what a big-hearted guy he can be, and by the last season that's all he is. Our show will never give you that sappy moment. You will never hear Beavis say, "You know, Butt-head, I haven't been a good friend to you lately."

5.

PLAYBOY: Are Beavis and Butt-head reality-based?

JUDGE: I used to see 13-year-olds in the mall in their badass Megadeth T-shirts, these guys who want to be heavy metal rebels but first have to go get their braces tightened. And I once played upright bass in a blues band in Kentucky and saw two teenage boys up front, each with that curled lip, making that "this sucks" face at me.

I got some of Beavis from a guy in Texas, where I was in an awful Top 40 band. This guy used to follow one of the singers around. He couldn't look you in the eye. He chuckled to himself a lot. They're still together—I saw the singer recently, and he said he gets by on unemployment and stealing from this guy. "He's so stupid," he said. "I take money out of his pants while he's asleep. Next day he says, 'Man, somebody's stealing from me!' and moves his money to the other pocket." Beavis is a little like him. He may get smacked around by Butt-head, but it's the price he pays. I mean, who else would hang out with him?

6.

PLAYBOY: As we come off this past election year, rank Beavis, Butt-head, Sonny Bono, Dan Quayle and Ted Kennedy in order of intelligence.

JUDGE: Butt-head, Quayle, Beavis and Bono. When he's sober, Kennedy's probably up there with Butt-head.

7.

PLAYBOY: The boys once sang with Sonny's ex. Any chance they got lucky with Cher?

JUDGE: She's a powerful presence. When she walks into a room you can almost hear a voice saying, "Ladies and gentlemen . . . Cher." Yes, she took them backstage. She showed them her butt tattoos. But they didn't score. Beavis fouled it up as usual. He never realizes when a woman likes him—the only time he thinks of scoring is when he's home by himself—so he acts like a weirdo. Butt-head, who thinks of himself as an irresistible stud, starts getting pissed because he's not getting any, and finally the girl gets disgusted and leaves. It happened again with Cher.

8.

PLAYBOY: Were the boys disappointed when Pamela Anderson Lee got married and had a baby?

JUDGE: No. They respect Tommy Lee more than ever. And they think that baby will be the ultimate human being.

9.

PLAYBOY: Who are the girls of their dreams?

JUDGE: Anna Nicole Smith. Jenny McCarthy. There was talk of getting them on *Singled Out*, but I think the girls

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SIGOLOFF
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHARON FITZGERALD, KAORI HAMURA, MONICA SMITH

would run for the exits: "It's not worth that to be on TV!"

Beavis has a thing for Tinkerbell. And they both want to see Snow White naked. They figure that if she'd do a dwarf she must be easy. But it'll never happen. I can never let them get laid. That would be like letting Charlie Brown kick the football.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're directing the epic *Beavis & Butt-head Do America*. How are they as actors?

JUDGE: Difficult. I'll be on take 423 saying, "Beavis, think back to a time when you were sad." He says he had a cool dead mouse but he flushed it down the toilet. "OK, use that." "Use what?"

I do personalize them. I used to put their pictures in the studio and stare at them when I did their voices, but now I just shut my eyes and go to their world. It looks like my dreams. I dream in cartoons. Once I had a scary feeling, thinking, God, these guys are a bigger part of my mind than I am.

11.

PLAYBOY: Some fans detect a homoerotic frisson in the show. Is it there and, if so, would Butt-head be the pitcher?

JUDGE: They seem so preoccupied with saying they're not homos, it's suspicious. With two guys who always hang out together, you have to wonder. I can tell you that the guy in Texas who followed the singer around turned out to be bi. When he was working construction he'd bring home these guys in business suits. You'd hear bedsprings and banging on the walls in his room.

Yes, I think Butt-head would be the pitcher.

12.

PLAYBOY: What will you remember about 1993, the year your show stormed pop culture?

JUDGE: Beavis and Butt-head supposedly made a kid start a fire in a trailer park. It was all over the news. Later it turned out the place wasn't wired for cable. I was also charged with causing a cat's death. But Butt-head had only joked about putting a firecracker in a cat's butt, and anyway that practice has gone on every summer since there have been firecrackers and cats. After that I went on the Internet and told people, "Imitate everything you see."

It was funny how Beavis and Butt-head were talked about like real people. My name was hardly mentioned. I liked that. And I liked getting letters from women in their 50s, saying the show helped them break the ice with their sons. It helped them talk about sex without awkwardness. I still get letters like that.

13.

PLAYBOY: Did you start fires as a kid?

JUDGE: Not many. I tried to make bombs with my chemistry set, but they never worked. I had a friend who took the fuel from my family's Coleman stove, poured it on our patio and lit it. He watched these huge rolling flames with a happy look on his face. I built an X-ray machine when I was a kid. I used a Tesla coil—it looked like the stuff in old Frankenstein movies. I'd sit with my hand in it, watching the green glow. Maybe all that radiation helped create Beavis and Butt-head—some kind of mutation. In those days I absorbed X rays and compulsively ate french fries. I almost got fired from my job for eating fries.

14.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you a cook at a burger joint?

JUDGE: I never got that high up. I've had bad jobs—loading chain-link fence in 100-degree weather—but fast food is the worst. I worked at a burger joint in Albuquerque where the cooks took the burgers off the grill and put them into the broth pan, a vat full of beef soup mix. You might get a burger that had been in there for four hours. The cooks had a theory about that: You didn't need to cook the burgers all the way, because anything in the broth pan turned brown anyway.

Later I worked at a different fast-food place. The food was much worse, and there was a guy, a part-time security guard, who was scary scum. He tried to burn people with hot equipment. One night he gave me a ride home. On the way he pulled out a .357 Magnum and started waving it. I thought he was going to drive me out to the hills and rape me. But he let me go. He did other evil things, though, and got fired. Then one day he came in to eat. A friend of mine was working the grill. He hocked and—*phwoot*—spit a big loogie on the guy's burger. Then he covered it with cheese. We watched through a one-way mirror as the security guy ate his loogie burger.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other pranks to confess?

JUDGE: I got a degree in physics from the University of California at San Diego and worked for engineering firms, including a government contractor that helped make F-18 jets. We were bored one day, so my boss said, "Let's burn something." He got a suicide cord—an AC cord with two naked wires running out of it—and hooked it up to an electrolytic capacitor, which blew up like a firecracker. We had papers, desks, calendars catching fire. Another time he took us out to a Dumpster full of hundreds of fluorescent light tubes. He heaved a big rock up into them, setting off the coolest chain reaction, a long, slow *boo-oo-ooom*, an unforgettable sound.

16.

PLAYBOY: One of your early cartoons features "frog baseball," in which helpless amphibians get smacked to pulp. How did you get that perfect squish sound at impact?

JUDGE: That was a cool sound, too. I combined a baseball bat hitting a watermelon, a baseball bat on a punching bag, a piece of cow liver hitting a chopping block and a sword swipe. That was a cool sound.

17.

PLAYBOY: Define the terms "butt munch" and "choad."

JUDGE: I tried a term I remember from junior high, "ass munch," but it didn't clear standards. So I changed it to butt munch, which actually has a nicer ring. It almost sounds like an ice cream flavor.

Sometimes the words just pop up. I was improvising when I had Butt-head call Beavis a "butt knocker." I didn't mean anything homosexual by it, but Beavis got mad. "Don't call me that. I'm serious," he said. Butt-head is still dominant, but Beavis has been talking back more lately. He's evolving, becoming less dependent, maybe more of a spastic savant. As for "choad," one theory is that it's from the Spanish for sausage, *chorizo*. At my junior high school in New Mexico, kids would say choad for penis. Another theory is that it has something obscure to do with chinchillas.

18.

PLAYBOY: What are Beavis and Butt-head's cultural imperatives?

JUDGE: Stuff sucks. They think the Beatles suck. Picasso sucks, too. And what's funny to me is how powerless you are against that opinion. Could you convince these guys that Picasso is good? No. Never. So however great Picasso may be, there is this Beavis and Butt-head world where he sucks, and about a third of the population lives in that world.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's their idea of a good opening line?

JUDGE: They were impressed with Prince Charles when he told Camilla Parker-Bowles he wanted to be her tampon. "We thought that guy was a wuss," they said, "but he's pretty smooth."

20.

PLAYBOY: What male celebrities do B&B admire?

JUDGE: They look up to Engelbert Humperdinck. He can sing the shit out of a song, and he gets lots of chicks. They love his name, too.

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Blast From The Past *(continued from page 160)*

"You thought I perished in the explosion, didn't you? You left poor Ernst in a heap on the floor."

said Bond. "The driver, the woman and the man you just shot. Nice work."

"Thanks," she said.

Cheryl leaned out again to fire, but the town car reached Eighth Avenue, and turned south against the one-way traffic traveling north.

"They must be mad!" she shouted, but Bond followed them. Sirens shrieked behind them.

At 23rd Street, the town car turned right and drove west again. Bond sped after it across Ninth Avenue and onto Tenth. They were nearing the Hudson River.

The town car slowed and turned into a loading dock of an old four-story building on Tenth Avenue, and Bond pulled in a block away next to the curb. He jumped out and took cover behind his open door. Cheryl ran to the side of the building and flattened herself against it. Bond followed and stood beside her, watching and listening.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"Some kind of warehouse. No telling who it belongs to," she said. "There's nothing this far west in Chelsea but old warehouses."

Bond snaked nearer to the dock entrance, but a steel door barred the way to what appeared to be a parking garage. There was no visible way in on this side of the building. The sun was sinking fast, and an orange glow permeated the streets. The police sirens were lost in the distance, and this area of the city was deserted.

There was a fire escape on the side of the building. "I'm going to get in up there. Go find a phone and call for backup or whatever it is you do here," Bond ordered.

"I don't think you should go in there alone," she said.

"Go on, please, Cheryl," he said with determination, and then he leaped up and grabbed the bottom of the metal ladder. It rolled down with his weight.

"All right," she said, "but I'm coming right back after you." She looked around, located a phone booth on the opposite corner, and ran for it.

Bond climbed to the second floor. He tried the window, but it was locked or stuck. Up another flight, the window inched up a bit. Bond put all of his strength behind the effort and opened it wide enough for him to slip through.

It was very dark inside. He stood still and allowed his eyes to adjust to the lighting. It was some kind of lounge area; chairs and couches dating from the Fifties dominated the room. He listened and could hear faint movement below him.

He slowly moved across the room to the open door, but the wooden floor creaked as he walked. Damn! If they didn't know he had already entered the building, they were aware of his presence now.

As soon as he stepped through the doorway, he felt a sharp pain on the back of his head and all light was extinguished.

•

The jolt of three slaps on the face brought Bond out of the pit of darkness. He was propped in a chair in a different room, some kind of old office, with junky furniture piled next to the walls. A single overhead light cast a dull yellow glow over the floor.

The back of his head hurt like hell. His first reflex was to reach up with his right hand to rub his head, but the cold muzzle of a pistol jabbed his temple.

"Don't move," a man's voice said.

Bond groaned, squeezed his eyes twice, then focused on the blurry figure standing in front of him. It was the bag lady, but strangely changed. The rags were gone, and she was dressed in a black shirt and black trousers. Her face still seemed smooth, waxen, unreal. She was plump and short, probably no more than 5′2″. The gray hair pulled back in a bun seemed fake—it looked as if she wore a wig.

"You don't recognize me, Mr. Bond?" she said. "Maybe this will help."

The woman reached up to her hairline and gently began to peel off something stuck to her skin. No, she was actually peeling off her skin! She worked carefully, removing a thin mask of synthetic flesh that covered the right half of her face. Underneath was a grotesque skin condition that began on her right cheekbone and went up the side of her face and underneath the wig: the scarring of poorly executed plastic surgery. She was a female version of the phantom of the opera.

"Hideous, Mr. Bond?" she said. "Take a good look. I want you to see what you did to me." She pronounced her Ws as Vs, like a B-movie Nazi.

What the hell was she talking about? Bond forced himself to look at her again, and this time the feeling of recognition he had earlier experienced returned. He looked past the horrible mask and saw a square, brutal face with toadlike features. No! He felt his heart race when he realized who she was. A report claiming that the woman had been seen in Australia received some attention shortly after the Japanese affair, but this information proved to have been false. It was seemingly impossible, but there she was in front of him. She was supposed to be dead!

"Irma Bunt," he said.

"Oh, so you recognize me!" she cackled. She carefully replaced the skin mask as she talked. "You thought I was dead, didn't you? Everyone thought I was dead. Well, I was. I was dead for many years, until now." She chuckled to herself, then said slowly and with menace, "Now I am more alive than I ever was. It's a pity you survived the surprise I left for you in the bank. Now I'll have to take care of you here, but that might be more entertaining after all."

Bond surveyed the situation. A man stood behind his chair and held a pistol to his head. Another man, the wounded one, was next to Irma Bunt. His shoulder was bloody, and he had crudely wrapped something around it. He was holding Bond's Walther PPK in his left hand. A third man was a few feet away, leaning against the wall and armed with what appeared to be an Uzi.

"You are wondering how I am still alive," Fräulein Bunt said.

Bond hoped he could stall her and keep her talking until Cheryl could arrive with the cavalry.

"You're right, Fräulein, I am wondering. The last time I saw you, you were lying on the floor of that castle with a bump on your head."

Her mask was once again in place. Bond couldn't decide which of her faces was more freakish.

"You thought I perished in the explosion, didn't you? I regained consciousness just as you were escaping on that balloon. I knew what was happening. I could hear the rumbling from below. I knew I had seconds to get out of there. You left poor Ernst in a heap on the floor, but there was nothing I could do for him. He was dead."

As she talked, the flood of nightmarish memories returned to Bond. Ernst Stavro Blofeld had become a fugitive from the law after the Thunderball affair and the business in the Alps. With the demise of SPECTRE, Blofeld and his companion, Irma Bunt, had fled to Japan, where he had assumed the identity of a horticulturist named Dr. Shatterhand. Blofeld had purchased an ancient, abandoned Japanese castle and built a "research lab" for exotic, poisonous plants and dangerous animals. Mad as a hatter, Blofeld's true intention had been to entice Japanese citizens to commit suicide in his so-called "garden of death." Bond had infiltrated the castle's defenses, knocked out Irma Bunt with a staff, strangled Blofeld and rigged the underground geyser to explode.

"I was escaping in a small boat we kept

"So, you want to see if there's any room at the inn?"

for just such a purpose when it blew," Bunt continued. "I was hit in the head by debris and almost drowned. These men here saved me and have remained loyal. Like you, I lost my memory. I didn't know who I was. I was taken to a private German clinic near Kyoto, where I underwent several operations. There is a metal plate in the right side of my skull, and the skin on my face . . . well, my plastic surgeon could do very little with it. The damage was too great. I was in bed for a year, and rehabilitation lasted another two years of my life. It took another ten years for a psychiatrist to finally pull me out of the hole into which I had fallen. Then I remembered. I looked back at what I had lost, and forward to the years of suffering ahead of me. That's a long time to ponder one's future, Mr. Bond. At the time I didn't know exactly how, but I knew you would play a prominent role in it."

"Why did you have to kill my son?" Bond seethed.

"Ah, your son!" Bunt smiled. Her features were so distorted that the edge of her mouth lifted on only one side of her face. "My intelligence sources retraced your footsteps in Japan. I discovered your pretty little Kissy. There was a little boy living with her, about ten years old, when I finally found her. I kept watch and followed her all the way to America. I finally established that he had a link to you."

She took a barber's razor and a small vial of liquid out of her pocket. "This is what I used on him. I lined the blade with a little fugu poison, and ever-so-subtly cut him one day as he was entering his building. Did you like my disguise? It fooled even you, Mr. Bond, didn't it?"

Bond knew that fugu is poison extracted from a blowfish that lives in the waters of Japan. The Japanese have licensed fugu chefs prepare it in restaurants so that no mistakes are made. That explained the cut on James' arm.

"You killed my wife, too, you bitch," Bond said, "and if you think I'm going to let you live after today, you're as mad as ever."

"Oh, yes!" she gloated. "Your wife! The daughter of that criminal, the Corsican, Draco. That was an accident, Mr. Bond. Those bullets were meant for you. If you had died then, it would have saved us all a lot of trouble, no? It would have saved me my——"

Bunt's lower lip trembled. Her eyes grew fierce and she suddenly shouted, "Look at me! Look at what you did to me, English pig! You destroyed my face!"

"Fräulein Bunt," Bond said with venom, "you were never a beauty queen."

The woman stepped up to him and slapped him twice. She was shaking with rage and madness. Bond started to jump up from the chair, but the thug behind him thrust the pistol roughly into his temple.

"Don't move!" he commanded again.

Bond had to think. His hands were free. Surely there was some way he could gain an advantage.

Bunt stepped back, rubbing her palm. "My, my, Mr. Bond," she said, a bit more calmly. "You need a shave. You have quite a stubble. What do you think, Hans? Don't you think Mr. Bond needs a shave?"

The man standing behind Bond grunted affirmatively.

Irma Bunt opened the vial of fugu poison and poured it along the edge of the razor. "Now hold still, Mr. Bond. I think you would hate for me to slip and nick you. You know how fast this poison works? In five minutes, you become disoriented. In ten minutes you lose control of your muscles. In 15 you stop breathing. I understand the experience is excruciatingly painful. Hold his arms, Hans. Josef, cover him."

The man behind Bond holstered the pistol and grabbed Bond's wrists. He twisted them sharply behind the chair and held them in a vise-like grip. He was very strong. The man with the Uzi moved forward and held the barrel up at Bond. Irma Bunt stepped closer, holding the razor in front of her. Syrupy liquid dripped from the blade.

Bond refused to close his eyes as the woman pressed the cold razor against his right cheek. He stared into her yellow eyes as she slowly scraped the blade down his face and cleanly cut his beard.

"It's a little rough without lather, is it not, Mr. Bond?" she said. "But you like close shaves, don't you?"

Bond held his breath, willing his facial muscles not to jerk involuntarily. The woman brought the blade down again, finishing the job on the right cheek. She fingered the age-old, faint scar there.

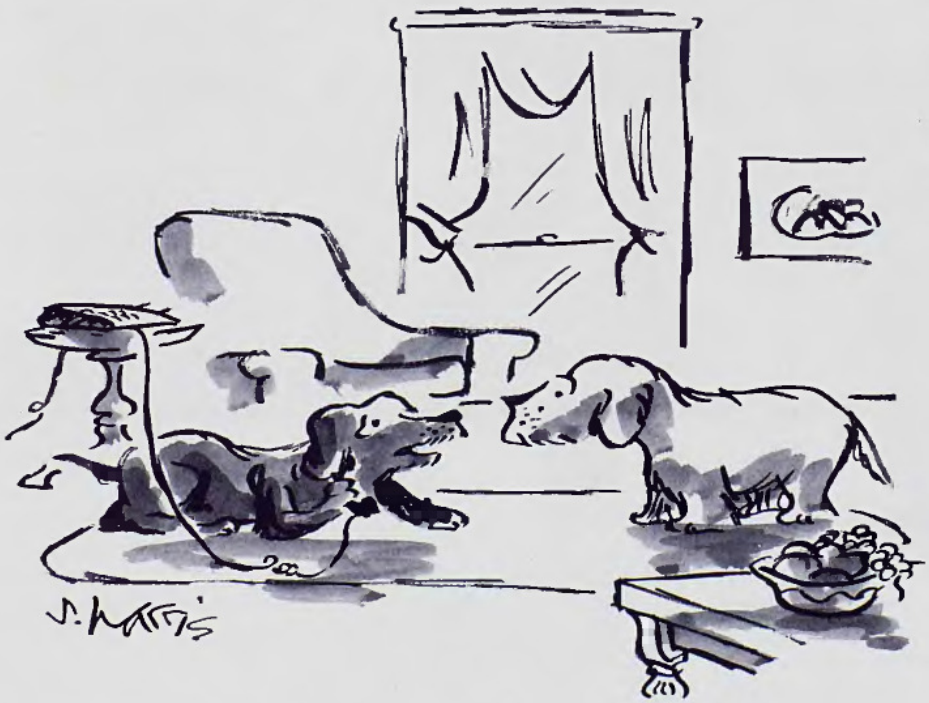
"Looks like you weren't so careful one morning, eh?" she said. "Now lift your chin, please. We need to do the neck now."

She pulled his chin up and Bond stared at the ceiling. He felt the blade cut against the stubble. It was rougher going there, and he anticipated a sharp sting. The woman concentrated intently on her job, breathing heavily.

A bead of sweat rolled down Bond's forehead and into his left eye. He winced and almost flinched away from the razor. The woman's breathing became even more pronounced. Bond glanced down at her and saw that her free hand was rubbing her breasts as she applied the razor. My God, he thought, she was sexually excited by this! The sadistic woman licked her lips, her eyes focused on Bond's vulnerable neck.

"Now the left cheek, Mr. Bond," she said. He leveled his head and stared straight ahead, past the woman and Josef, the man with the Uzi. To his amazement, Cheryl Haven was peering into the doorway of the room, gun in hand. Their eyes met. She gestured toward Josef with a slight nod of her head. Bond deliberately closed his eyes and opened them. Cheryl quietly stepped into the doorway and assumed the firing stance.

The blast hit Josef in the back and he fell forward. Bond simultaneously kicked up at Irma Bunt, knocking her away from him. The man holding his



"Just dial 1-900-WOOF. It's phone sex for dogs."

wrists released his grip and went for his gun, but Bond leaped out of the chair and tackled him. Cheryl immediately turned her gun on the wounded man and yelled, "Freeze! Drop the gun!" The surprised man dropped Bond's Walther and held up his one good arm. Irma Bunt dashed from the room.

Hans delivered a blow to Bond's chin that knocked him onto the floor. With lightning speed, the man then drew his gun, but the blast from Cheryl's Browning hit him in the head, splattering his brains across the dirty wooden floor.

"Thanks," Bond said, rubbing his chin.

"Not a problem," she said, training her gun back on the wounded man. "The lady just took a powder."

"You watch him, I'll go after her," Bond said. He picked up his Walther and ran from the room into a large, open space. What he saw disoriented him. The dimly lit warehouse was full of the ancient remains of what must have been parade floats. A storybook castle made of papier-mâché sat on a flatbed with wheels. A large cartoon dog built out of wood and steel lay on its side, one leg broken off. Other dilapidated structures of various subjects, from a giant hot dog to statues of American presidents, were scattered about in a bizarre and otherworldly fashion.

Where had she gone? He listened to the room but heard no running footsteps. He ran toward the broken floats and began to search under, on and around them. She could be anywhere. The place was so full of junk she could easily blend in with the debris and not be noticed. He needed more light.

He was looking around the body parts of a giant papier-mâché Abraham Lincoln when a shot rang out. The bullet zipped past him and into Lincoln's head, shattering it into bits. The woman had a gun! Bond dove for cover, waited a moment, then peered out into the dark, open space. The shot had come from somewhere on the other side of the room.

After a moment, a door behind one of the floats opened and a figure ran through it. Bond bolted upright and ran after her. It was a careless move, for she immediately leaned in and fired the gun at him. Bond dived for the floor and, with both hands on his Walther, fired into the open doorway. Too late. The figure had disappeared, running into the next room.

Bond leaped to his feet, ran to the door and flattened himself against the wall beside it. Commando-style, he swung in and crouched, his gun ready. Again, his senses were assaulted by the surreal visuals. This small room was full of naked, broken male and female mannequins—loose arms, legs, torsos and complete bodies were piled together in a grotesque, frozen orgy. The image so

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confused Bond that he foolishly left himself wide open. The shot slammed into his left lower leg, shattering his fibula. Bond screamed and rolled over into a mass of plastic appendages. He unleashed a volley of ammunition toward the far side of the room, firing blindly at the mannequins. The noise was deafening, but Bond thought he heard a muffled cry.

His leg was burning like hell. He took a moment to examine the damage. Blood poured from a wound a couple of inches above his ankle. He pressed his left foot against the wall to test his strength and tremendous pain shot through him. Was he crippled? Would he be able to walk again?

Bond peered across the room at the mass of bodies and saw some movement. Pushing pieces of mannequins aside, Irma Bunt crawled out onto the floor. He had hit her after all. Her wig had fallen off, revealing the area where the metal plate had been implanted. The mask hung loose from her face as if an epidermal layer had been sliced away. She must have dropped her gun, for she used both hands to pull herself along the floor like a snail. Smeared blood trailed behind her. Bond watched in fascination and horror as she got within a few yards of him and then stopped, completely drained of energy. She looked straight at Bond and snarled, "English pig. . . ."

And then she slumped forward and died.

Bond rolled over onto his back and drifted into unconsciousness, just as Cheryl Haven and her team entered into the room.

•

James Bond gazed out the hospital window, enjoying another bright and sunny Manhattan spring day. His leg would be in a cast for the next few weeks. A pin had to be inserted to reinforce 007's broken fibula. He had no memory of the trip to the emergency room, where he had been for two hours the night before. Bond vaguely recalled the recovery room and a pretty nurse with a pleasant voice. It was now late afternoon of the following day. He had eaten a half-portion of bland, intolerable scrambled eggs, drunk a little tepid orange juice and picked at a cup of runny vanilla yogurt. Much to his surprise, the miserable meal had given him back some energy. He would have liked to stand up and walk around, but he had no crutches yet.

Bond mentally explored his mind and body, taking stock of the powerful instrument that had taken him so many times to the edge of disaster and back. All things considered, he felt good. Much of this, he knew, was due to the euphoria of victory. Seeing Irma Bunt die in front of him had been morbidly satisfying. He felt a closure on a painful epoch in his life, and the relief was exhilirating. The occasional bad dreams about Tracy, Blofeld and Japan would most likely cease now. He thought of James as well—the boy he never knew, the son he never lived with. James hadn't deserved to die. Bond was aware he needed to grieve, and that it would happen sooner rather than later. He wouldn't allow himself to dwell upon it too long, lest he would start to blame himself. Save it all for another day, he ordered himself. For now, relish the victory. Not only had his son's death been avenged, but he had, he hoped, settled the score regarding Tracy.

"Well, look who's awake!" a woman's voice said, and he knew who it was by the Blackpool accent.

He turned his head from the window and was met by the lovely sight of Cheryl Haven wearing a white, sleeveless T-shirt and a pair of daringly short cutoffs. Her lack of a bra was obvious. Her golden hair glistened in the sunlight streaming in from the window. Her smile was one of the most beautiful things Bond had ever seen.

"Good morning," Bond said. "Er, good afternoon."

"How do you feel?" she asked, pulling up a chair beside the bed. She crossed her long, shapely legs.

"Now that you're here, I feel great," he said.

She reached out and placed her hand on his arm. "I'm glad you're OK. That was quite a night. You're going to have to come to New York more often. I don't get many dates like that." She playfully squeezed his arm.

Bond laughed and then asked, "What have you found out?"

"The wounded man sang the whole story. They entered the country six months ago. We're still checking on how Immigration missed them. All three of those men had been with her for years. They were loyal to the end. They were actually living in that old warehouse. Did you know that it used to be a storage center for Macy's? No one's ever cleaned it out."

"I want to thank you. You saved my life."

She laughed. "Oh, you don't know how many men I've longed to hear say that."

"I can't believe you don't have men lining up to say that," he said, taking her hand in his own.

"Oh, please stop it," she said, but her eyes betrayed that she appreciated the compliment.

"We never had that dinner," he said.

"Are you hungry now?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, I'm famished," he said, staring into her warm, brown eyes.

Cheryl looked around, stood up and closed the door to the room. Next, she pulled the curtain around the bed, giving them a little privacy. Without saying a word, she pulled off her T-shirt, revealing large, firm breasts. Her nipples were extended and the skin below her neck was flushed. She unsnapped her cutoffs, but kept them on. She climbed onto the bed next to him, carefully avoiding the injured leg.

"If you're hungry, darling," she whispered, lifting her right breast to his mouth, "*bon appétit.*"

"Come back with me to my place and let me hang your stockings by the chimney with care."

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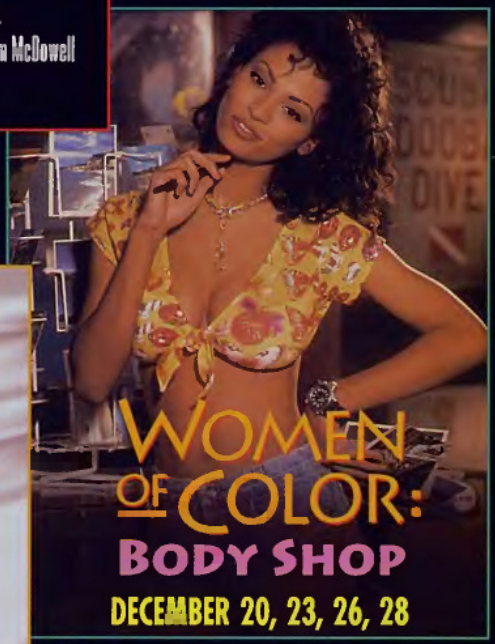

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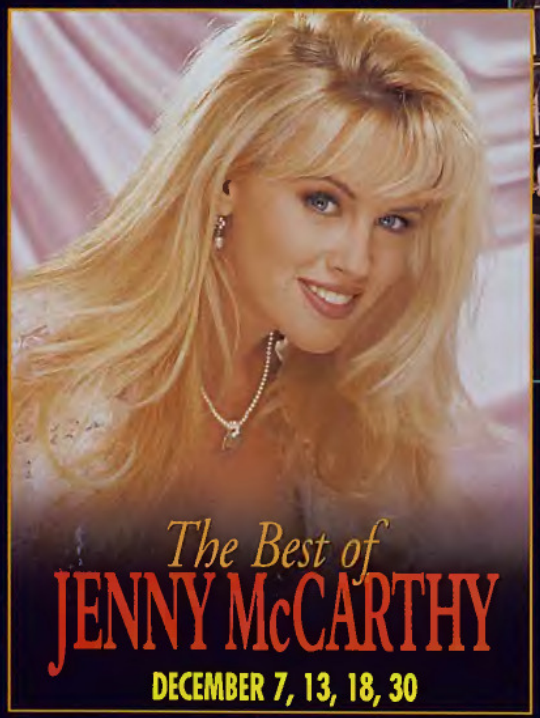

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WHOOPI GOLDBERG *(continued from page 58)*

You can get pregnant. You can get sick. So why not teach children about masturbation?

GOLDBERG: How much time do you have? I did everything.

PLAYBOY: Was is difficult for you to stop?

GOLDBERG: It was difficult until I figured out why I did them. You don't want to hurt, but the wound gets bigger and festers. So I stopped doing all drugs and I faced those wounds and felt the pain. It hurts, but it does heal.

PLAYBOY: What advice did you give your daughter when she got pregnant at 15?

GOLDBERG: I understood why she had done it, which was to have some identity other than being my child. At 15 you want your own identity.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset that she was having a baby that young?

GOLDBERG: Yes, but I would support her no matter what came along. I practice what I preach: You have to support your children. I wasn't going to turn her out or make her feel bad. She was scared. That let me know that our relationship was still good, even though it's inevitably in that mother-daughter tunnel. But she came to me first and she said, "Mommy?" And I said, "What?" She said, "I'm pregnant." I said, "Well, what do you want to do?" She said, "I want to have it." I said, "OK. You know it's a lot of work. It's not easy and there will be times when you're not going to want to be bothered." She said, "I'm ready." I said OK, knowing full well that this was a task for the family. Now her baby, born on my birthday, is seven—and fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you advise her to have an abortion—to wait to have a child?

GOLDBERG: You can't tell kids much these days. They're much older than we were. All we can do is try to create environments for those who choose to have their children. And there will be more of them if the extreme right gets its way. If they abolish or make it harder to have an abortion, there will be more children with babies. But if our kids have children, we have to help them through it. We've got to hunker down and make the best of it and not let them go by the wayside. We ought to be giving some of these young boys an education, too. Where are they all? If they are going to have children, they need to be prepared for the responsibility that comes with fathering. We need to start making the boys as accountable as the girls are. I think if there were more guidance and money in the programs that the Republicans want to cut, we'd find fewer babies in garbage cans. We'd find fewer parents snapping under pressure, and there would be a lot less child abuse.

PLAYBOY: As a former welfare mother, do you support the welfare bill?

GOLDBERG: I worry that there are too many children who are going to fall by the wayside. Listen, I know welfare. It is very degrading. And people don't go on welfare because they want to, despite what the Republicans say. I raised my child partially on welfare and know how much it can help, even if it is degrading. It gave me some breathing space and gave me a little bit of dignity. It needs to be fixed, but there must be a safety net. It was degrading, but not as degrading as going out and prostituting yourself. I mean, that's the bottom line.

PLAYBOY: Literally prostituting yourself?

GOLDBERG: Absolutely, because when you are trying to raise a child and you have no job or a chance of a job, there aren't many alternatives. In every system there are people who abuse welfare. But they are not the majority. And they are not all black. And they are not all without education.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about limits on welfare so people will be required to return to the workforce?

GOLDBERG: I'd be fine with it if there were jobs out there. Most people do not want to sit home. So sure, make people go back to work, but train them and offer them good jobs. Corporations, in exchange for tax breaks, should have to provide training and meaningful child care. Then we can talk. They want to stop abortion, yet they are against sex education? What fucking hypocrisy. Sex education is important. I was very distressed when Joycelyn Elders lost her job. Kids have to know. Would you rather have people masturbate or have abortions? It's the safest sex you can have. Mutual masturbation is the safest sex you can have with somebody else. Oral sex is out. Penetration is out. You've got to be careful. You can get pregnant. You can get sick. So why not teach children about masturbation? They're going to do it anyway.

PLAYBOY: You have raised these issues at the Academy Awards ceremonies. How much free rein do you have?

GOLDBERG: Quite a bit, as you may have noticed.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decline to return for this year's show?

GOLDBERG: I just know that I can't be any better than I was. I learned from the first time, and I don't think I can surpass the second time. There's a lot of pressure.

PLAYBOY: Last year you took on Jesse Jackson, who called for a protest against the program because so few black actors were nominated for awards.

"'You are generous to a fault.'"

GOLDBERG: Don't get me started.

PLAYBOY: Get started.

GOLDBERG: We've all known and been working with and struggling with the problems Hollywood has with black actors. We knew it much better than he did. Yet I was hosting the awards, Quincy Jones was producing them, black acts such as Stomp were on, so it was the wrong place to complain. Besides, Jackson never asked what we—black actors—thought. But because he said he was boycotting the show, all I said was, "Since you aren't watching, I ain't going to deal with you." This created a big old stink, too. Ooh, people were so pissed off.

PLAYBOY: When Jackson called for the protest, did you and Jones sit down and discuss what your reaction would be?

GOLDBERG: I was ready to rip him a new behind. But Quincy said that he didn't want me to do anything.

PLAYBOY: We take it that you couldn't help yourself.

GOLDBERG: [*A particularly sweet, innocent smile*] That's right. Listen, Quincy has been fighting this battle for 45, 50 years. Harry Belafonte has been fighting it for 60 years. Sidney Poitier for years and years. So I just had to quietly deal with it. A lot of people were very angry. They thought I insulted Jackson.

PLAYBOY: And marginalized him.

GOLDBERG: Marginalized *him*? He basically put me and Quincy in the position of choosing to do this thing we wanted to do and felt was a very positive thing to do, or to stand up alongside him. He put us in the position of looking like we were kissing somebody's ass.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that black actors were underrepresented in terms of the nominations?

GOLDBERG: Maybe, but not in terms of that show. I mean, it was the wrong show to point to and say that blacks are being blocked from participating in Hollywood. People seem to forget that the mere fact that I'm still here is a huge statement. So is the fact that a lot more people look like me than they did 12 years ago, when I started—I mean, this hair! And I never have to be anybody except who I am. In a previous generation, a black actor might have had to fit a mold. But this is me. These are my lips, my nose, my hair, my butt—spread, unspread, spread, unspread, depending on the season. I have to hold my temper.

PLAYBOY: Is Hollywood still racist? Does it downplay the work of blacks?

GOLDBERG: No. Because if you look at the past five years of the Academy Awards, one or two of us have always been nominated. I have been nominated—what? Twice? And won once. But are things perfect? Hell, no. It ain't perfect in the world.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with Jackson since then?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yes, yes. He said [*imitating him*] "Well, you know, we've got to get together." I ain't heard from him since. Yeah, that's Jesse. He's basically full of shit.

PLAYBOY: A character in your Broadway show was a black girl who wanted blonde hair because everyone on TV was blonde. Did you feel that way when you were little?

GOLDBERG: I guess I did. When I was growing up, you looked at the back of a magazine and saw the Breck girl. And you just knew it wasn't going to happen. You'd take the magazine to your mother and she would just say, "Ain't going to happen."

PLAYBOY: Is it fundamentally different for a black girl growing up now?

GOLDBERG: Oh, yeah. I mean, this is very egotistical of me, but look at me: I'm here. I'm here and I'm here in a big way. In little kids' books, in magazines, in movies, on television, on the Academy Awards ceremony, on *Star Trek*, in reruns forever, God bless them. I am a presence. There was no one until I became a teenager, and then Diahann Carroll came on in a big way with the TV program *Julia*. Now there are shows with entirely black casts and commercials with black actors.

PLAYBOY: For similar reasons, gays complain that they are portrayed as homicidal maniacs or stereotypical queens. Are you sympathetic?

GOLDBERG: Of course. America has been in the closet for a long time. We are behind in our thinking in so many ways. Sexual revolution or no sexual revolution, the bottom line is that we are still very uncomfortable when it comes to sex. Anything we don't understand, we want to eliminate. But I think people have to recognize that there is nothing you can do to stop people from living their lives. Either adapt or walk away. Move to another place where people will continue to be intolerant. Move to Iran.

PLAYBOY: That's basically what you said to white supremacist Tom Metzger when he appeared on your talk show.

GOLDBERG: That's it. He said that the races should be separate and I said, "So where are you going, Tom? Because I'm not going anywhere." This is why the immigration issue is making me insane. Immigration is the backbone of this country. Immigrants built America. I look at the last names of a lot of the people who are speaking about the terrible problem with immigration and think, How long ago were you an immigrant?

PLAYBOY: What were the high points of your talk-show experience?

GOLDBERG: Getting to sit down with some wild people—Alexander Haig and asking him, "So what should I call you? Should I call you 'General'?" "Call me Big Al." Gordon Liddy—talking to him was a hoot! Whatever he is, he's a great conversationalist. We disagree on just about everything. Same with Charlton Heston, but talking to him was a thrill.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he give you a big kiss?

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GOLDBERG: Yeah. I asked him if there had been an uproar when he did *The Omega Man* and had this great interracial kiss with Rosalind Cash. It was one of the first big, swooping smackaroonies that we saw. He said, "No." Then he leaned closer to me and said, "Are people really upset by that in this day and age?" And I said, "Oh, yeah! I've had them cut out of movies." And he leaned closer and said, "Really?" And I said, "Yeah," and he leaned closer and gave me a big old kiss! And there were other good moments, too. I have a tattoo of Woodstock on my breast, and Charles Schulz asked if I wanted him to sign it. It was wonderful. When Tom Metzger was on, he asked for my autograph for his kids.

PLAYBOY: In that case you were criticized for being too nice.

GOLDBERG: My job on that show was to listen. I never said I was going to fight for causes. I knew how I felt, and I thought I was very clear about it. People were angry because they wanted me to voice their opinion. But one of the reasons they yanked the show is that I wouldn't get into fights, wouldn't do a monolog and wouldn't put in a band. The show was about conversation.

PLAYBOY: Would you have had Newt Gingrich on your show?

GOLDBERG: I would have enjoyed the opportunity to talk with Newt Gingrich. I have always said it is hard to take someone named Newt seriously, but this is coming from someone named Whoopi. Gingrich, with his loose-lipped contract, is a small-minded man. Yeah, it would be great if taxes could be cut. I would be so happy if welfare could be eliminated. I would be thrilled, you know, if big business really embraced the country. I would be thrilled if we didn't need affirmative action. But we do. At least Colin Powell acknowledged the need for affirmative action.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire him as a black leader?

GOLDBERG: He is for a woman's right to choose and for affirmative action—the latter because he knows it works. He backed the wrong horse, though. Clinton really does believe in affirmative action. I wouldn't be here, and neither would any other person of color. Before, it just wasn't working. We have had to take sterner actions to ensure that all Americans get their due. American, not African American. I won't let anyone call me African American.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GOLDBERG: Because I'm not an African American. I'm purebred, New York–raised. I'm not from Africa. Calling me an African American divides us further. It means that I'm not entitled to everything an American is entitled to. My roots go back longer here than a lot of those folks who have nothing in front of "American." Some of those folks came on the *Mayflower*, but we were under the *Mayflower*. We were here. I am just very, very insulted by what that does. I don't have to excuse the fact that I am brown-skinned or black-skinned. I don't have to explain that. I was born here. I am as American as a hot dog. As baseball. [*Laughs*] I can feel the teeth in my ass right now as we're talking [*laughs*]—just feel it. *Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.*

PLAYBOY: Who's chomping?

GOLDBERG: The people who feel they have the divine right of kings to speak for me and every other black person. Fuck 'em.

PLAYBOY: You take on social issues in your annual Comic Relief benefits. After ten years, how has the experience changed?

GOLDBERG: It's more fun than ever. It's a reunion.

PLAYBOY: Is it occasionally difficult to hold your own in the company of Robin Williams and Billy Crystal?

GOLDBERG: The boys have sort of nurtured me along, and now I've finally come into my own with them. They're a tough duo. They are so fast. It took me until three or four years ago to just bust in. They were always really good to me, encouraging me, going, *Pow!* you're on. I always considered myself the Vanna White of Comic Relief, because I do all the serious stuff—the information, the phone numbers. I finally busted loose with them. Now we run wild. These boys are always talking about their genitalia, and I finally said, "Look. Explain this to me. What is it about your dick? Why are we talking about it, *yet again*?"

PLAYBOY: You're also on TV commercials now. Did you have qualms about becoming the MCI spokesperson?

GOLDBERG: No, because MCI really does a better job.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a paid flack.

GOLDBERG: They asked me if I wanted to be their spokesperson, and I made them jump through hoops. I said, "I want to see your paperwork. I want you to prove to me that you are the better company." They did. I believe they are cheaper and their service is better. Having me as their spokesperson actually helped MCI, which I'm kind of proud of. It's why I will speak out for the things I believe in. People seem to listen a little bit. And I do want things to get better.

PLAYBOY: Have they?

GOLDBERG: Well, things got better and then they got worse. As far as I'm concerned, the Reagan years did more to destroy the fabric of the nation than anything. Dismantling a lot of those programs with no safety net destroyed the morale of folks who were working so hard and struggling so long to make something happen. My daughter would come in from the park and I'd say, "Well, you're home early," and she'd say, "Yeah, some guy was driving by and shots were flying." I would be in conniptions because I grew up in a time when shooting went on only in the movies. This idea that life doesn't mean anything anymore comes from the top. Treat people as if they matter, care for them, tend them, help them grow up strong, give them good schools, child care, make them feel as if you care about them and show them that they are valued. Then they will be valued and will feel valued. The government has to get in there and roll up its sleeves.

MAFIA MOLE *(continued from page 140)*

Scarpa became more aggressive, doing everything he could to step up the tempo of the shooting war.

In 1986 Scarpa was hospitalized with a bleeding ulcer. Distrustful of outsiders, he received blood from a member of his own crew. Soon enough he was back out on the street, running his empire and reporting Mob gossip to De Vecchio.

In the late Eighties Carmine Persico, boss of the Colombo family, went to jail for life. He wanted to continue running the family from his cell until his son Alphonse "Allie Boy" Persico, also in jail, was released and could take over. Meanwhile, Colombo capo Victor "Little Vic" Orena, who was still on the street, became acting boss of the family and soon made it clear he wanted to take over.

But Scarpa had another idea: He wanted to be the new boss and felt he could manipulate all the players to get the job. "I was the most powerful entity in the Colombo family and an authoritative figure who bowed to no one," Scarpa said.

By this time De Vecchio had become head of the Colombo squad, thanks in part to the intelligence that he had received from his mole. The advantages of having a mole at the top of a crime family were apparent to the FBI man. With De Vecchio's enthusiastic support, Scarpa set about trying to win the war of succession.

In the early going, the old suspicions about Scarpa resurfaced.

In May 1990 Orena petitioned his ally and Gambino family boss John Gotti for help. Orena asked Gotti to order his ace hit man, Sammy "the Bull" Gravano, to eliminate Scarpa. Gravano became a government witness in 1992 and subsequently testified that he searched for Scarpa for a week before Orena had a change of heart and called off the hit.

About that same time Scarpa received another death sentence. He learned he was HIV-positive; he traced his illness to the blood transfusion he had received from his crew member in 1986. With his health failing, Scarpa filed a malpractice suit against the hospital.

The Colombo family war officially began on June 20, 1991 when there was a failed attempt on Orena's life by Persico faction members. The following month, Scarpa attended the wake of an Orena loyalist, giving the impression that he was on that side. Little Vic was holding court, detailing what would happen to Persico adherents if they didn't accept him as Colombo family boss. Then Scarpa told Carmine Persico, and the FBI, what had happened.

In November 1991 Scarpa reported some incredible news to De Vecchio and to his friends in the Persico faction. (By this time, Scarpa had given up any pretense of backing Orena). Someone from the Orena faction, he claimed, had tried to kill him and had almost shot his daughter in the process. Scarpa's report changed everything. The succession dispute turned into a civil war that drew the attention of city and state gangbusters, in addition to the FBI. Among both lawmen and hoods it was eventually believed that Scarpa fabricated the story of the murder attempt in the hope of starting a shooting war.

The battle between Orena and Persico adherents accelerated. Scarpa, an eager soldier in the Persico army, punched "666," the mark of the beast, into friends' beepers after he shot someone. One of his favorite boasts was that he loved the smell of gunpowder.

Through the autumn and winter and into the spring of 1992, Scarpa, armed with a rifle, regularly cruised Brooklyn's Avenue U, the boundary between the

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KLAN BUSTER

HOW GREGORY SCARPA SECRETLY HELPED THE FBI

He is an impeccable source, a man with personal knowledge of one of the FBI's great buried secrets. He was present during the Freedom Summer of 1964, when J. Edgar Hoover used Greg Scarpa and his Mafia methods to find the bodies of murdered civil rights workers. There are two things I must understand about Scarpa, he begins. "One, in his own curious way, he considered himself to be a true patriot and a loyal American. And two, he ran an interracial crew.

"You have to remember, at the time, the bureau is going nuts with the Mississippi thing. Hoover is beside himself, trying to find the bodies. And he can't. It's a giant media event, and the Old Man's embarrassed. Lyndon Johnson's even feeling the pressure. So one day Greg Scarpa makes a proposition to FBI agent Tony Villano.

The nation was horrified when three civil rights workers disappeared in 1964. Scarpa told his FBI handler, "You need me to do anything, I'll do it." Six weeks later the bodies of Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman (left to right below) were found in an earthen dam.

"The plan is this. The FBI had discovered what it thought was the weak link in the local Klan that whacked the three civil rights kids. It was a guy who owned an appliance shop. So they devised a cover story. Scarpa was to approach this guy, posing as a representative of the Imperial Wizard, the Klan's head man in Indiana. He was to frighten the guy into giving the details of the killings, ostensibly so the Imperial Wizard's lawyers would know how to deal with the pressure they were getting from law enforcement."

The plot worked. Scarpa arrived at the appliance shop near closing time and convinced the Klansman to help him heft his "broken" television from the backseat of his car. "And when the guy leans into the backseat, Scarpa sticks a .357 Magnum in his ear. Meanwhile, there's an FBI agent lying in the front seat. He pops up and Scarpa introduces him as the 'troubleshooter' for the Imperial Wizard. On the drive to a safe house in Louisiana, Scarpa is painting this guy the picture. You know, 'I was sent by the Imperial Wizard, and you local fuckin' yokels fucked up but good.' Says that he needs the entire outline, from the top.

"But the guy is telling them stories. Scarpa and the agent sense that they're being bullshitted. Scarpa really kicks the shit out of the guy, and finally sticks his gun in the guy's mouth and says, 'One more time, pally, or else we kill you and leave you out here.'

"Lo and behold, the guy gives up the whole story. So they clean the guy up and make him write out the entire scenario and then sign the confession. They gave him $50 and dropped him on the highway in Louisiana."

Later on, at O'Hare Airport, Scarpa was dutifully stopped by FBI agents, who tossed him and turned up the signed confession. "Then the agents go back to the Klan guy in Mississippi and break him."

And that is how the FBI discovered the bodies of the three civil rights workers buried beneath 17 feet of Mississippi clay under an earthen dam.

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Scarpa is bloated with patriotism, until the bureau stiffs him on the reward. I think it ended up giving him about a third of the money. And he was pissed. Told Villano that dealing with the feds was worse than dealing with the Mob. No honor, he said. Like that."

—B.D.

warring factions, looking for Orena soldiers to kill.

Just before Christmas he came across Orena loyalist Vinny Fusaro hanging Christmas lights on his Brooklyn home. Scarpa blew him away. In another episode, Scarpa concocted a plan to murder the mother of a gangster when the gangster became a government witness.

As time went on Scarpa became more and more aggressive, doing everything he could to step up the tempo of the shooting war. When one of his gunmen was wounded, Scarpa called a meeting. With a dozen mobsters looking on, he congratulated the bandaged comrade for "taking one for the cause" and exhorted more-timid crews to get out on the streets and to follow his aggressive example.

When Scarpa killed a noncombatant by mistake, he remarked to one of his crew members that the victim "should have known better" than to have been mingling with Orena's people.

In early 1992 Scarpa hatched a plot to call a truce and convene "peace talks" with the leaders of the top Orena crews. He proposed to murder the lot at the gathering. The plan never came off.

By the time the shooting finally stopped in 1993, ten people had been killed and 17 wounded. Scarpa had accounted for at least three of the corpses.

Agent De Vecchio played a curious role, to say the least, during the war. He received regular reports from Scarpa, who blamed the murders on various people. Did De Vecchio believe him? Only he can say, and he has remained silent. Did De Vecchio's supervisors ask any questions? The FBI isn't talking, either.

•

In March 1992 both Scarpa and De Vecchio began to encounter problems. The Brooklyn district attorney's office issued a warrant for Scarpa's arrest on a gun possession charge. Scarpa's customary FBI protection began to evaporate. This warrant was not quashed. Scarpa went into hiding to avoid arrest.

By this time several of De Vecchio's colleagues, who had their own informers, had come to believe that Scarpa was the driving force behind the bloody gang war. In their view there was something very troubling about the Scarpa–De Vecchio relationship. Some members of the Colombo squad decided to withhold information from their boss, fearing that De Vecchio would pass it on to Scarpa.

In March 1992 De Vecchio's superiors, alarmed by office rumors, ordered him to "close" Scarpa as a CI. No one protested when De Vecchio reactivated him a month later. Exactly what happened in that bureaucratic passage remains a secret within the FBI.

Lawman De Vecchio spoke with the

fugitive Scarpa by telephone, according to FBI documents, at least once a month. "You'd think that old Lynn might have dropped us a line, no?" joked one Brooklyn investigator.

On May 22, 1992 a remarkable meeting convened at FBI headquarters in New York. Special Agent Christopher Favo, De Vecchio's second in command, later testified about what happened.

"I went in to see Mr. De Vecchio," Favo testified. "I walked in, I gave my usual briefing—two shootings occurred, two Orena-side people were shot, they're not really sure who did it and so forth. As I started into that he slapped his hand on the desk and he said, 'We're going to win this thing,' and he seemed excited about it. He seemed like he didn't know who we were—the FBI—or that Scarpa was not on our side. A line, it was like a line had been blurred over who we were and what this was. I thought there was something wrong. He was compromised. He had lost track of who he was."

In August 1992 Scarpa showed up at a civil court in New York to testify in his malpractice suit against the hospital where he believed he had contracted the AIDS virus. He was arrested on the gun possession charge and on federal racketeering and murder charges and released on $1.2 million bail.

Scarpa eventually won a $300,000 judgment against the hospital, but most of his other news was bad. On December 29, 1992 a drug deal turned into a shoot-out near Scarpa's Brooklyn home. Scarpa took a bullet in his left eye. Returning home, Scarpa poured himself a scotch in his living room before going to a hospital 20 miles away.

His bail was revoked, and Scarpa went back to jail in early 1993. In May, with evidence from informers piling up against him, the *caporegime* pleaded guilty to three murders committed during the civil war, as well as attempts to murder nine other members of Orena's faction. He was sentenced on December 15, 1993 to ten years in prison.

Scarpa was just one of many gangsters who were in or on their way to jail, including a batch of Orena adherents who had been convicted of racketeering and murder with the help of information Scarpa supplied to De Vecchio.

In January 1994, even as those prosecutions continued, several of De Vecchio's colleagues filed an official report of their misgivings about the Scarpa–De Vecchio relationship. In June 1994 the FBI launched an internal investigation of De Vecchio that continues today.

Scarpa was not a part of the investigation. He died on June 8, 1994 in the federal medical center in Rochester, Minnesota. He was 66. His relationship with the FBI remained an official secret.

Unofficially, the FBI agents and other law enforcement officials felt a sense of betrayal. Their own investigations convinced them that the good guys had secretly helped the bad guys, and a blame game started as Scarpa was dying. FBI officials arrested Joseph Simone, a veteran New York police detective and a member of the NYPD's Organized Crime Task Force, on charges that he leaked law enforcement secrets to mobsters. His case went to trial before a federal jury and, in October 1994, he was acquitted. Despite testimony on his behalf by four FBI agents, he was fired in May 1996 after an internal police investigation found him guilty of failing to report an alleged bribe overture and of tipping off mobsters. "I was railroaded by the FBI," Simone said. "I'm taking the fall for crooked FBI agents."

It took until the autumn of 1994 for the Scarpa–De Vecchio relationship to become public. Then, during one of the many Mafia trials that were moving through the courts, a judge ordered prosecutors to turn over to defense attorneys secret FBI files about Scarpa's dealings with the bureau.

Since then, defense attorneys have scored some convincing victories. More than a dozen alleged Colombo soldiers, including two capos, have been acquitted in four separate trials in Brooklyn federal court. Moreover, several imprisoned mobsters are appealing their racketeering convictions based on what the FBI has been compelled to admit. One of them is Victor Orena, who received a life sentence. Orena charges that De Vecchio illegally passed information to Scarpa, some of which nearly caused him to be assassinated.

Federal prosecutors deny that Scarpa was ever authorized by either the bureau or De Vecchio to commit crimes.

De Vecchio's superiors transferred him in 1994 from the Colombo squad to one that dealt with asset forfeiture while his attorney ridiculed the allegations and insisted that De Vecchio "never lost sight of what his job was." In May 1996 he was called to testify at a hearing to determine whether Orena deserved a new trial. De Vecchio repeatedly invoked the Fifth Amendment. Meanwhile, the Justice Department's Public Integrity section investigated the agent. In September 1996 Lee Radek, chief of the criminal division, informed De Vecchio's lawyer that "the prosecution of De Vecchio in this matter is not warranted." An assistant U.S. attorney pointedly remarked that De Vecchio "was not cleared. The Public Integrity section has merely declined to prosecute." De Vecchio retired from the FBI in October 1996, while an internal administrative inquiry remained officially alive. It is doubtful that the public will ever know the full results of that investigation.

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Pages 92–97: **Tuxedo** and **shirt** by *Valentino Uomo* and **tie** by *Valentino Cravatte*, at Saks. **Pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, at Nordstrom. **Shoes** by *Donna Karan* and **cuff links** by *Faces of Time*, at Saks. **Coat** and **trousers** by *Donna Karan*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt** by *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Barneys. **Shoes** by *Bruno Magli*, 800-624-5430. **Shirt** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Ultimo, 312-787-0906. **Tie** and **pocket square** by *Tino Cosma*, 212-246-4005. **Cuff links** by *Margo Manhattan*, 212-925-0735. **Stud** by *Gem Kingdom*, at Fred Segal, 310-458-3557. **Cuff links** by *Elizabeth Locke Jewels*, NYC, 212-944-1968. **Shirt** by *Gucci*, at Saks. **Tie** by *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000. **Cuff links** by *Tateossian Ltd. of London*, at Bullock & Jones, 415-392-4243. **Blazer** and **shirt** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Field's, 312-781-1000. **Trousers** by *Baldessarini Hugo Boss*, 610-992-1400. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott* and **socks** by *Mountain High Hosiery*, at Nordstrom. **Shoes** by *Bruno Magli*, 800-624-5430. **Cuff links** by *U+I*, at Big Drop, 212-505-0144. **Tuxedo** and **turtleneck** by *Cerruti*, at Davis for Men, 312-440-0016. **Shoes** by *Donna Karan*, at Saks, 212-753-4000. **Suit, shirt** and **tie** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 800-494-7656. **Suit** and **shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Bloomingdale's. **Tie** by *Valentino Cravatte*, at Neiman Marcus. **Lapel stud** and **cuff links** by *Gem Kingdom*, at Fred Segal, 310-458-3557. **Suit** and **shirt** by *Gucci*, at Saks. **Tie** by *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000.

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Does God Have Orgasms?

(continued from page 90)

Two people have a hard time meeting soul-to-soul today. But in bed there is, or can be, soul contact. God is potentially in every orgasm because God wants us to be free, open and joyful. When two people unite in love, they are offering their portion of God to each other.

The creative energy of the universe is sexual.

Being born in India, I was not raised on the same metaphysics taught in the West, and the Judeo-Christian portrayal of God as a solitary male sitting up in the sky runs counter to thousands of years of wisdom, primarily from the East, that makes God all-inclusive, both male and female. The union of these two aspects is an act of cosmic passion from which the universe is born; therefore the whole cosmos came about as a sexual creation.

In spiritual terms there is only one marriage that has ever taken place: the union of God and God. In India the male deity (Siva) is often shown with his beloved consort (Shakti). When these two poles meet, passion flies between them. But this passion must be a form of playfulness, for God knows in reality that male and female are one. There is only one divine purpose behind the division of God into two sexes, and that is the joy of sexual union.

Sexual union imitates divine creation. What you express through your passion is God's love for God.

The difference between a divine love affair and an earthly one is the difference between need and play. Some amount of need enters into every relationship in the material world—survival is too pressing an issue for us to feel that our life is pure play. But in spirit you only play. Your purpose is not to survive but to express every grain of passion that love arouses in you. You were created to create, and what you use in your creation is sexual energy.

The psychological link between sexual energy and art is by now well established, and we are not shocked by the lusty painter or sculptor. In ancient India this connection was much broader. It was held that the life force, or *Prāna*, entered the human body on seven levels. These levels were envisioned as wheels, or chakras, aligned up and down the spine. The bottom three chakras, approximately situated at the tip of the spine, the genitals and the solar plexus, are concerned with survival, sexual drive and will. The top three chakras, at the crown of the head, between the eyebrows and at the base of the throat, concern knowledge of God, intuition and creativity. Between these two regions is the heart chakra, which is meant to unite the higher and lower energies through love.

All of us find ourselves caught

between two worlds, striving to make the higher and lower energies meet. This is the spiritual marriage that the path to love makes possible. Whether I want to or not, I act out of my lower chakras, like everybody else. There are mornings when I furiously want to see my enemies destroyed; sexual insecurity, loneliness and deprivation have been as much a part of my life as anyone else's. But the answer is not revenge or retreat into survival mode; nor is it pretending to be sanctified and above such base concerns. The answer to man's double nature, high and low, lies in the heart. We are meant to unite ourselves through love.

In my cynical moments, I am tempted to think of America as a society determined to live out of the two lowest chakras, survival and sex. Incredible displays of violence and aggression are considered a normal reaction in this country. Far more conflicts seem to be ended with a bullet than with compassion or forgiveness. When the two lower chakras are activated—which means when they are triggered by fear—people cannot see beyond survival. Sex becomes a matter of my woman, my orgasm, my right to treat everyone else with no love whatever. It is frightening to put oneself forward as a spiritual person in such an environment, and even more difficult to follow sex from its lower expressions to higher ones that our culture has not taught us about.

Hope belongs to the upper chakras, for as violent and irrational as humans can be, we are also the only creatures who understand God, who make art, who intuit the truth. To me, there is sexual energy in the Sermon on the Mount as well as on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, for both express spirit through a unique creation. To someone who can tap the higher energies of the creative force, there is no question of attack, repression, guilt or shame. Life contains too much joy and freedom to waste it out of fear and threat.

•

No one deserves to be burdened with the phrase "the perfect couple," but Marilyn and Kirk come close. Now in their late 40s, they have successfully worked in the same small magazine business for 12 years while raising a family and remaining in love with each other. "We share some values that keep us real," Marilyn explained. "We treat each other as equals. We make sure we communicate and don't hold things in. We try to be sensitive to each other's feelings. It's a miracle to get that far nowadays, when relationships have become a disposable commodity."

I agreed. The only trouble was the question that followed. "So if the sex isn't quite there anymore—well, almost not there at all—isn't that OK?" It was Kirk who had asked the question. Marilyn looked away, and though I heard the insecurity in his voice, I couldn't tell if she was as sad as I imagined her to be.

"Are you asking me if it's normal not to have sex after 20 years of marriage?" I asked. "Normal is whatever makes both of you feel happy. Having sex once a day or once a year both fall into the statistical norm, as far as that goes."

"We don't miss it," Marilyn said. "I mean, our intimate life is private, and if this is what we've agreed on——" Her voice trailed away, and this time the sadness was unmistakable.

"There's nothing wrong with either of us," Kirk interjected defensively. "We're just not kids anymore. I mean, there's only so much fantasy you can live on, and a lot of other things become important. We almost have to pencil sex into our schedules."

"So no one's complaining," I said. At this they both sat back, not quite agreeing or disagreeing. I met Marilyn and Kirk as patients years ago in Boston; they later attended meditation weekends and seminars on healing. We had run into each other on a retreat in Colorado. The fact that sex came up at all surprised us—clearly some things were boiling beneath the surface.

"Let's reframe the situation," I suggested. "Let's forget that you two have

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ever had sex. If today were the first day you decided to sleep together, what would you want the sex to be like?"

Marilyn laughed nervously; Kirk kept quiet. After a moment, neither had replied.

"Your silence says a lot, doesn't it?" I said.

"You mean that we don't know what good sex is anymore?" Marilyn asked anxiously.

"Not at all," I replied. "It says you are at a crossroads. Sex is a natural energy. We shape it according to what we want it to do. Think of sexual energy as a kind of modeling clay that the psyche can mold any way it wants. What do most people want? Pleasure, obviously, but also other things—reassurance, closeness, power, thrills, release. Hundreds of needs get expressed through one orgasm, and that is the common thread—need. People use sex to fulfill needs, and when these needs come to an end, the sex often isn't there anymore, because its foundation, its reason for existence, has vanished."

The couple looked more relaxed. They sensed that this wasn't going to be a session about fixing themselves or apportioning blame. "I think you're right," Kirk said. "I'm very competitive, always have been, and when I first had sex, I compared myself with other men—I couldn't help it. I had to know how I was doing, whether I had it right. This went on through college, until I got married and my insecurities settled down."

"You're coming from an honest place if you can say that," I remarked. "Performance is a tremendous drive in most men, and the anxiety aroused by not performing well exposes a huge amount of need—the need to have power, the need for approval, the need to be as good as everybody else. In the past ten years performance has taken a new twist. Women have begun to insist on their right to have an orgasm, and this has burdened men with the need to perform for them as well. But taking responsibility for two orgasms instead of one has only added to the anxiety."

"I knew that Kirk had to perform well to feel good about himself," Marilyn said. "But that's what I mean about equality. I told him that my feelings, including my orgasmic feelings, were not up to him. He was the object of my desire but not in charge of it. My needs weren't the same as his. I much more wanted to feel that I belonged, that he desired me, that I could count on being loved."

I sat back, looking at these two open, honest people. By any account they should still have been having mutually enjoyable sex—but they weren't. "I think you are remarkable in not using sex for the kinds of basic needs most people bring to bed," I said. "A marriage can last decades with both people repeating the same rituals over and over. Sex gets stuck because it never finds a new use. So again, if you had just decided to go to bed for the first time, what would you want sex to be like?"

This time I didn't wait for the awkward pause. "The reason you don't know how to use sex in a new way is cultural—none of us were taught much about the fact that sex can have a spiritual dimension. Beyond basic need, beyond pleasure, sex has tremendous untapped potential. Its higher purpose is to take you outside the boundaries of time and space to a place where *you are love*. Instead of feeling anxious and insecure about yourself, which sex brings out in so many people, you can use sex to reassure yourself of your reality."

I realized that these people had never heard sex described in this way, and therefore I went back to basics. Everyone has a deep need to love and be loved. The drive toward love is built into our genes, as is the instinctual drive for sex. The difficulty is that we have kept these two fundamental energies on different levels:

Love is sacred, overseen by God, and not of this world.

Sex is profane, overseen by someone other than God, and too much of this world.

I won't say, for the sake of symmetry, that love is overseen by God and sex is overseen by the devil, though countless people, including many devoutly religious people, believe that. I prefer to say that sex has been left out of God's hands, which, of course, is a logical impossibility, because nothing is outside the range of God if he is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. The separation of sex and love makes no sense; it is our own guilty and ashamed minds that have forced such obviously connected energies into separate compartments. The seven chakras demark not seven boxes but a single flow of life. But we don't bring this flow with us when we have sex.

"If you brought all of yourself to bed in the sexual act," I said, "sex would be incredible because it would be complete.

"It's sad. In the romantic old days we would usually surprise couples on desktops."

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"But what does that mean?" Kirk asked. "As beautiful as this sounds, what do we do?"

Naturally that is the question that always comes up, because releasing sexual energy into new regions of expression is exactly what people can't figure out how to do. My answer is to fall in love again, for if encounters with spirit are rare in our society, being in love isn't. Start here; this is the beginning of your path. In a different age, the most fleeting of infatuations had spiritual meaning; the nearness of God in the beloved was taken seriously. Since the advent of modern psychology with Freud, however, falling in love has been reduced to a temporary flight of fancy, if not insanity; the sense of ecstasy that is part of falling in love isn't considered realistic. We are told to accept the temporary nature of romance. This has meant tossing out as illusion some of the most remarkable things that happen when you fall in love.

"How did you feel when you were first infatuated with each other?" I asked Marilyn and Kirk. "Put yourself in that space again, and remember. Didn't you feel special and privileged? Wasn't there a sense of wonder that you had been picked, out of so many people, to be loved? With this sense of uniqueness came the feeling that you were safe and protected, that nothing would ever hurt you again. And in your most rapturous moments, I'm sure you felt immortal and invulnerable—your love would last forever."

"But we aren't unique and immortal," Kirk protested. "Those feelings pass."

"That's because the opening closed," I said. "What lovers feel is real—it is a glimpse of spiritual truth. In God's eyes you are unique and privileged. Your existence is immortal; you exist to express the truth of your soul. Our society permits us few opportunities to grasp these facts, and falling in love is one of them."

I suggested that orgasm is a return to that status of spiritual privilege. In everyday life romance fades; the fantasies are replaced by mundane reality. It's hard to be a god or goddess when

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the baby needs changing. But in sex we can recapture the moment of openness when freedom, timelessness and uniqueness were ours. In place of Freud's "projected fantasy," love might make us as immortal and invulnerable, as special and safe as passionate lovers feel.

"Let me put it simply," I said. "You have a choice in what to do with sex, including to ignore it altogether. But no matter how much passion has faded, you can always choose to make sex what it really is—a blessing. The sense of delight, uniqueness and blessing felt by lovers has its own reality, but you must find it within. Love and spirit are both states of inner truth. I am proposing that the two can be joined."

But how do you fall in love with somebody you've known for years? In the Odes of Solomon, it says that God can make "all things new; you have showed me all things shining." You cannot take old, stale love and make it new without the spiritual ingredient. In spiritual terms, two people fall in love because they suddenly see with new eyes. Through a magical shift in perception, an utterly ordinary person becomes fascinating, an everyday pair of eyes bewitches, a voice that sounds not unusual to other people sings with mysterious music. Saints have a way of seeing these things clearly, and Saint Augustine said, "I am in love with love." Exactly—to fall in love anew, you must fall in love with love.

How does this happen? The first and most important requirement is openness. "You're both incredibly lucky," I remarked to Marilyn and Kirk, "because you haven't shut down the delicate process of love. You still notice each other and want to be sensitive to the signals the other gives off. Most people have shut down these signals, turning personal encounters into tiny rituals, so that every day is basically a repetition of the day before. Spirit isn't present, not because it isn't there but because people have turned their backs on it."

•

Every day we all feel the faint impulse to express love. But too often these impulses get quashed. It's so easy to hold back the gesture of appreciation, the gentle word, the soft touch, the special look. What does this indicate? It indicates that we have turned outward, seeking fulfillment in external things such as career, status and money. The mind is so geared to these externals that we may forget a simple truth: Nothing can substitute for love. The reason that the scriptures say "God is love" is that love is the ultimate power in the universe. It is our reason for being.

The fading of sex is always a fading of love.

Love doesn't stay around if you don't trust it; it doesn't grow if you don't nurture it. So to unite sex and spirit isn't a choice. If you want to live in the light of love, you must face the spiritual meaning of sex, draw it out, build upon it. The alternative is that sex becomes a stimulus, albeit a pleasant one, and stimuli always fade. You cannot give yourself enough thrilling orgasms to make up for the absence of love; this, and nowhere else, is where the light is.

"Aha! Caught with your hand in the cookie jar again!"

If you doubt the spiritual significance of sex, consider the following list of experiences (freely adapted from my book *The Path to Love*) that many people have during the sexual act:

A flowing feeling throughout the body.

A glow in the heart before, during or after orgasm.

A sense of expansion, as if you extend beyond your body.

Feeling that you have merged with your beloved.

Lightness in the region of your heart.

Seeing blue or white light around your body or around your beloved's.

A carefree feeling, laughter, the lifting of anxiety and of daily worries.

A feeling of weightlessness, as if you might float away.

A feeling of ecstasy or bliss.

Feeling blessed or connected to God.

A penetrating sweetness.

The realization, "I am love."

Any or all of these could occur during orgasm or before or after. Look over the list and mark those experiences you've had personally. They aren't accidental; they indicate that you have learned to use sexual energy to create higher states of awareness. If you have had certain experiences only once, these are at the envelope of your inner growth. The experiences you have had more often, especially if recently, constitute the growth you have been integrating into your loving personality.

Love is the key word here, for these aren't supernatural or paranormal experiences. They are the same intimations of spirit reported by saints in their ecstasies and by spiritual masters of every age and country. In Kirk's case, he said that a sensation of lightness had occurred several times in the past, as well as a sense of blissful love that went beyond his personal emotions for his partner.

"This is your link to spirit," I explained. "Whether you are conscious of it or not, you are walking the path to love—all of us are. What impels you is pleasure, delight, yearning. You want to bathe in the supreme love of the divine, and for an instant, orgasm gives you that experience. But the fulfillment is brief and fleeting, only a glimpse of the real thing. The real thing isn't so different, however. Union with God is timeless and blissful, beyond the confines of the body, all-enveloping. Here on earth we taste of these things in our flesh and blood—that is why we are here."

Which brings us to the question of God's orgasms. Does she have them? What are they like? I hope it is no longer so alarming to suggest that the big bang was as orgasmic for God as the pun suggests. Creation surrounds us in infinite complexity, but within is a tiny seed of sweetness, the ecstasy of love. If this seed were not present, we would have

no reason to follow love as passionately as we all do. Our lapses into nonlove are grievous; the violence we do against the spirit of life is cause for deep shame. But there is an inevitability to the union of flesh and spirit, because the universe is God's way of showing his spirit.

We have deprived sex of the one thing it cannot do without: its spiritual dimension.

Our longing for love actually reflects God's longing for us. I look out my window and see the splash of flowers against the sky, and in each flower there is more than my eyes can see. There is sun and rain, wind and rainbow. There is the history of life and the eternal flow that brought creation to this point, where my life and the life of a flower can merge. We do so in longing for each other, I think. God wants me to see this flower as much as I want to look upon it. One aspect of God feasts in delight on another.

How much truer this must be between a man and a woman. Two portions of God are feasting upon each other, exchanging delight in their existence, and yet knowing deep down that their existence is one. The rest is play. God likes to play at seducing herself; she likes to peek into a pair of beautiful eyes and pretend they are someone else's. In reality there is no one else. Falling in love is actually *a temporary state of spiritual liberation, a glimpse of who you really are in God.* The ecstatic feelings that flow between lovers, their sense of being uniquely protected, their belief in a timeless state of being—all these are spiritual realities. Indeed, if we consult the *Kāma Sūtra* (which means "the teaching about desire"), we discover that orgasm itself is a release into a state that is timeless, free of ego and totally natural. Spirit and flesh meet in a moment of release that represents a glimpse of immortality.

The great Sufi poet Rūmī put it much more elegantly when he declared,

By God, when you see your beauty
You'll be the idol of yourself.

To be spiritual, you have to be everything that you are, omitting nothing. Within everyone there is light and shadow, good and evil, love and hate. The play of these opposites is what constantly moves life forward; the river of life expresses itself in all its changes. Sex between men and women can be the ugliest, most shameful and impersonal action imaginable, yet that will never tarnish its spiritual promise. Bring yourself—nothing less and nothing more—to the bed of your beloved. Let the love flower within the sex; win the jewel of trust that endures beyond everything. Meet in honesty, let tears and laughter come, until there is nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to hide. Then your love will take on the grandeur that marks every great lover and every saint.

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DRUG SYMPOSIUM *(continued)*

Prohibition was bad policy. Waging a war on drugs is another bad policy, but it is selling well now.

Szasz

(continued from page 128)

which it implies, are two of the most basic human rights, few Americans now support them. Most people are so phobic about having a real option to kill themselves—easily, painlessly and surely—that, according to opinion polls, they support prohibiting public libraries from stocking books that describe how to commit suicide.

Because we have a free market in food, we can buy all the bacon, eggs and ice cream we want and can afford. If we had a free market in drugs, we could similarly buy all the barbiturates, chloral hydrate and morphine we wanted and could afford. We would then be free to die—easily, comfortably and surely—without any need for recourse to death doctors or violent means of suicide.

Our drug control policies are emblematic of the principle that pharmacological self-determination is a form of mental illness ("substance abuse") and that free trade in plants and chemicals the government labels as "drugs" is inimical to the health of the body politic ("the drug problem"). We cannot come to grips with the issues associated with the use of legally forbidden (so-called recreational) drugs without also addressing the issue associated with the use of medically permitted (so-called prescription) drugs. To buy a chain saw, we do not need permission from a state-licensed tree-removal expert. It is enough that we know how to operate the instrument and assume responsibility for its use. By the same token, we do not need prescription laws. Repealing them would not deprive anyone of any rights or protections. The person who does not know what drug he needs or wants could still consult a physician. That is all the self-protection a competent adult needs for dealing with drugs. After all, drugs are just one class among many dangerous artifacts in our environment. Fire, electricity, cars, household appliances and countless other products of human inventiveness are also dangerous. We accept the risks they pose because we believe that, in the long run, they make our lives healthier and safer.

Our obsession with the necessity for drug controls is closely intertwined with our attitudes toward self-harm and health care on the one hand and, on the other hand, with our attitudes toward the manufacturer's and provider's tort liability for substances and interventions classified as "medical." In contemporary medical-political discourse, the issue of free will is raised only to assert its absence and hence the unsuitability of market relations in connection with drugs and health care. It makes no sense to let people make important choices if we believe they are unable to choose, because they are the victims of addiction or mental illness.

Failure to appreciate that, in a free society, the government's foremost duty is to protect individuals from others who might harm them—indeed, replacing it with the duty to protect individuals from harming themselves—makes the prospect of repealing our drug laws a mirage. This misranking of the proper function of the state has already inflicted a grievous wound on our body politic: It has undermined Americans' attachment to limited government; converted the principle of caveat emptor into that of caveat vendor and tort law into an instrument of economic redistribution; confused and perverted the medical criteria of disease and treatment (by defining certain "bad" choices as diseases and certain "good" coercions as treatments); and redefined the relationship between drug seller and drug buyer from a contract between responsible adults into a victimizer-victim relationship (categorizing the former as a criminal, the latter as a patient).

I doubt we shall be able or willing to re-embrace a free market in drugs until the drug war causes us a great deal more suffering and until we are willing to attribute that suffering to drug laws rather than to drugs. In real estate, successful marketing is said to require three things: location, location, location. The same is true for political programs. Each enterprise requires recipients interested in buying what the seller is selling. This probably explains why "good" and "bad" policies sell equally well, depending on the location. Prohibition and National Socialism were bad policies, but each was popular in its place and time. Waging a war on drugs is another bad policy, but it is selling well now. Stopping the drug war will seem like a good policy when the cultural climate changes—when politicians will profit from promoting gambling. Then, and only then, will the pundits and the people discover the validity of the argument against drug prohibition.

Schmoke

(continued from page 128)

percentages should be reversed. This approach also would free law enforcement officials to concentrate on putting high-level drug traffickers and violent drug lords behind bars.

A viable drug medicalization strategy must do three things: It must increase substance-abuse prevention efforts, offer a continuum of substance-abuse treatment on demand and provide maintenance for hard-core users.

The first component of the medicalization model I envision is relatively noncontroversial. Just about everyone agrees that the best way to halt drug abuse is to prevent it in the first place. We also know that good prevention programs work. So we need to fund more of them, and we especially need to direct prevention efforts at high school dropouts and other youths who are at high risk for drug abuse.

But for thousands of Americans, prevention efforts come too late. Those who are already addicted don't need messages on the dead end of drug addiction; they need a way out of the dead end. We must significantly increase the number of treatment slots for those addicts who have made the decision to seek help or who have been ordered into treatment by courts. Treatment would include halfway houses, short-term and long-term detox programs and methadone maintenance.

Studies have found that treatment is cost-effective and that those who are in treatment or who complete treatment are much less likely to commit crimes or to engage in high-risk behavior. They are also much more likely to become productive members of society than their drug-using counterparts. For these reasons, advocating for programs that help people get off drugs likewise generates little controversy.

The fact remains that there are hard-core addicts who continually fail treatment or who refuse to go into treatment. I believe that we should consider allowing health professionals to provide addicts in this category with carefully monitored maintenance doses of the substance to which they are addicted, or a substitute drug. This is the third component of the medicalization model I envision, and it is, not surprisingly, the most controversial.

Essentially, I am suggesting a federally funded managed care system for drug addicts that would enable them to receive treatment and, if necessary, maintenance for their habits. The government, not criminal traffickers, would control the price, distribution, purity and access to addictive substances, which it already does with prescription drugs.

I am not suggesting that drugs simply be made available to anyone. Under a maintenance program, drugs would not be dispensed to nonusers, and it would be up to a health professional to determine whether or not a person requesting maintenance was an addict.

At the same time, we must recognize the tremendous benefits that could come from providing drug maintenance for addicts through a managed care program. These addicts would be under the watch of health care providers, enabling them to receive important preventive- and primary-care services. That's seldom the case today. When and if these addicts decide they are ready to stop using drugs, they would have easy access to treatment and counseling. They would receive carefully monitored, unadulterated doses of their drug, greatly decreasing the risk of overdoses. And by receiving noninjectable forms of their drug or injectable forms under sterile conditions, they would greatly reduce their risks of acquiring HIV through dirty needles and of passing the deadly virus to their sex partners.

Maintenance for hard-core addicts would provide other compelling benefits to society. Most important: If addicts have legal access to drugs, they won't have to turn to crime to support their habits. And if addicts could receive their drugs at far lower cost from health professionals, drug dealers would be forced out of business. Government-sponsored drug maintenance would take most of the profits out of drug trafficking—and it's the profits that drive the crime.

One question remains: What are we waiting for?

Elders

(continued from page 128)

and local jails and more than 3 million more who are court-supervised. In 1994, one out of three black men between the ages of 20 and 29 was incarcerated or under court supervision. Drug-related offenders make up about 60 percent of federal prisoners. Average drug sentences in federal prisons exceed the average sentences for larceny, rape, even manslaughter. Each week the U.S. must add 1000 prison beds for its rapidly growing inmate population. We imprison a higher percentage of our citizens than Russia did under communism, more than South Africa did under apartheid.

• Adolescent drug use has been increasing for the past three years, with hard-core drug use remaining stable (or in some cases increasing) and a decline observed only in occasional drug use. In 1995, 35 percent of new nonpediatric AIDS cases were born at the point of a dirty needle, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, particularly in African American and Latino communities, where the spread of the disease is most rapid.

In the same week in 1982 that the much-publicized renewed drug war was announced, the National Research Council issued an underpublicized report titled *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy*. The paper recommended that the states experiment with a variety of methods for decriminalizing, regulating and taxing marijuana. After all, we have practiced the political drug war approach without success; now is the time to heed the advice of scientific experts and begin treating drug abuse as a public health problem rather than only as a criminal justice problem.

Three great advantages of decriminalizing marijuana are: (1) it could be regulated and taxed, (2) we would not have the burden of spending billions of dollars on the incarceration of users or on government and police services used for the prevention of crime, and (3) it would provide a low-risk opportunity to allow experimentation with new models of drug control.

For the past decade, marijuana users have accounted for 22 percent to 45 percent of drug arrests. In 1994, according to data from the FBI, 481,098 people were arrested for marijuana offenses—that's one arrest every 66 seconds—and 80 percent of those arrests were for possession alone. We spend $1.2 billion annually just to keep an estimated 40,000 Americans incarcerated for marijuana offenses. Marijuana prohibition costs the American taxpayers approximately $8 billion annually.

While there is no biological or chemical connection between the use of marijuana and more dangerous drugs, they do share a common marketplace. By medicalizing hard drug use, the demand in the illegal drug market will be reduced. (In fact, heavy users drive the market, providing enormous profits for the drug cartels.) This step alone would

"It's a Christmas card from our bank, with a note deducting $15 from our checking account to cover the cost of sending it."

do more to put illegal drug dealers out of business than all we have done in the past 14 years of our war on drugs.

It is not necessary to reinvent the wheel. An intelligent government would, at the very least, study the competent methods of others, which include:

- Providing comprehensive health education as an integral part of our school curriculum, replacing the usual one-shot, hit-or-miss programs presently offered.
- Recognizing drug addiction as a medical problem.
- Training private physicians to treat people with substance abuse problems, thereby making drug treatment part of basic health care and more readily accessible.
- Increasing the number of physicians and clinics that can dispense methadone, thereby decreasing crime rates related to heroin abuse.
- Experimenting with substitute drugs for cocaine abusers—particularly long-acting amphetamines—thereby giving them an alternative to criminality.
- Developing a needle exchange program for intravenous drug users to prevent the spread of AIDS. The evidence demonstrates that needle exchange does not increase drug use and does reduce the spread of HIV.
- Urging police to prioritize drug enforcement by focusing on violent offenders and large-scale dealers, rather than spending resources on low-level, nonviolent offenders.
- Developing a drug court to ensure that drug offenders are given medical treatment—usually outpatient care is sufficient—as an inexpensive and more effective alternative to incarceration.
- Developing a system to aid drug offenders in their education and employment needs as part of rehabilitation.

The combination of these two steps—(1) medicalizing hard drugs by putting physicians and health professionals in charge and (2) decriminalizing marijuana—will reduce the vast majority of our nation's drug-related problems. We will save billions of dollars and starve the crime fueled by drug trafficking, just as other countries have done.

In my dream of saving anywhere between $13 billion and $40 billion per year by eliminating the war on drugs, I would then reallocate the greatest amount of funds to education. One reason for drug use is that the victims need to remove themselves from a reality that is too harsh. If that reality were improved with good education, hope for housing, hope for full employment and medical care, and hope for the future, then escaping reality might not seem necessary.

We must involve the entire community in reinvesting our resources in the medical treatment of drug users, and in the education of young people. We must minimize the present inefficacious investment of policing drug users.

We must stop politicizing medical problems. We must stop building prisons instead of schools. We must begin to rebuild lives.

Buckley

(continued from page 129)

and it is a labor-intensive business, at the highest level, requiring extraordinary talent and experience. An estimated 50 percent of those who are addicted and want treatment can't afford to pay for it and can't get it free. For every $100 spent maintaining prisons, $15 spent on treatment would do commensurate good.

But one should think also of the benefits of intense public indoctrination, and that would need funding.

The AIDS story tells us that though one has to be blind, deaf and dumb not to know what practices should be avoided in order to avoid AIDS, contamination continues. Why is this?

It is owing, in part, to a carefree view of life. One instinctively supposes that it is only in totalitarian life that one expects self-abuse in exchange for temporary pleasure. No one would begrudge Ivan Denisovich all the cigarettes he wanted, on the inconceivable assumption that they started to hand out cigarettes in the Gulag. We were not surprised by the heavy alcoholism in the Soviet Union. I visited the Soviet station on the South Pole in 1972. We were taken to the underground igloo where the 20 Soviet scientists and staff were isolated for 14 months, six of them daylight around the clock, six darkness around the clock. We were treated with voluptuous hospitality by these lonely men and learned from the American scientist in residence that once a month, when provisions were flown in, almost everyone exhausted the ration of vodka in a single orgiastic evening.

The point? That we shouldn't be entirely surprised when, in situations of privation, some human beings opt for escapism in any form. And we see it also at the other end of the spectrum, in a society relatively carefree, when food and lodging and diversion are taken for granted. There is a temptation, then, to take drugs, in search of the nervous high that launches us, however briefly, out of the pedestrian routine. How would

"The house, of course, is in my name."

$1 billion or $10 billion best be spent to persuade the person at the brink to say no?

Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman suggests draconian extracriminal sanctions. Mr. H. is a pedigreed liberal, but his patience is sometimes limited, and this is very much the case regarding people who take drugs. He sides with me and others who believe in decriminalization. He wants drug-taking to be legislated into a civil offense. What, then, might a drug consumer expect? To begin with, that everyone would have to submit to periodic blood testing. "Anyone testing positive for drug use would be subject to the revocation of an array of privileges, ranging from temporary or permanent loss of a driver's license to revocation of one's license to practice law, operate a barbershop, work as an electrician or plumber, practice medicine, rent property or buy and sell securities," writes von Hoffman. "Civil penalties for drug use would also include cancellation of eligibility for welfare, student grants in aid, subsidies and government payments of any kind, large or small. Persons found selling drugs would be subject to cancellation of medical insurance and Social Security, up to and including refused admission to hospital or hospice. No criminal penalties, no long trials, no F. Lee Blundermouths or Whirling Dershowitzes. Civil society, through quick, essentially unappealable administrative tribunals, would turn its back on such people for a greater or lesser period of time." I agree.

It should cost much less than $35 billion to get the word around that the von Hoffman Contract With America is sliding into the legislative books. The underlying educational assumption here is that the 20-year-old who does not fear addiction must be made to fear something immediately palpable. The loss of a driver's license—to consider only one of the sanctions proposed—is a decided disability in America. The use of the Internet, television, radio and public announcements in newspapers and magazines, paid for with a fraction of the savings accumulated by the end of prohibition, should serve to notify the entire vulnerable class, up and down the economic and educational scale. Would it work? You can't be certain. But this much is surely true, that if drug prohibition ended, the sum total of human suffering and privation would be less than it now is, and with this difference: Those who subsequently suffered would do so because they wished drugs upon themselves. Today, those who do not choose drugs suffer—they are cloistered in the big cities, they are stolen from and terrorized, and they pay taxes. Upon the repeal of prohibition, there would at least be some relief for the innocent.

Nadelmann

(continued from page 129)

movement here and abroad with a wide and diverse agenda: stemming the spread of HIV by making sterile syringes readily available to injecting drug users through pharmacies and needle exchange programs; reducing illegal heroin use and prohibition-related crime, disease and death by making methadone more readily available to heroin addicts who need and want it; following in the footsteps of Switzerland by prescribing heroin on an experimental basis to addicts who have tried repeatedly to quit and failed; repealing harsh mandatory minimum sentences that punish many petty drug dealers more severely than rapists and murderers; depriving police and prosecutors of the asset forfeiture powers they have abused; ensuring that marijuana and other demonized drugs are available for medical purposes; changing the "opiaphobic" attitudes and laws that result in the pervasive undertreatment of pain in adults and children alike. Many of these steps are firmly grounded in scientific evidence.

None of these items on the drug policy reform agenda really qualify as "legalization"—if by that term we mean making some illicit drugs available over the counter to adults. Indeed, some radical legalizers oppose these measures, arguing that they do little more than improve a prohibitionist drug control system that needs to be dismantled, not merely reformed. At the other extreme, many drug warriors similarly oppose these proposals, perceiving them as stepping-stones on the road to drug legalization. Between these extremes a consensus is emerging that views such modest steps as pragmatic and sensible ways of reducing the negative consequences of both drug use and drug prohibition—within our current prohibitionist regime.

What about going further toward decriminalization and even legalization of some drugs that are now strictly prohibited? The central ingredients of any successful decriminalization regime are threefold: (1) legal possession by adults of small amounts of any drug intended for personal consumption, (2) substantial state and local flexibility in designing drug control policies suited to local norms, (3) some means of providing adults with legal access to drugs from a regulated source. These were at the core of post-Prohibition alcohol policy, and they now provide something close to a consensus among proponents of drug decriminalization.

But would drug abuse rise substantially if we legalized drugs? No scientific experiment can answer this question. We can start with history, which reminds us that heroin, cocaine, marijuana and many other illegal drugs were once legal throughout much of the world. In some

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countries, these drugs were readily available but of little interest. In others, some of these drugs, notably opium and morphine, were widely consumed but associated with little in the way of crime, disease or social disorder. Indeed, most of the histories of drug use around the world point to the successful integration of most psychoactive drugs in most societies.

Most Americans insist that they would not use the drugs that are now illegal if they were legalized. Public opinion polls routinely reveal that only a tiny percentage of Americans think legalization would lead them to use any of the drugs that are now illegal—though the same people tend to think that many others would use them.

We must not forget that we already live in a society, and world, in which many psychoactive drugs are widely and readily available. The fact is that illicit drugs are easily available to anyone interested in obtaining them.

Virtually all the evidence we have indicates that the vast majority of Americans, and other people as well, do not need drug prohibition laws to keep from becoming drug addicts. Most people either refrain from using powerful psychoactive drugs or use them responsibly. A relatively small minority of drug users have problems keeping their drug use under control, and most of them tend to have problems with more than one drug. The problems of drug abuse, in short, typically have more to do with the person, and the environment in which he or she lives, than with the particular drug. Most of those who would abuse drugs under a legalization regime are likely to be already abusing drugs under prohibition.

So what can we conclude about the impact of drug legalization on drug use and abuse? The most likely result would be more people using a greater variety of drugs but with fewer negative consequences. People would know more about the drugs they use and would be more likely to choose those that produce desired effects but present few risks to health and well-being. The legality and greater safety and availability of drugs would probably result in more varied drug use by more people. At the same time, there would be a dramatic drop in the negative health consequences associated with consumption of illicit drugs of unknown potency and purity under prohibition. The net result might well be not just a dramatic reduction in the crime, violence, corruption and other consequences of prohibition but also a reduction in the negative consequences of drug use.

"On the bright side, however, you did finally make the Forbes 400."

Trebach

(continued from page 129)

addiction regarding all of these drugs bear remarkable similarities—and lessons regarding one can apply to many of the others.

A threshold lesson is that use does not equal abuse, and that, conventional drug-war thinking to the contrary, it is possible for most people to use most drugs responsibly. Drug use, in and of itself, does not rate as a great threat to the overwhelming majority of people, nor to society as a whole—and never has.

A small percentage of users become abusers, but this should not call for government intervention. For example, I would love to be smoking a Brazilian cigar right now, but I cannot and will not. I am hopelessly addicted to the seductive, deadly drug and do not dare take one more hit. However, I do not want a policeman "helping" me stay abstinent.

In the new millennium, government may properly fund and evaluate a wide range of experiments in the new laws and policies on these drugs, including those that deal with purity, labeling, taxes, hours of sale, age limits, warning labels and education on how each of the drugs may be used safely—and on how to avoid abusive relationships with them. The government thus can provide honest, believable warnings to citizens about the dangers of each of the drugs and advice about how to minimize the harm each is capable of causing. In addition, the government's new restrictive policies will be more easily enforced because they will deal with smaller prohibitions, such as keeping drugged drivers off the roads and preventing sales of drugs to minors.

I cannot predict the future, but I would bet money that early in the new millennium we will see drug use and abuse rise and then, as the novelty wears

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off, settle to acceptable levels. Crime connected with drug trafficking would virtually disappear. Pain control of the sick would be vastly improved as doctors cease to fear entrapment by narcotics agents, and as heroin and marijuana become widely used to help cancer and glaucoma patients. Constitutional rights and personal freedoms would be infinitely more secure.

With drugs now under sensible, humane control, we could turn our attention to truly dangerous problems such as race and crime. To even mention race and crime in the same breath is to give offense. Yet we must face the fact that white racism, black racism, black family collapse, economic insecurity and certainly the drug war have helped create a witches' brew in which agonies are boiling.

Blacks, who constitute 12 percent of the population, account for the majority of murderers and murder victims each year. In 1994, 9226 black males were murdered (compared with 7609 white males). The black male is becoming an endangered species. One in three black males between the ages of 20 and 29 is under correctional control. One in 15 adult black males is behind bars. The lure of the illegal drug trade is one of the major forces behind this tragedy.

With peace on the drug front, a major cause of black incarceration would disappear, but many causes would remain. Nothing is more urgent than a massive, honest campaign of scholarly research, congressional hearings and a national searching of souls at every level into what those causes are—and where the solutions may lie. They surely lie in a combination of inspired government and private programs and in billions of wisely invested dollars giving new hope and new structures to black youth and black families.

Similar thoughts apply to AIDS. Since June 1981, approximately half a million Americans have developed AIDS. About one third of those cases are related to the use of dirty needles. Yet, in the face of massive scientific evidence of the effectiveness of needle exchange programs, Clinton administration officials are acting as though that research is insufficient to warrant a reversal of the law that prohibits most federal health funds from being used for needle exchange, thus dooming tens of thousands of citizens, including children, to death.

Under the new legalized system, there would be need for few needle exchange programs because needles would be easily available over the counter. The wide availability of needles, accompanied by public education, could save as many as 20,000 lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in health costs every year.

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ST. TROPEZ (continued from page 124)

"You are really a bitch. Do you think he might have a few horse whips in that guest room for you?"

think she wants to rape you."

I began to laugh. "I should be that lucky," I said. "All she asked me for was lunch."

Ken smiled. "Are you going with her?"

"Jesus," I said. "I have no privacy on this boat."

"I'm the captain," he said, smiling again. "I have to know everything that's going on."

"Fuck you," I said. "I have to get back to work."

"But you are going to have lunch with her?"

I didn't answer.

Ken went back down to the galley. I could hear his voice telling the others, "Mr. Robbins will be going out for lunch."

Marja was a great character to write about. I felt as if I were telling the story of someone I knew, a real woman. The pages flew and I was almost halfway through the story when I heard Dominique's voice from the opened deck door.

"Harold," she said, with her faint accent, "I am waiting for you."

I looked at my watch. She was exactly on time. I glanced down at the pages again. It had been a good morning's work. "Give me a moment to wash up," I called to her.

Her car was a Peugeot. We arrived at a small restaurant in the rolling hills behind St. Tropez. She tooted her car horn as we drove up. The restaurant had only 12 tables. As we walked in I saw that only one of them was set, with a tablecloth, a service of silver and glasses for two.

The patron, a tall, bald man, greeted us warmly. He smiled at Dominique, kissed her hand and said, "Madame la Baronne."

She smiled at him. "Charles," she said. "It has been a long time."

"Too long, Madame," he concurred as he led us to the table.

"And Thérèse?" Dominique asked.

"She is well, Madame," he said as he helped her to sit. "Thank you, Madame." Then his face split into a large smile. "I have made your favorite dishes. Escargots. Then I have prepared a crown roast of lamb. For dessert, chocolate cake and fresh whipped cream. And I have been able to find the same burgundy you used in your cellar in Paris."

"You stole it," she laughed. "Philip would kill you if he knew."

"But I knew, Madame, there would come a time when you would be here with us. What would you have me serve, that awful *côte de Provence* that all the restaurants have in St. Tropez?"

"Thank you, Charles, for all of your thoughtfulness," she said, smiling. "Charles, my friend, Harold Robbins, the American author."

He bowed. "It is my honor, sir. I have one of your novels, *The Carpetbaggers*."

He turned to go into the kitchen and I looked at Dominique. "I don't see any other customers. Business is slow if we are the only ones here."

She laughed. "He is normally closed at luncheon, but he opened for me when I called."

"You've really got clout," I said, and laughed.

"Clout?" she asked.

I laughed again. "You are a very important lady."

And lunch began. It was superb. I was so full by the end of the meal I didn't think I could get up from the table. I looked at my watch. I couldn't believe it. It was five P.M. "Jesus! I blew the whole afternoon!" I called Charles. "*L'addition, s'il vous plaît.*"

Charles shook his head. "Monsieur Robbins, you are the guest of Madame la Baronne."

I looked at Dominique. "That's ridiculous. The check should be mine. After all, you introduced me to a beautiful restaurant and we've had a wonderful afternoon."

"Don't be silly," she said. "This is France. I invited you to lunch. And besides, I'm richer than you are."

I started to laugh. She was right. It was France and she probably was richer than I was. And what the hell. "OK," I said. "But I've got to get back to the boat. I still have work to do."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Charles went to get the car, but he was unable to start the motor. He is trying to find someone to fix it."

"Can we get a taxi?" I asked.

"This is St. Tropez," she said. "There are only two taxis in town and they work only at the hotels."

I turned to Charles. "Do you have a car we can borrow?"

"No, Monsieur. All I have is a horse and wagon. It is not strong enough to take you down into town. But there is no need to worry. I have a lovely guest room for you."

I'd been had. I turned to Dominique. "You are really a bitch. Do you think he might have a few horse whips in that guest room for you?"

She smiled. "After all, we are in the country."

"Honey," I said, "I'm going to sit here at the table until some customers show up for dinner in a car. Then I'll get back

to town. I told you, I'm on a deadline."

She stared at me. "Don't you like me?"

I smiled. "I love you. But I have to work."

"You would stay here if the windsurfer were with you," she said petulantly.

"You're beginning to sound like my wife." I held up my hand. "Charles, may I have a scotch on the rocks, please?"

He placed the drink on the table for me and looked at Dominique and then at me. "We have several customers arriving around seven. I am sure that one of them can give you a lift into town."

Dominique smiled at me. "Champagne," she said to Charles. "Not a bottle, just a *coupe*."

It was eight P.M. by the time we returned to the yacht. I gave 200 francs to the chauffeur who had brought us back, and he returned to the restaurant. Dominique walked up the gangplank with me. Leslie and Ken were on the deck.

"We began to worry about you," Leslie said. "Ken told me you would be back after lunch, around threeish."

I smiled. "We were in the hills when her car died."

Ken nodded. "Things like that can happen."

"Yep," I said. "I think we all need a drink."

Ken looked surprised. "What about dinner? Cathy's prepared some of your favorite dishes."

"Is there enough for Leslie and the baronne?" I asked.

"Cathy always has enough," he assured me.

"I can't eat," Dominique said. "I'm satiated and exhausted."

"I'm sorry, then," I said. "Thank you for the luncheon. It really was delicious."

She turned to Leslie. "Are you staying for dinner?"

Leslie smiled. "I never pass up an invitation for dinner."

Dominique still looked at her. "Then you will stay on after dinner?"

Leslie again smiled. "If Harold asks me. That's another thing I never turn down if I have an invitation."

"But Harold said that he would be working after dinner," Dominique said.

Leslie nodded. "I can sleep until he's finished working."

Dominique smiled. "Then *bonsoir, ma petite*," she said and went off the boat.

Leslie looked at me. "She's a tough lady."

"Yes," I said. "And a very interesting one."

I worked after dinner until midnight and then went down to my cabin. Leslie was naked, fast asleep on the single bed across the cabin from my double bed. I stretched out in my Jockeys and disappeared into another world.

•

I felt my shoulder being shaken. I opened my eyes to find Dominique bending over me. I looked across the cabin at the single bed. Leslie was gone. "What the hell is the matter with you? Couldn't you see that I was sleeping?" I snapped.

"It is after ten," she said. "Ken told me that you wanted to start working early."

"Did he tell you to come down here?" I asked.

"I didn't ask him," she said.

"How did you know that I wasn't fucking Leslie?" I asked. "What would you have done then?"

"Watch and applaud," she laughed. "But Ken told me that she left for the beach at eight." She sat down on the single bed. "Did you have sex with Leslie last night?"

"None of your business," I said, standing up and heading for the bathroom. "Besides, what difference does it make to you?"

She walked across the cabin and looked right into my eyes. At the same time she slipped one hand down the front of my Jockeys and cupped my balls. She kissed me and spoke softly. "I want to have a real affair with you, not just a fuck."

I could feel myself growing hard. Then I lifted her hand away. "Dominique," I said. "I have things to do. Maybe another time."

"Maybe then I will not have the time," she said.

"*C'est la vie*," I said and closed the bathroom door behind me.

When I came out, she was gone. Her scent remained. Then I saw a small note on my pillow.

Cher Harold,

There will be a time. And it will be right for both of us.

Avec amour, Dominique.

I smiled. I didn't believe I would ever see her again. Wally told me that evening that she had returned to Paris. I stayed in St. Tropez until I finished the script. I returned to Cannes for Adreana's sixth birthday party. It was beautiful and I would not have missed it for the world.

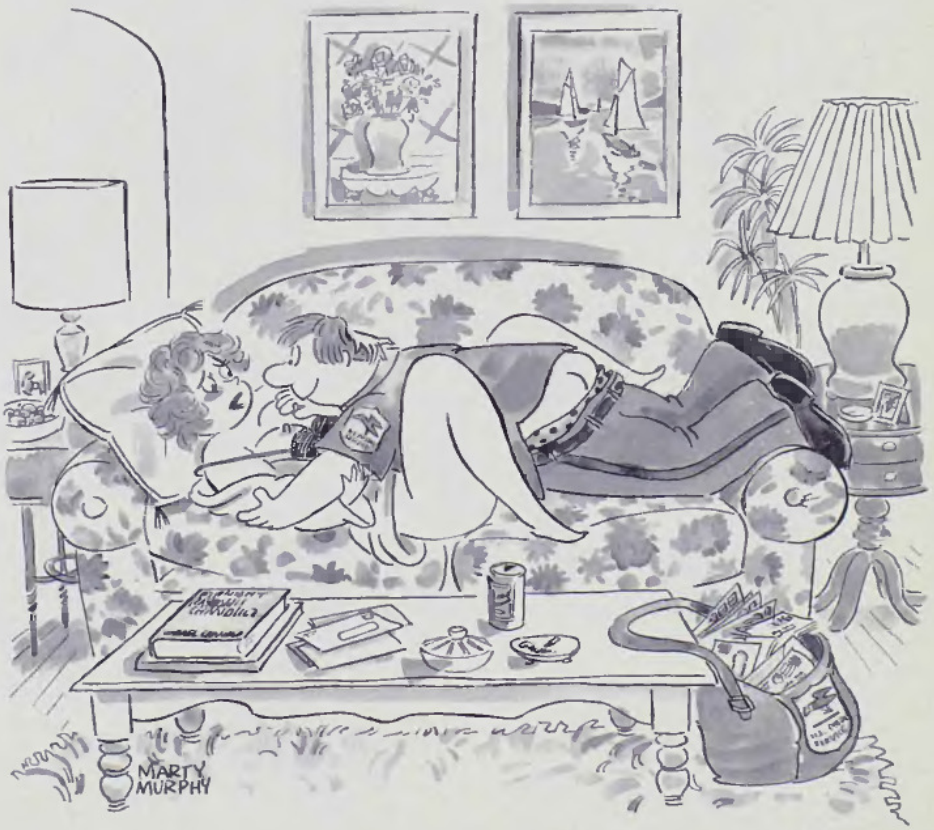
I received the money promised for the script. But there was a disappointment. Lesley Ann Warren, who had played the lead in the original miniseries, decided that she would not do the sequel. Bob Weston and I tried to get Universal to sign another actress for the part, but they refused. They preferred to pay the money and forget it.

In September, Grace and Adreana returned to Los Angeles so that Adreana could begin school.

I stayed at Le Cannet to start work on a new novel, *The Betsy*.

The telephone rang. "Harold," said a familiar voice.

"Yes, Dominique," I said.



"Are you sure you can get them to put my picture on a commemorative stamp?"

Con Doctor *(continued from page 144)*

They could overpower him in a minute. Only the knowledge of greater force keeps them from doing so.

"Hey, Doc."

"Any ideas why your blood sugar is up to 400?"

"It's the diabetes, Doc."

"I guess it wouldn't have anything to do with those Moon Pies and Snickers bars that were found in your cell yesterday, would it?"

"I was holding those for a friend, Doc. Honest."

A common refrain here in prison, this is a line McClarty remembers fondly from his drug days. This is what he said to his mother the first time she found pot in the pocket of his jeans. The guys inside have never stopped using this line; the gun in the shoe or the knife or stolen television set always belongs to some other guy. They're just holding it for him. They never ceased to profess amazement that the cops, the judge, the prosecutor didn't believe them, that their own court-appointed lawyers somehow sold them out at the last minute. They are shocked. It's all a big mistake. Honest. Would I lie to you, Doc? They don't belong here in prison, and they are eager to tell you why. With McClarty it's just the opposite. He knows he belongs in here. He dreams about it. It is more real to him than his other life, than Terri's breasts, than the ailing lawn outside these walls. But somehow, inexplicably, they let him walk out the door at the end of his shift every day. And back at Live Oaks, the guards wave him in past the booth into the walls of the residential oasis as if he were really an upstanding citizen. Of course, technically he is not a criminal. The hospital did not bring charges, in return for his agreement to resign and go into treatment. On the other hand, the hospital did not know, nobody knew, that it was he, McClarty, who, in exchange for a small service, shot nurse Tina DeVane full of the Demerol she craved so very dearly less than an hour before she drove her car into the abutment of a bridge.

•

Terri calls just before lunch to tell him that the caretaker thinks the brown spots in the lawn are from the cats peeing on it—"I told him that was ridiculous, they're not peeing any more or less than they have for the past two years—oh, wait, gotta go. Kiss, kiss. Don't forget about the Clausens, at seven. Don't worry, they're friends of Bill." She hangs up before McClarty can tell her he might stop off at the meeting at Unity Baptist on the way home.

•

Toward the end of the day McClarty goes over to Block D to check the progress of several minor complaints. He is buzzed into the block by Santiago, the guard on duty. "Hey, Doc, what chew tink about Aikman's straining his ankle?" he asks. "Your Cowboys, they gonna be hurtin' till he come back." Santiago labors cheerfully under the impression that McClarty is a big Dallas Cowboys fan, a notion that apparently developed after the doctor mumbled, in response to a query, that he really didn't pay much attention to the Oilers. McClarty has never followed sports, doesn't know Cowboys from Indians, but he is happy to play along, delighted to find himself at this relatively late date in life assigned to a team, especially after he heard the Cowboys referred to on television as "America's team." Like eating at McDonald's, it makes him feel as if he were a genuine citizen of the republic.

"Hey, Doc—that sprain? That, like, a serious thing?"

"Could be," McClarty suggested, finally able to offer a genuine opinion on his team. "A sprain could put him out for weeks."

Santiago is jovial and relaxed, though he is the only guard on duty in a cell block of 24 violent criminals, most of whom are on the block this moment, lounging around the television or conspiring in small knots. If they wanted to, they could overpower him in a minute; it is only the crude knowledge of greater force outside the door of the block that keeps them from doing so. McClarty

"Gay apparel?"

himself has almost learned to suppress the fear, to dial down the buzz and crackle of malevolence and violence that is the permanent atmospheric of the wards, as palpable as the falling pressure and static electricity before a storm. He is not alarmed when a cluster of inmates moves toward him, Greco and Smithfield and two others whose names he forgets. They all have their ailments and their questions, and they all trot over to him like horses across a field to a swinging bucket of grain.

"Hey, Doc!" they call out from all sides. Once again, he feels the rush that all doctors know, the power of the healer, a little touch of the old godlike sense of commanding the forces of life and death. It was the best buzz, but he could never quite believe it, or feel like he deserved it, and now he is too chastened to allow himself to revel in the feeling. But he can still warm himself, briefly, in the glow of this tribal admiration, even in this harsh and straitened place. And for a moment he forgets what he has learned at such expense, in so many airless, smoky church basements—that he is actually powerless, that his paltry healing skills, like his sobriety, are on loan from a higher power, just as he forgets the caution he has learned from the guards and from experience behind these walls, and he does not see Lesko until it is too late, fat Lesko who is feeling even nastier than usual without his Valium, his hand striking out from the knot of inmates like the head of a cobra, projecting a deadly thin silvery tongue. McClarty feels the thud against his chest, the blunt impact that he doesn't immediately identify as sharp-instrument trauma. And when he sees the knife, he reflects that it's a damn good thing he is not Terri, or his left breast implant would be punctured. As he falls into Lesko's arms, he realizes, with a sense of recognition bordering on relief, that he is back in the dream. They've come for him at last.

•

Looking up from the inmate roster at that moment, Santiago is puzzled by this strange sort of embrace—and by the expression on McClarty's face as he turns toward the guard booth, toward Santiago. "He was smiling," Santiago would say afterward, "like he just heard a good one and wanted to tell you, you know, or like he was saying, Hey, check out my bro Lesko here." Santiago told the same thing to his boss, to the board of inquiry, to the grand jury and to the prosecutor. And he would always tell the story to the new guards who trained under him. It never ceased to amaze him—that smile. And after a thoughtful drag on his cigarette, Santiago would always mention that the Doc was a big Cowboys fan.

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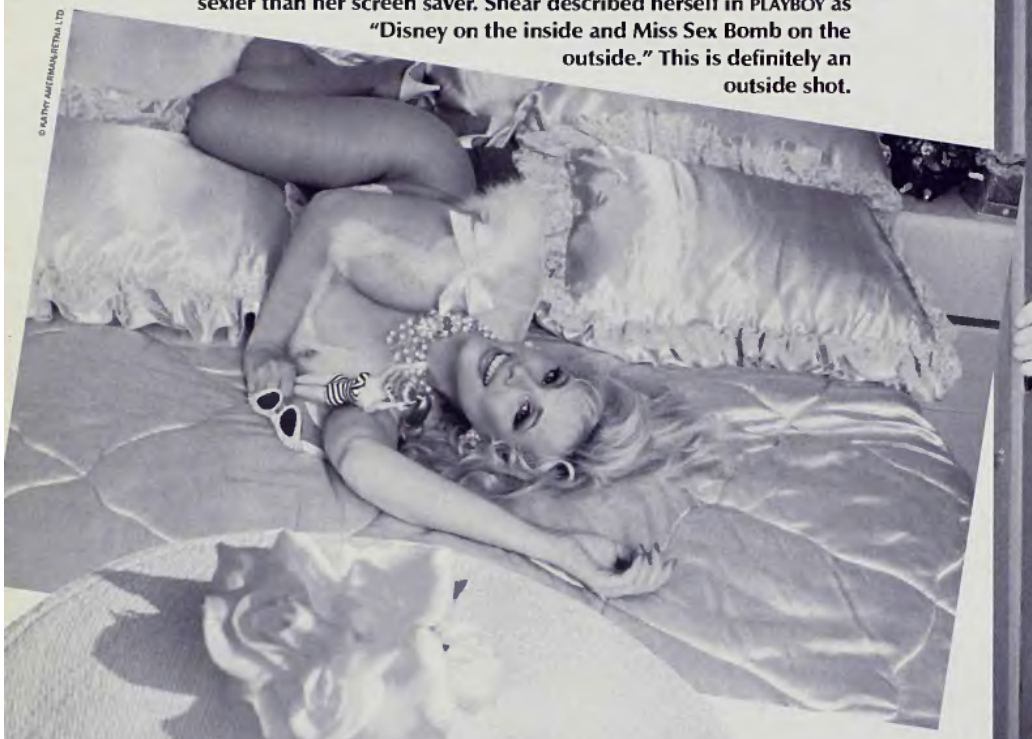
Below, left to right: French-made Pléiades Minis don't require humidification (about $12.50 for 20). Davidoff Ambassadrice are from the Dominican Republic (about $4.50 each). Macanudo Ascots from Jamaica have the same rich filler as larger Macs (about $10 for ten). Partagas Puritos are a stronger smoke thanks to their Cameroon wrapper and binder ($10.50 for ten). Dutch-made Dunhill Panatellas also don't require humidification ($7.50 for five). Don Diego Preludes feature a Dominican wrapper, binder and filler (about $9 for ten). Pass the matches, please.

JAMES IMBROGNO

GRAPEVINE

Help Me, Rhonda

RHONDA SHEAR, the late-night co-host (with Gilbert Gottfried) of USA TV's *Up All Night*, has her own video in stores. Called *A Shear Delight*, it's even sexier than her screen saver. Shear described herself in PLAYBOY as "Disney on the inside and Miss Sex Bomb on the outside." This is definitely an outside shot.



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Stretched Out With Elastica

ELASTICA has gone through some personnel changes. After a punk-pop debut and Lollapalooza '95, the band is back in the studio for a sophomore release this spring.

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Our Hat Is Off to Kim

KIMBERLY SANDERS uses the pseudonym Vanessa in her showbiz career, but we like her au naturel. She stars in the video *Vanessa at the Beach*. Catch her wave.

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At the Heart of Stone

Whether she's raising money for AmFAR, attending the MTV Video Music Awards, producing movies or considering a film role in the Doris Duke bio, SHARON STONE attracts attention. The shirt helps.

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Rare Hair

Foo Fighter DAVE GROHL is riding high. The Foos are hot, and the recently released Nirvana live CD, *From the Muddy Banks of the Wishkah*, is just about a perfect coda to his most famous band. Then a drummer, now a guitarist, Grohl is no longer simply that guy who was in Kurt Cobain's band.

Bianca Blast

Actress BIANCA ROCILILI played a pleasure droid in *Cyberzone* and was featured on TV's *Love Streets* and on CD-ROM in *Surfin' Sam*. She's also been a high-wire walker. Earthbound here, Bianca is back.

© DAN GOLDEN

© TIM JARMS

Sparkle Plenty

TRICIA LEE PASCOE appeared in *The Rock*, *Silk Stalkings* and *Pointman* and in CNBC specials on parenting and eating right. Looks like she's been eating right to us.

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MICHELLE BROUSSARD

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN THE AIR

Can't decide whether to give your girlfriend perfume or lingerie as an after-Christmas gift or an early Valentine's Day present? Combine the best of both with a pair of Franties by Scent-Sation—sexy panties with a pouch that gradually emits a sensual scent. The fragrance of black Franties is midnight bouquet. Pink is romantic rose. Ivory is French vanilla and taupe is cocoa butter. Can't decide? Buy one of each. If she smells like vanilla it must be Tuesday. They're available in small, medium and large, in either bikini or high-cut (pictured here) styles. They'll keep their scent through a year's worth of laundering. Price: about $14 in JCPenney stores.

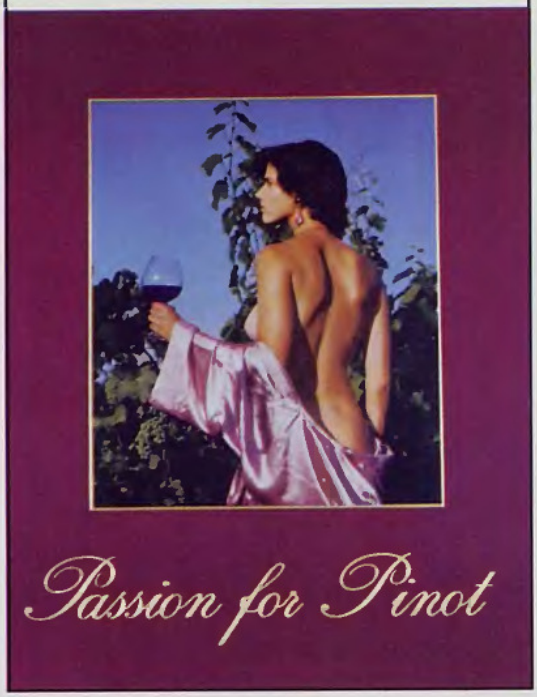
JOHN SCHMELZER

THE SOUND OF NAPALM IN THE MORNING

If the wimpy beep of a standard alarm clock isn't enough to jump-start you in the A.M., these wake-up war machines by Executive Travelware should be. They are modeled after the B-17 Flying Fortress bomber and the AH-64 Apache helicopter, and each starts with the sound of an engine, then has its own soundtrack. The Fortress' captain yells, "Turning!" The Apache's pilot commands, "Let's go, go!" and then "Fire!" Miniature propellers rotate from slow motion to full throttle, machine guns rattle, headlights flash—and you're in the middle of a battlefield. Color choices: aluminum or camouflage. Price: $79. Call 800-397-7477.

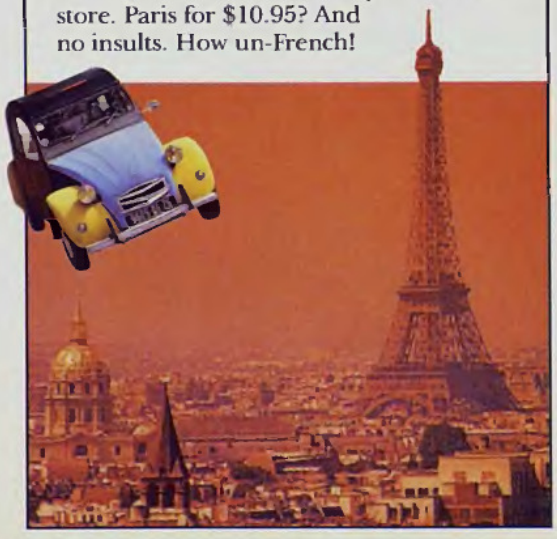
PINOT ENVY

Those who appreciate fine wine and gorgeous women should act fast, because there are only 777 copies of *Passion for Pinot* (below) available. The 18" x 24" poster (featuring PLAYBOY model Lisa McGrath) is part of *The Varietal Collection*, a series of limited-edition wine prints on high-quality, acid-free paper. Next up: zinfandel and chardonnay—with more to come. Price: $29.95. Call 800-423-0174.



HOW FRENCH

"The feast that is France, day after day" is how Workman Publishing markets its wall calendar *365 Days in France 1997*. And what a feast it is: several hundred photos of people, cuisine, cars, architecture, fruit, flowers and more, along with a brief text describing 12 regions of the country. Price: $10.95. Look for it at your bookstore. Paris for $10.95? And no insults. How un-French!



THE GREAT BOBBY JONES

Long before Tiger Woods was born, Bobby Jones ruled the links. In the Twenties he captured 13 major championships. In 1930 he became the first man to win all four majors (British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open) in the same year. *The Greatest of Them All: The Legend of Bobby Jones*, an 11" x 14" book by Martin Davis, celebrates the great golfer's life with more than 250 photos and text by some of the game's most distinguished writers—including Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*. Published by *The American Golfer*. Price: $60.

CIGARS GO TO SEA

Smoke on the Water, "the ultimate cigar cruise," shoves off from Acapulco on March 2 for a ten-day voyage to ports of call in Central America, the Cayman Islands and Mexico via the Panama Canal. While on board, pampered puffers can learn about stogies by attending seminars held by Richard Carleton Hacker (a PLAYBOY contributor and author of *The Ultimate Cigar Book*). The cruise also includes an excursion to a Honduran cigar factory, and a wine and food festival. Prices start at $2100 (double occupancy with airfare). Call American Business Consultants at 800-884-7340.

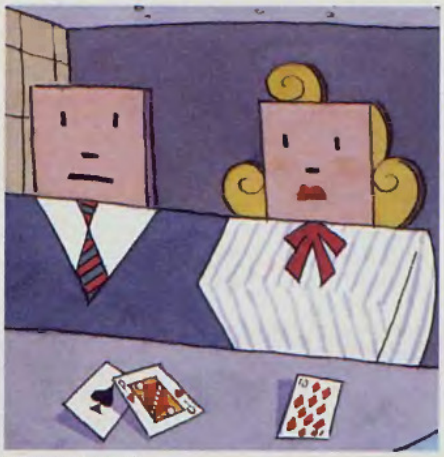
EAST MEETS WEST

The yin and yang at the top of Grand Panax' label might explain why it's the perfect drink to ring in the New Year. The result of French wine-making and Asian herbal expertise, this sparkling wine contains pinot noir and chardonnay grapes, plus the extract of wild American ginseng, which is supposed to provide an energy boost along with other positive qualities. Grand Panax could be the thing to keep you going as midnight approaches. Price: about $45 for a 750-ml bottle. Look for it in upscale liquor and food and wine stores nationwide.

NEXT MONTH

MISS FEBRUARY

SEX REVOLUTION



OFFICE ROMANCE

LOVERS' LINGERIE

SEX AND THE SUPER BOWL—YOU THOUGHT THE SUPER BOWL WAS ONLY ABOUT FOOTBALL? THINK AGAIN. IT'S ABOUT SEX, MONEY, POWER AND THE WAY YOU DEFINE YOURSELF AS A MAN—BY **KEVIN COOK**

DESIRE—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST MAN AND ITS SEXIEST WOMAN DEBATE PASSION, BODY HAIR AND BREAKFAST? A HILARIOUS CHAT WITH *A FISH CALLED WANDA*'S **JOHN CLEESE** AND **JAMIE LEE CURTIS**

PLAYMATES IN LINGERIE—NOTHING SAYS VALENTINE'S DAY LIKE SEXY LINGERIE, AND NOBODY SHOWS IT OFF BETTER THAN PLAYBOY'S OWN—AN INSPIRING PICTORIAL

JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.—THE HYANNIS PORT HEARTTHROB REMAINS MUM AND MYSTERIOUS, BUT THE MEDIA CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF HIM AND HIS WIFE, CAROLYN BESSETTE. PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING COLUMNIST **JIM DWYER** DISHES UP A FEW STORIES ABOUT THE KENNEDY HEIR

EASTER EGG: AN OFFICE ROMANCE—KEN678 IS A HAPPY COMPUTER ICON UNTIL HE MEETS MARY97, WHO IS DECIDEDLY A MAVERICK. (WHERE DID SHE GET THOSE RED FINGERNAILS?)—AN INFORMATION-AGE LOVE STORY BY **TERRY BISSON**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION PART TWO (1910–1920): THE END OF INNOCENCE—THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN MEETS THE NEW MAN, THEDA BARA AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS SET SEXUAL STANDARDS AND ARMY TRAINING FILMS ARE A HOT TICKET—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

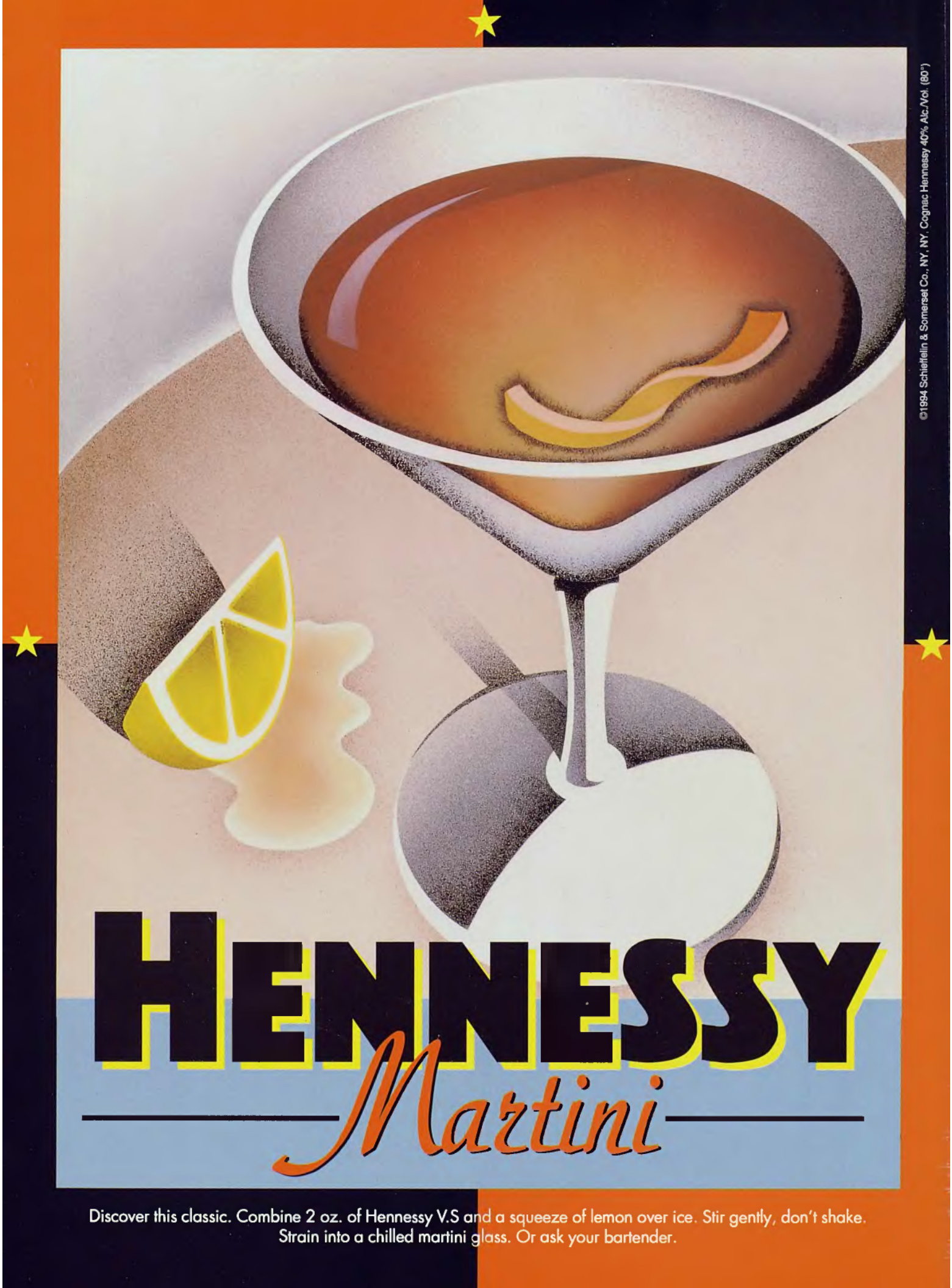
LAWRENCE SCHILLER—THE NOTED JOURNALIST-ENTREPRENEUR WAS O.J. SIMPSON'S BUDDY. NOW HE'S FAMOUS FOR SPILLING THE INSIDE STORY ON WHAT HAPPENED AROUND THE DEFENSE TABLE DURING THE TRIAL—A REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

CONAN O'BRIEN—LETTERMAN'S SUCCESSOR IS ENJOYING AN UPTREND. HE PUTS HIS GOOD FORTUNE IN PERSPECTIVE, WORRIES THAT HARVARD IS TAKING OVER THE COMEDIC WORLD AND SHARES HIS HOPES FOR HIS HAIR IN 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

CELEBRATE V-DAY—TURNING FOOD INTO FOREPLAY WITH THE PERFECT VALENTINE'S DAY DINNER; FOUR PAGES OF FABULOUS GIFTS, RESORTS, RESTAURANTS, MOVIES AND OILS TO MAKE YOUR GIRL QUIVER. **PLUS:** A TIP OF OUR HAT TO FEDORAS, AND PLAYBOY GOES UNDERCOVER—UNDER *THE* COVERS—WITH A CIA OPERATIVE

Box 100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.


©1994 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)
HENNESSY
Martini
Discover this classic. Combine 2 oz. of Hennessy V.S and a squeeze of lemon over ice. Stir gently, don't shake.
Strain into a chilled martini glass. Or ask your bartender.